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NOTES FROM A DIARY

1896 TO JAN. 23 1901

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NOTES FROM A DIARY

Notes from a Diary

1896 TO JANUARY 23, 1901

BY THE RIGHT HON.
SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF
G.C.S.I., F.R.S.

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime. L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie."—RENAN.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. II.

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1898

May

2. DINED with the Literary Society — a party of fifteen. Walpole being absent, I took the chair. Professor Pelham, of Oxford, who has lately become President of Trinity, our newly elected member, was on my right, and Sir William Priestley on my left. I had forgotten that the last-named was a great-grand-nephew of the famous chemist and theologian of a hundred years ago. "I felt very much obliged to him," he said, "the other day when I had to have a tooth pulled under laughing gas; it was he who discovered it." Pelham came back about a week ago from Italy. He told me that the King some years since invited a number of peasants from the neighbourhood of Ravenna, who understood drainage, to settle near Ostia and to reclaim 3000 acres of its pestiferous marshes, on the understanding that the land, when reclaimed, was to belong to them as

a society. They have already reclaimed 1000 acres, and are a highly prosperous community. Pelham has given much attention to the subject of Malaria, and is evidently under the impression that researches now proceeding will lead to our understanding it far better. He spoke warmly of Ramsay's work in Asia Minor, and warmly too of a young Aberdonian named Anderson, for whom he is trying to obtain a firman to travel in that country. I was glad to find that his opinion of Polybius, to whom Doctor Arnold was so curiously unjust, was quite as high as mine.

Austin Dobson gave me the following lines by Ausone de Chancel:

"On entre, on crie,
Et c'est la vie!
On baille, on sort,
Et c'est la mort."

After dinner we elected Acton.

3. Byrne sends me some excellent riddles, amongst them one which he warrants as omnipotent for silencing anybody who bores you with too many of them: "What is the greatest of all conundrums?" "Life, for we must all of us give it up."

St. Busbequius.

Dined with The Club — a party of eight, Lord Rathmore in the chair. Sir Henry Elliot, Lord Loch,

Robert Herbert, Sir E. Maunde Thompson, Lord Davey, and Mr. Pember were present. Talking of Leighton and his all too elaborate eloquence, our chairman mentioned that after a Royal Academy dinner the President had asked Mr. Bright's opinion of his speeches. The great orator was very reluctant to say anything; but on being pressed rather to give an unfavourable answer than none at all, said: "Too much confectionery, wasn't there?" It was Lord Rathmore, too, who told us that Lord Shaftesbury, vainly attempting to cut a pencil in which the lead continually broke, exclaimed: "D—— the pencil!" but perceiving that one of his sons was present saved the situation by adding: "That is what your poor grandfather would have said."

Who was the man of whom it was remarked that there was in him, "Nihil durum nisi calculus"?

We elected Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart.

4. In an interesting paper published by Arthur in the *Banffshire Journal* of yesterday he repeats two stories which he told me after his return:

"While the Japanese war was in progress, a farmer in the vicinity of Peking told a European that he thought that the slaughter of so many Chinese soldiers was an excellent thing, as the districts whence they were drawn would be thereby delivered from rascals who were a scourge and a nuisance to all their neighbours. The views expressed at that time by the Ministers of the Tsungli Yamen as to the duty of an

army in the field were exceedingly strange. On one occasion, when describing some battle in which their own side had been unsuccessful, they informed Her Majesty's Minister that the Chinese had not really suffered at all, for, as they gleefully remarked 'they all ran away.'"

7. The Breakfast Club met at Trevelyan's—Reay, Herschell, Courtney being present. The conversation turned mostly upon various questions of international law, raised by the war between Spain and the United States; a good deal too upon our diplomatic service, and the way in which most of its highest posts are now filled. Something too was said about the younger men, their merits and defects: defects which would have been more rare if the plan which I proposed, and Acton seconded, in the Committee of 1861, had been accepted.

Herschell has, since he dined here some weeks ago, made a rapid run to Lisbon, and has come back enchanted with the wild flowers along the railway banks in Portugal.

Reay mentioned that Aga Khan, the hereditary chief of the sect of the Assassins, who is now in London, told him that when the plague came to Poona he had himself inoculated. About two-thirds of his great household, which he calculates at a thousand, followed his example. Hardly any of those who had been inoculated were attacked, while great numbers who were not

inoculated died. He assured Reay, as he assured Lord George Hamilton, that the victories of the Turks in Greece had produced an immense effect amongst all Mahomedans, bringing them much nearer together.

8. Finished the *Letters of Mrs. Holland*, wife of Lord Knutsford's brother, the Canon of Canterbury. They are edited by her son Bernard, who has stayed with us from time to time at York House and Lexden. It is a very beautiful book, though a little monotonous. Only three subjects are touched upon in it, save in the most cursory manner—the writer's passionate devotion to her children and to a few very intimate friends, her love of the country, and her deep religious feeling, which led her ultimately into the Roman Communion. There is not one single letter to her distinguished brothers, Alfred and James Lyall, nor one, I think, to her sister Barbara, who became Mrs. Webb, and is frequently mentioned in earlier volumes of this Diary. Mrs. Holland must have been an altogether enchanting person, and I deeply regret that I never saw her but once.

The book ends with some lovely verses, signed Ethel Coxon, the conclusion of which echoes the feelings with which I lay it down.

"Let her sleep while April rain
Calls the blossoms forth again;
While the nightingales rejoice,
And the wild bee's murmurous voice

NOTES FROM A DIARY

11. The American Ambassador, Lord Kimberley, the Balfours of Burleigh, and others dined with us. The first-named told me that he had heard Castelar speak, I think in 1869. When he sat down, his colleagues, friends and foes alike, rushed to embrace and congratulate him, entirely carried away by his marvellous eloquence. Lord Kimberley repeated to my wife an excellent French blunder: "Je vous assure," said some one, "il est un grand écrivain et elle est aussi une grande écrevisse!"

16. Dined with the Monkswells, meeting there Mrs. Gaskell, whom I had not seen for a long time, and who has just returned from Torquay, where she had been looking after her father, Canon Melville. (See earlier volumes of these Notes.) We talked of the last Lady Waterford, whom I had seen at her house, and who was certainly one of the most remarkable people I ever saw. "Her religion," Mrs. Gaskell said, "was quite different from that of any one else. She was persuaded, even to the very end, that whatever she asked for would be granted, and she was very nearly right."

17. Dined with The Club—a party of seven, with Lord Rosebery in the chair. We talked of the Neapolitan Revolution, and Sir Henry Elliot said, if Ferdinand II. had listened to him at first, he would

have saved his throne. Much as Sir Henry sympathised with Garibaldi, he could not forgive him his distinct approval of the dagger as a political instrument. I did not know that the Count of Aquila had put himself at the head of a society for its use in the opposite interest, nor that Elliot had discovered that his own name was on the list of those whom that amiable Prince proposed to eliminate.

Conversation strayed to Dr. Johnson, and what he would have thought of the present ways of the institution of which he was so distinguished a member. Jebb said that he thought the conversation, of the kind Johnson liked, lingered more in the Universities than elsewhere, not in Common rooms, which have become a good deal modernised, nor in Hall, but in men's own rooms after they have begun to smoke.

We talked of Committees of Cabinet for Foreign Affairs, Colonial Affairs, and so on. Herbert deprecated them as a very bad innovation, wasting much time and producing no sort of advantage. Our chairman regretted the disappearance of Cabinet dinners, which did, he thought, a good deal to oil the wheels of business.

20. Dined with the Douglas Galtons, meeting the Kelvins and others. Lord Lingen after dinner expressed his agreement with Gibbon's view as to the relatively good government of a large proportion of the human

race under the Roman Empire, instancing even Pilate as by no means the worst sort of ruler. I said to him that his views were very much those of Arthur Stanley. After listening to a sermon by Stanley, in Westminster Abbey, I was able to tell him that I had never before heard any preacher take the opportunity of saying a good word for Pilate upon Christmas Day. That led to some talk with Poynter, who sat next me, about Anatole France's brilliant little sketch *Le Procurateur de Judée.*

The Duke of Argyll wrote to me the other day to ask if I knew any one who had been intimate with George Smythe. I could think of no one save the Duke of Rutland, but wrote to Mrs. Russell of Aden to ask if she could help. In a long and interesting letter just received she tells me that the Duke of Rutland, the "Henry Sidney" of *Coningsby*, was the only one of his nearest friends now remaining. She has all his letters and papers; the former are, she thinks, too intimate for publication, relating chiefly to debts, duels, and love affairs. Her father, Mr. Baillie, always told her that the best picture of her uncle was the "Waldershare" of *Endymion*, much liker him than *Coningsby*. Disraeli must have kept a note-book, for Mr. Baillie remembered George Smythe actually saying many of the things attributed to Waldershare. Smythe

said of himself: "I shall occupy a few lines in a biographical dictionary as a 'Might have been.'"

With reference to a story told in these Notes under the date of 12th January, Clara, Lady Henley, writing yesterday, sends me the following:

"As a cap to your story, or possibly another version of it, I will tell you what Henley actually heard.

"Gladstone was orationing away as to Disraeli's proceedings, and said, 'This, Sir, this has been the course of the Right Hon. gentleman and his Satellites.' He appeared then quite to lose the thread of what he had been saying. He looked at some papers and then seemed to appeal to Goschen, but for a time he was quite lost.

"Disraeli looked over a great paper he had in his hand and said very quietly, 'You got to Satellites,' as if he were speaking to a child who was saying his lesson.

"At last Gladstone appeared to recover himself, and said, 'Oh! I am very much obliged to the Right Hon. gentleman: we will leave the Satellites and go on to something else.'"

I took this on to the Breakfast Club, where Trevelyan, who, like Lord Henley, was present at the scene to which it relates, vouched for its accuracy.

It was at Reay's that we met — Acton, Robert Herbert, and Herschell being also there. Conversation turning to Disraeli's return from Berlin, the last-named mentioned two remarks about Peace with Honor which were made at the time. Some one said: "It is too bad to spell Honor without the 'u'" "Oh!" was

the reply, "the two words mean different things—Honour was the old kind." The other saying was still better: "Peace with Honor." "Yes, a Peace which passeth all understanding, and an Honor such as is found among thieves!"

23. With Arthur to the Levée, where I met various people whom I had not seen for some time. General Maurice admitted to me that he was the author of the excellent French epigram quoted under date of 7th March, and explained his theory of the Dreyfus affair, which, if not *vrai*, was at least *vraisemblable* in a high degree. His son, with whom he made me acquainted, had seen Adrian at Peshawur about six weeks ago. A handsome young officer came up and introduced himself as Neville Chamberlain. He is the Captain Chamberlain frequently mentioned in the Indian volumes of these Notes, and has got on in his profession with great rapidity, so has a third old acquaintance whom I met — the Captain Hamilton who first appears as Captain Hamilton in these Notes for June 1882. His promotion also has been extremely quick, but he had the misfortune, just after he had been made Brigadier-General, to break his leg, and was thus unable to take any active part in the recent Frontier Campaign. Another was my former A.D.C., Quentin Agnew, recently on the staff of Sir George White, whom I went

to see the other day, and who gave an excellent account of him. Another was Lord Colchester, who told me that he thought he had solved the problem which I had once stated to him as to the origin of the saying, "War with all the world and peace with England," being Italian or Spanish. Lord Stanhope, in his *History of the War of the Succession*, mentions that the tradition in Spain is that these were the last words of Philip II., and that they were much repeated through the Spanish towns at the time of the peace of Utrecht.

Dined at Grillion's—a party of nineteen, Lord Morris in the chair. I talked chiefly with the Bishop of Ripon, who was upon my right. Conversation turned to *bons mots*, and he quoted an opinion to the effect that they were never made on the spur of the moment; I replied that the foundation in fact of such a wild statement was that they constantly pass current in an amended form, and not quite in that in which they originally had appeared. He agreed, and cited one which was obviously instantaneous. Dr. Lonsdale, the Bishop of Lichfield, was complaining to a friend that he had once been put to extreme inconvenience by a waiter announcing a visitor just as he was starting to catch a train. "I suppose," said the person to whom he spoke, "that you d——d that waiter." "No," replied Lonsdale, "I se'ed the gentleman." The Bishop then mentioned

another and much truer saying that *bons mots* are usually not inventions, but discoveries.

Later in the evening there was a most remarkable discussion between the Bishop and Lord Balfour of Burleigh as to the respective merits of deciding questions with regard to the heresy of this or that clergyman by Church Courts or by a lay tribunal, in which the latter, who is a member of the Scotch Establishment, took exactly the same line as would be taken by the ultra High Church members of the corresponding institution south of the Tweed, and the Bishop, warmly supported by myself, sustained the opposite view. A few of us lingered after the rest had gone, and heard much that was curious from Lord Pembroke about the perplexities of the Earl Marshal, who has suddenly to make all the arrangements for the public funeral of Mr. Gladstone on Saturday next. There is, it appears, no exact precedent since Pitt was carried to his grave. Lord Spencer handed on to us an account which he had just received from Evelyn Ashley, who had been sitting by him, but had left the room, of some of the incidents which took place at the funeral of Lord Palmerston, in which a more than eccentric relation of the deceased played the principal part.

I asked the Bishop of Ripon whether he had not very exceptional facility in extempore speaking. He said,

and with great justice, that real extempore speaking is very rare; that in nine cases out of ten what appears to be extempore has been prepared long before and laid up unconsciously in the recollection. He cited, too, a happy answer made about a sermon which had struck one of the listeners very much. "I wonder how long it took to prepare that sermon?" he said to another who had been present. "Fifty years," was the answer.

24. When I was calling two days ago on Lady Reay she showed me a strange object of the size and appearance of the balls used in lawn tennis, which she had found at or near the Ile Sainte Marguérite, opposite Cannes, and which appears to be made of a sort of coarse felt. I was utterly puzzled, but took it to Sir William Flower, and received last night a note from Mr. Murray, who succeeded Mr. Carruthers as head of the Botanical Department, to say that it is composed of the fibres of the leaves of *Poseidonia Caulini*, a marine flowering plant, of which I had never heard.

26. Down to Ealing to attend the funeral service for Mr. Walpole, who just survived Gladstone, dying at ninety-two. He was one of the best men of his party. For some years, however, he had lost his mind, and his death is, I think, a great relief to all his family. His brief *éloge*, pronounced by, I presume, the vicar of the parish, in the church where we were married thirty-nine

years ago, was far superior to many such compositions: in very good taste, and not saying a word too much.

Dined with the Bishop of London at his house in St. James's Square—a large party. My wife sat next to Lord Rosse, who said that he still kept very carefully the telescopes in which his father so much delighted, but that he would not have constructed them himself, having regard to the cloudy climate of Ireland and to the rapid improvements that are made in these aids to the astronomer. Acton, the Servian Minister, and other pleasant people were there, but I drew a blank until after dinner, when the conversational cards fell much better for me.

28. By about a quarter to nine I left Lily at the west door of the Abbey, and made my way to the corridor which runs out of the great Central Hall of the Palace of Westminster directly opposite St. Stephen's Hall, and at right angles to those leading to the House of Lords and the House of Commons respectively. That was the appointed place of assembly for the Privy Councillors not now in Parliament. There was a good deal of delay and time for some interesting conversation. Sir Edward Malet recounted to me the circumstances under which he had left Berlin after his eleven years' residence there as Ambassador, and the friendly warning he had given with regard to the feelings of England about South

Africa. He said, too, "I suppose I have attended more funerals of great men than any one now living. I began with that of Napoleon I. in 1840."

Evelyn Ashley told me an amusing printer's blunder. In an article which he had written about Gladstone's relations with Palmerston he had said that the former was averse to "flattering and subserviency"—writing the word *flattering* with special clearness. The ingenious compositor was, however, too clever for him and wrote *flattery*. There was not time for the author to see a proof, and he was made responsible for a totally false statement; every one, who has been behind the scenes, knowing that Gladstone liked being flattered as much as he disliked flattering others, however great. He left that to his rival, who made consummate use of it.

At length the House of Commons filed through the Central Hall and passed out into the open between the statues of Falkland, Selden, and the rest. Then came Heralds holding white staves, next we followed, headed by our oldest members, Frederick Peel and Sir Edward Thornton. I walked next with Sir William Marriott, who must have been about a year in the House with me, but whom I never met before. He mentioned, as we made our way to the Abbey, that he once found himself in a street at Boulogne with Ismail Pasha, the first Khedive, with whose affairs he had been very much

connected. They met a procession of young girls going to their first communion, and Ismail saluted it with the most profound respect. "Dear me," said Marriott, "Your Highness is more Catholic than the Catholics." "Ah!" was the reply, "you see I have ruled, and no man can rule without religion." We passed slowly up the nave of the Abbey, turning off eventually into the north transept, and then taking our station on the east side of it. Opposite us were the members of Mr. Gladstone's last government. The whole northern side of the transept was partitioned off for the House of Lords. When all were seated the service began, and when the part of it which is usually said in the open air was reached, the coffin was carried between us and the members of the late government, the grave having been dug by a strange chance close to the bottom of the pedestal of Disraeli's statue. By no possibility could I have had a better position both for hearing and seeing. The music was, I need hardly say, superb throughout. After the service was over we went down to Lexden, whither my wife and Victoria had preceded us yesterday.

The *Times* of to-day contains an obituary notice of Lord Playfair, the handiest and most useful of men, who has gone at seventy-nine. It likewise announces the death of Sir David Dodgson, whom I met when he was commanding at Delhi in 1875. We were separated at

dinner by Lady Ramsay, who developed at great length her ideas as to whether it would be better for her family that she should go to settle under the shadow of Brechin Castle, which had lately come into the possession of her brother-in-law, or whether they should stay in Kumaon, where her husband was a sort of king. General Dodgson, who was, I believe, a native of Montrose, listened with infinite patience to all the pros and cons, giving his verdict at length, with a strong Scotch accent, in the words: "Well, Ma'am, Forfarshire is a very nice part of the country to come *from*."

June

2. Mr. Richard Ward mentioned to me a further development of the Baconian craze. Father Bowden, half-brother to Father Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory, had persuaded himself that the cryptogram ascribed to Bacon concealed another cryptogram of no less a personage than the founder of his order, St. Philip Neri. He was, however, admittedly insane, while the man who told ——— that *Don Quixote* had been originally written in English by "deep-browed Verulam," is, I believe, not only going about loose, but in the House of Commons!

4. Harold Russell, Lady Victoria, my wife and I, went by rail to Brightlingsea, whence we passed by boat down the estuary of the Colne, and then, through a long waterway or creek, which wound amongst the marshes, we traversed on foot last September, to the open sea. Near the shore, our guide, a neighbouring farmer, Mr. Cross, was able to show us the nest of the little tern—if nest is the proper word for a mere depression amongst the gravel, the creature trusting to the resemblance of its eggs to their surroundings, and taking no further precautions for their concealment. The nests of the black-headed gull, which we also visited, are placed not on the beach but on the marshes, and are more, though not much more, artificial. Both these species of birds are usually very common on these flats; but a great gale which raged about a fortnight after we had left Lexden in November last, broke down the sea-walls in various places, flooded a large extent of country, and much disturbed their domestic arrangements. After we had been hospitably entertained by Mr. Cross at Lea Wick Farm, we drove to St. Osyth, an ancient Augustinian Monastery, which has been redeemed from ruin by its present owner, and turned into a fine modern house, with large gardens. Thence we returned, in about a couple of hours, to Lexden.

6. Our Whitsuntide party, or rather the second

division of it, including the Russells, Herbert Stephen, and others, broke up to-day, and the weather, which had prevailed upon itself to be fine on Saturday and Sunday, promptly turned to showers. It was gusty and unpleasant nearly all last week, destroying the hope we had cherished of seeing our rhododendrons, which had been sadly kept back by an unusually cold May, reflected, as last year, in the lake before we returned to London. The yellow azaleas have, however, done their duty; the rhododendrons on the island are not to be complained of; the may in the park is as good as I ever saw it anywhere, and the wild hyacinths have been tolerable. We are not so strong, as I hope we soon shall be, in lilacs and laburnums; but they have been very beautiful round Colchester, and one laburnum on the East Hill has been a real delight.

7. I returned to town from Lexden this morning, and dined with The Club at night. We were a party of seven. Lord Salisbury, who was chairman, not being present, Sir Donald Stewart, who dined with us for the first time, took his place. He was at one time governor of the Andamans, and talked a good deal this evening about their aboriginal population; mentioning that an eccentric German had insisted that they were related to the Aztecs. "He could not," said Sir William Flower, "have made a much worse conjecture. They

are a fragment of a race of vast antiquity, which extended, at one time, over wide regions, and to which belong the Pigmies of Central Africa."

Dined with the Snagges. Our host told an excellent story of the late Duchess of Teck. She found herself one day sitting between Canon Teignmouth Shore and another dignitary of the same rank.

"Your Royal Highness," said the former, "must find yourself in a rather alarming position—

'Canon to right of you,
Canon to left of you,
Volleys and thunders.'"

"Well," was the reply, "this is the very first time I have been connected with the Light Brigade!"

To our host also I owe an amusing saying of Father Healy's. A clergyman of the Irish establishment once said to him: "I have come to the conclusion that there is not much difference, after all, between the Protestant and the Catholic religions. I have been fifty years in this world, have studied these subjects a great deal, and am convinced of that."

"Most certainly," said the other, "you won't be fifty minutes in the next world without finding out that you are quite mistaken."

New to me also was the answer made by the witty

priest to some person who said to him: "When Home Rule comes, what will you be?"—"A *very* old man!"

Mr. Lindsay, however, made, I think, the best contribution to our after dinner-talk by mentioning that he had introduced Mr. Planché, of extravaganza fame, to Lady Lindsay, the wife of Sir Coutts, who asked him to luncheon. Some stewed apples were handed to him, and he declined them. His hostess said: "Oh, do have some, Mr. Planché; I can assure you they're very good." "Nothing is more natural," he answered, "than that your ladyship should play the part of Eve, but 'j'ai peur des *suites!*'"

8. Victoria read to me to-day the speeches made at the Oxford Union before it adjourned, in consequence of the death of Mr. Gladstone. They were good, though of course in the rather exaggerated tone which has, quite naturally, marked most utterances about him in the last few weeks. She said as she finished them: "That reminds me of a name which I saw over a shop yesterday: 'Death—gilder.'"

12. Mr. C. N. Eliot, who has just come back from Constantinople, dined with us. Like Lord Monk Bretton he puts the number of the people killed in the massacres at about six thousand. He was sent to enquire into the state of things in Thessaly after the war, and came to the conclusion that if the Turks had been opposed to the Bulgarians or any other people

whatever, except the Greeks, the result would have been very different, for they showed hardly any military skill. The utter ineptitude of the Greeks had impressed him very deeply. Domoko, which they abandoned without resistance, was a tremendously strong position. A handful of resolute men might have defended it against an army.

13. Dr. Alexander, who since his name was last mentioned in these pages has become Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, who was present, had never, as it chanced, met with Macaulay's epitaph on a Jacobite. Mrs. Dugdale sent for the book in which she had copied it, but it could not be found, whereupon I repeated it, and made him in return repeat a very beautiful one of his own—that in which occurs the two lines—

> "'Twas but one step for those victorious feet,
> From their day's work into the golden street."

His other hardly inferior one which ends with the words—

> "Till Christ the Healer call his healers home"—

had escaped his memory.

Dined at Grillion's—a large party—Arthur Balfour, Sir Matthew White Ridley, and many others being present. Lubbock was in the chair, with Gerald Balfour next him on the left. I was on his right and Lord Knutsford

next to me. The talk was throughout bright and agreeable, but little passed of the kind I usually record in these pages. I may note, however, that Lubbock mentioned to me that his little book on *The Pleasures of Life* had just been translated into Mahratti—a curious sign of the times.

My New Zealand friend has sent me a number of answers made to her by young Catholic children to whom she was endeavouring to teach their catechism. I quote some of them.

"The gifts of the Holy Ghost are Piety and Longitude."

"S. Mark is called Evangelist because he wrote the life of S. Teresa."

"Peter and Paul were the first inhabitants of New Zealand."

"The Pope is always infallible on Sundays."

"There cannot be more Gods than one, because God being a supreme infidel cannot have an equal."

"St. Joseph tempted our first parents, envying their happy state."

18. Returned to London from Hatchlands, now the home of Lord Rendel. It was built about the middle of last century by Admiral Boscawen out of his prize-money, or, as he himself put it, "at the expense of the enemies of his country." Later it was bought by the

Sumners, from whom its present owner acquired it a few years ago. The house is large and commodious without any external merits; but has been furnished with such consummate judgment and good taste that everything seems to have stood where it is, for a century at least.

Yesterday was a day of much coming and going. In the morning Rendel drove me past Clandon and through Guildford to Chinthurst Hill, an outlying mass of Greensand, on the top of which he is making a very beautiful home for his daughter, Mrs. Goodhart, whose husband died while Professor of Humanity at Edinburgh, having succeeded in that capacity my old acquaintance W. Y. Sellar. Mrs. Goodhart came over with us to Hatchlands, and soon afterwards the Duchess of Albany arrived for luncheon, accompanied by Lord and Lady Mount-Stephen, the Collinses, and Mr. Alec Yorke. In the course of talk Lord Mount-Stephen said that in the well-known Scotch song "Comin' through the Rye," the last word should be spelt with a capital, the poet having meant, not the well-known cereal, but a little river in Ayrshire.

I see I forgot to note an amusing story which was told me some ten days ago. When the young Duchesse de Luynes arrived at Dampierre she insisted on having a bath in her room. The old Duchesse de Chevreuse remonstrated, and trusted at least that she wore some-

thing when she took it. "Why should I?" was the reply. "I use it in my own room. No one can see me." "Et ton ange gardien?" rejoined the elder lady.

19. With Iseult, who is at home for her *exeat*, to see Miss Swanwick. She mentioned that the Chevalier Bunsen had told her that, when asked by a Lutheran clergyman what was his travelling library, he had replied, "*Faust* and the Bible." The other rejoined: "Mine is almost the same, 'the Bible and *Faust*.'"

Dined with the Dilettanti—a very large party, with Lord Crewe in the chair. I had much talk with him as well as with Sir William Farrer and Pember, between whom I sat. It was the last-named who gave me the following lines of his own, supposed to be addressed by a husband to a wife:

> "Te mecum vivente domus fuit haec mihi cœlum,
> Abreptâ, cœlum fit mihi sola domus."

21. To see Miss Margaret Elliot, who told me that she had been reading my recently published volumes, and had found in them the anecdote told of Bishop Wilberforce and one of his brethren at Exeter Hall. The real history of that story is, it appears, as follows:—

Her father, the Dean of Bristol, came down one morning to breakfast and said: "It is rarely that one dreams about anything clever or amusing, but I did so last night. I dreamt

that I had gone to a great meeting with Soapy Sam, and that after many speeches had been made I said to him, 'I don't think they expect me to speak;' to which he replied, 'Oh yes, they do; don't you see they're all going.' I must tell him, it will please him much."

I have no doubt the Dean did so, and it is perfectly possible that the Bishop, who was not scrupulous in providing good stories with a mane and tail, may have recounted it as an actual occurrence.

Dined at The Club—a party of nine. We talked about dreams, *à propos* of my conversation with Miss Elliot. Jebb said that he once, when suffering from typhoid fever, had a most delightful dream, to the effect that he had invented a quite admirable plot for a novel, but had, as usually happens, found it, when he awoke, to be of no value whatever. I mentioned, on the authority of Colonel Biddulph, that Lord Lytton had repeated to his guests in India a poem which he professed to have composed when asleep:

"There are boating and sailing
And fishing for grayling,
Where the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
But sweeter the places
Where aldermen's braces
Are sold for bootlaces in Bonnie Dundee."

It may be permitted, however, to doubt whether the

Viceroy was not trying to impose on the credulity of his friends.

Talk somehow found its way to Sir George Grove, and his many gifts. I did not know that he was a son of the well-known fishmonger, nor that he had lately succeeded to a small property in Buckinghamshire, which had belonged to his family since the Conquest.

I spent some time, in the early evening, looking for Bishop Wordsworth's epitaph on his wife, which I thought I had quoted somewhere in these Notes, and had promised to give to Pember, but I could not find it. By a strange chance Courthope cited it at dinner—

> "I nimium dilecta! vocat Deus. I bona nostrae.
> Pars animae! moerens altera disce sequi!"

There was some conversation as to whether we should write Marquis or Marquess. Pember mentioned that the father of the present Lord Salisbury had told him that, when he was raised to that rank, the king had said to him, "Now, my Lord, I trust you will be an English Marquess, and not a French Marquis."

22. One of the pleasantest features of this season has been the re-appearance on the scene of Lord and Lady Brassey, with whom I have kept up relations during their absence in Victoria by sending them my Diary as it is printed.

To-night I took Victoria and Lily to an evening party at their house; meeting amongst people I had not seen for a long time, Sir Anthony Macdonnell, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West provinces, now at home on sick-leave, but intending to return in the autumn. Thus far they have succeeded in keeping the plague at arms-length in the districts over which he rules, but much depends on what the next cold weather brings forth. A great recrudescence of the disease, badly managed, might land us in such troubles as we have not encountered since the Mutiny. I had a good deal of talk with Mrs. Humphry Ward about her novel *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, which she sent me, and which I have just finished. She told me that the idea of the relic which so much comforted Augustina when she was nearing her end, was suggested by the one sent to Albert when he was supposed to be *in extremis* at Venice.

27. Returned to London from Stocks, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward. The house lies not far from Tring, in a sort of bay of the Chilterns, some fifteen miles or so, I suppose, from Hampden; but unlike that place, below, not on the range. The party consisted of Lyulph Stanley, Miss Gertrude Bell, who came under his wing, as Victoria did under mine, and M. Chevrillon, a nephew of Taine's. On Sunday morning I had a very long talk with my hostess about

her book, as well as many other subjects interesting to us both, and she had much to tell me about the recent work done in Germany with reference to "the climate of opinion" in which Jesus grew up.

In the afternoon we climbed the Chilterns and walked through woods even more beautiful, I think, than those which we knew so well in the earlier seventies, and possessing the same character. The object of our walk was to reach a house built for afternoon tea by the Brownlows, and a very large party coming from Ashridge met us there; among them Lord Carlisle, a very attractive Mrs. Wheatley, whom I had not met before, and Lady Lothian, with whom I had much conversation about Mrs. Craven, the Carlyles, Froude, etc., etc. I was glad, too, to make the acquaintance of Mr. Rennell Rodd, of whom I have heard constantly, but had never chanced to see.

The Neville Lytteltons and the Alfred Lytteltons both came to dine, and I picked up the threads of an acquaintanceship begun with the first-named couple at Ghanesh Khind in 1885, when he was Reay's Military Secretary. He is now going out to command a brigade in the Soudan.

Lyulph Stanley mentioned that having been asked by a French friend a riddle, "If you found yourself quite naked in a wood what bird would you like to have?"

replied, "Le corbeau." The answer which the querist expected was not half so good, "Le phénix parcequ' il est unique (*tunique*)."

An amusing story which I had heard before, but had forgotten to write down, was told of the present Bishop of Oxford, who, looking over the accounts of a school, found an item, "occasional monitor." "What is that?" he asked; but presently added: "Oh! I see; I suppose it is the *Nonconformist conscience*!"

We talked, as we came up this morning, about Frenchmen's mistakes in English and Englishmen's mistakes in French. I am ashamed to say that I thought that "double entendre" was a perfectly accurate expression, but M. Chevrillon told us that if it ever was French it is not so now. "Tout ensemble" is also, it appears, quite incorrect. We should say "le tout" or "l'ensemble."

Dined at Grillion's. I was in the chair — Lord Spencer, Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Robert Herbert, Lord Welby, Lord Norton, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord Fortescue being present. I talked chiefly with the two first. Lord Spencer mentioned that he went with Lord Harris up to Quetta, where a well-known Indian officer, now dead, was commanding, with whom he had much talk, and who showed his large knowledge of recent English affairs by remarking that Lord Sandhurst's brother-in-law seemed a very

intelligent man, who might, *if* he had gone into public life, have done something!

We had a great deal of talk about the Admiralty and a variety of naval officers; very informing, but not to be repeated here.

Redvers Buller told us that there had been a great deal of black-balling lately at an institution which he named. When this was being talked over, it was remarked that ——— blackballs everybody. A lady who was present remarked: "Ah! he is the great *piller* of the club."

Lord Spencer mentioned that Gladstone had said to him: "Disraeli knew his Cabinet, his Party, and the House of Commons, but there was a fourth thing which he never knew, the Country." One of our party remarked that he was Master of his Cabinet. "I don't know," said Sir Stafford Northcote. "My father told me a story, to the effect that he had said in the middle of the Eastern question: 'In my Cabinet of twelve we have not two but six parties. Two think that we should go to war with Russia immediately, two think that we should go to war with her before she gets to Constantinople, two think we should go to war with her when she has reached Constantinople.' I forget what the views of the next two pairs were in the Prime Minister's account of the team he had to drive, but he

ended with the words: 'The Chancellor of the Exchequer and I think that something ought to be done, but we don't know what it should be.'"

28. Lord and Lady Plunket, Lady Anne Blunt with her daughter, the Jebbs, and others dined with us. After the ladies had gone, Lord James of Hereford told us that in early life he had known a highly eccentric clergyman of the name of Baker, some of whose manuscript sermons he had seen. The reverend gentleman had furnished these with marginal notes directing himself how they were to be delivered. Opposite passages in which emotion would have been out of place, he wrote "Steady, Baker," but opposite his peroration, "Go it, Baker." This, James had told to Harcourt. During the Home Rule battles, when those members of the old Liberal party who did and those who did not go with Gladstone, sat all mixed up together, he was denouncing Harcourt in good set phrase, while the latter in a stage whisper kept saying, "Steady, Baker," "Go it, Baker," and Gladstone, utterly mystified, went on asking, "Who is Baker?" "Who is Baker?"

July

4. Returned to London from Broadway, whither I went with Lily on Saturday to stay with Clara and her husband. On the down journey we passed three hours at Oxford, where my companion saw some of the chief objects of interest. I had not been there in the capacity of sight-seer for more than half a century, and one or two places which we visited were new to me. Thus, to the best of my knowledge and belief, I never entered before the historic Common Room of Oriel, and I certainly never saw the fragment of the old abbey of Oseney, looking across the canal towards Worcester gardens, to which Lily Sumner introduced us.

At Broadway there are a number of old houses with mullioned windows, which have caught the fancy of artists and art lovers. The most interesting, of those which I saw, is inhabited by Madame Navarro, *née* Mary Anderson, whom we met at dinner on the 2nd, and with whom I had a long conversation, in her garden, the next day, chiefly about Mrs. Craven. She talked also a good deal about the stage, and told me that no one who had not lived much behind the scenes could have any idea how utterly, hopelessly wearisome it was to

live in a world where all things, from the sun and moon downwards, were shams.

The garden of Mrs. Millet, a delicious tangle of beautiful things, is well worth remembering; and so was a visit to Mrs. Greg's friends, the Wedgwood's, at their delightful home of Stanton Court, where the tame foxgloves grew taller than I have ever seen them grow in their wild state.

5. To *Cyrano de Bergerac*, of which every one is talking. I was badly placed, both for seeing and hearing: teased, too, very much by my eyes, so that I enjoyed it but little. The last act, however, seemed to me exceedingly fine. I returned in an electric motor car, my first experience of that mode of locomotion.

9. Lily and I left home on the 6th and reached Tillypronie, Sir John Clark's place on Deeside (see these Notes for 1879) yesterday evening.

We passed all the 7th in Edinburgh, which my companion saw, chiefly under the guidance of Mr. Douglas, quite to perfection. Never did it look to me half so beautiful; and, good Heavens! how it has improved since I first beheld it, sixty-two years ago, with just half its present population, the capital of a semi-barbarous country! The transformation of St. Giles's from a triple dog-kennel into a noble church, is a type of the change that has come over the whole place.

Among things new to me I may specify the house in South Castle Street, in which Scott lived before he began to write. It is nearly opposite Douglas's shop, and is now his office. The house where the great enchanter lived is in North Castle Street, No. 39, and I, of course, showed it to Lily.

I had never before seen the old mansion close to the Free Church Offices, in which Sir Walter laid the scene of *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror*. It has been restored by Lord Rosebery, the heroine of the tale having belonged to his family; nor had I identified the court near it where Hume lived, and Boswell entertained Johnson.

I did not know that the book of prayers, given by Malcolm Canmore to his wife, the story of which Douglas told in her chapel, was now in the Bodleian; nor had I visited the great hall of the Castle since its restoration was completed.

I was not aware that the figure which used to be supposed to be John Knox preaching, had been found to be the Almighty giving the tables of the law to Moses — a discovery emblematic of some other discoveries that have been made in Scotland of late years.

We had a pleasant half-hour in the Botanic Gardens with Professor Balfour, seeing, *inter alia*, the admirable rockery. He attributes the decline of the taste for field

botany in Scotland largely to the bicycle and the craze for games. "At least," said Lily, "it is good for the plants if not for the people." The gardens have been much enlarged, and now extend along the slope nearly to Fettes College, the terrace of which we visited for the sake of the really glorious view, and wound up our second drive of three, which followed, after some interval, our first of four hours, by the long and lovely road round Arthur's Seat.

From Edinburgh we came hither by the Forth Bridge, which I had never seen, and the new Tay Bridge, which has replaced the one I remember. I thought as we passed Broughty Ferry of Miss Noel's beautiful lines about Erskine of Linlathen, quoted in the Indian volumes of these Notes. From Dundee, northward, we hugged the coast, along which I have so often sailed, and ran on to Aberdeen, where we stopped just long enough for me to show Lily the spot where Lord Pitsligo mustered his company in 1715, when lifting his bonnet from his head, he exclaimed: "O Lord, Thou knowest that our cause is just! March! Gentlemen!"

11. We stayed at Tillypronie till this morning, when we journeyed some twenty-two miles across country to Gartly Station, and ran on to Elgin, where we now are. The 9th was given chiefly to a drive, which took us to Newe and Glenbucket, across wilds made enchantingly

beautiful by the broom, which I have never seen anything like so glorious. It took me back to the Moselle at Whitsuntide, 1873, but then we only saw the plant at a distance, above the region of the vine, through which the river flows, while on this occasion it was close around us on every side.

Mr. Crawford, the Sheriff of Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine, who was one of our fellow-guests at Tillypronie, gave me an interesting account of a visit he had paid to Strossmayer at Diacovar, introduced by the Ban. The Bishop began his conversation with his visitor by remarking: "Everything that the Ban thinks right, I think wrong, and everything that I think wrong he thinks right." That was not a promising commencement, but the old gentleman made himself very agreeable, nevertheless.

I do not remember ever talking to any one who actually heard the famous shot in front of the Hôtel Guizot, in February 1848, but Clark did; he was hard by on the Boulevard when it was fired.

Mr. Davidson, the minister of the parish, explained to me the nature of Kieselguhr, which has become an important product in the neighbourhood of Tillypronie since he discovered its presence in the course of his microscopic studies. It is a Diatomaceous deposit, and owes its great commercial importance to its immense

power of absorption, which makes it extremely valuable for diminishing the too dangerous explosive power of nitro-glycerine.

Our host lent us an account he had written of his experiences as an English attaché in February, '48.

12. I delivered last night to some of my old constituents an address upon the leading events of the period during which I was member for the Elgin district, not without some digressions into the political questions of the present day; and earlier in the evening took Lily to the Cathedral, which was looking its very best. Later we dined with my former agent, Mr. Stewart, meeting a variety of familiar faces; and came on to Pitlochry this morning by the Highland line.

We have been spending a pleasant afternoon among some neighbouring woods, in which, rather to my surprise, we found *Vicia sylvatica* growing luxuriantly.

On the 13th we went on to Aberfeldy, and steamed up the whole length of Loch Tay to Killin, where we awaited our friends. Hanbury arrived, but, alas! not Lubbock, who was detained by the London University Bill. The afternoon of the 14th and the whole of the next day, or at least eleven hours of it, were spent on Ben Lawers. Lily, who had never seen any Alpine vegetation, reaped, of course, a magnificent harvest; and I, although I had been over a good deal of the ground

in August 1867, found eleven[1] Benthamic plants new to me, re-seeing besides a great many which I had not met with for many years, and refreshed my memory of not a few particulars. The exquisite Alpine Forget-me-not, unknown in Britain except on this range, was in all its glory, and much of it, I am happy to say, quite out of reach of the ordinary tourist. Very memorable was a little recess under a huge rock, where *Saxifraga cernua*, *Draba rupestris*, and *Saxifraga nivalis* all grew within about a yard of each other.

Among birds which I saw upon the mountain I note the ring ouzel and the meadow pipit. I think I had seen the wheatear elsewhere, but I was unaware of the fact which Hanbury mentioned to me, that it gave rise to the phrase "showing the white feather," because you see a spot of white, unseen before, when it flies away from you.

18. From Lawers we journeyed by Killin to Stirling, where Hanbury left us, we remaining there over Sunday, visiting the field of Bannockburn, the Beacon Mill, where James III. was murdered, and paying a visit at Bridge of Allan, to my old friend Dr. Bidie, so frequently mentioned in the Indian volumes of these

[1] These were: Epilobium alsinæfolium, Saxifraga nivalis, Saxifraga rivularis, Erigeron Alpinus, Veronica saxatilis, Habenaria viridis, Phleum Alpinum, Cornus Suecica, Juncus castaneus, Poa Alpina, Carex atrata.

Notes. It rained most of the day we spent at Stirling, but we could not complain, for during all the rest of our time in Scotland it was magnificent, and even on this occasion it cleared enough, in the course of the evening, to enable us to walk over a good deal of the castle and to see the fine old church of the Grey Friars in which Mary Stuart was crowned.

By dinner-time to-day we were once more in London.

20. I had occasion to-day to go to see Mr. Murray, the head of the Botanical Department of the Natural History Museum, on behalf of Lady Leighton, who is thinking of bringing out De Tabley's unfinished *Flora of Cheshire*. He showed me some reproductions in wax of familiar plants. One of the common Sun-dew, and another of *Geranium pratense*, were quite marvellous. He showed me another, too, of a tropical insect-eating plant, much to be commended for its entomological knowledge, since it devours wasps and blue-bottles, but respects bees.

22. Miss Dempster came to lunch and to see the books of The Club. She quoted in the course of talk an Italian saying which I had not heard: "Lascia fare à Dio chi è un santo vecchio." I asked her about the March in the "Gazza Ladra," which, as she mentions in Vera, is the Russian Funeral March. She says that

it is not so impressive as the Dead March in "Saul," or Chopin's Marche Funèbre.

I have been running through George Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, which contain many interesting things familiar, and many unfamiliar, to me. I think the two belonging to the second category which have struck me most have been the delightful letter from Manning to a little girl in New York, on page 49. The other is the account, at page 390, of Lord FitzWilliam's speech, in which, wishing to conciliate the Yorkshire Dissenters and to get them to subscribe for the repair of the Minster, he perorated somewhat after this fashion:

"And if the liberality of Yorkshire Churchmen proves insufficient, then, with all confidence, I turn to our excellent Dissenting brethren, and exclaim with the Latin poet: "'Flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo!"

24. Sat long with Mrs. Simpson. We talked of one of our acquaintances, and she remarked: "When I see her, there comes back to me a saying of Tocqueville's about Mrs. Austin: 'Sa tristesse est aggressive.'"

On the 27th we transferred ourselves to Lexden.

August

5. Accompanied by Lily, and under the guidance of Mr. Shenstone, I went to-day, *viâ* Chelmsford, to Little Boynton Hall, where several adjoining farms are cultivated by Mr. Reginald Christy. We went over the land in his occupation, finding two Benthamic plants hitherto unknown to me—*Silene noctiflora* and *Bupleurum rotundifolium*—which, though not uncommon, I had never chanced to meet with. I saw, too, a variety of plants which I had not met with for some years, as, for instance, the Coriander, an escape from cultivation in this neighbourhood. Mr. Reginald Christy takes the keenest interest in the plants on his land, and is singularly fortunate in possessing a number of interesting things. The great tassels of *Carex pendula* were quite a feature in the deep ditches which ran along his fields.

We met our carriage at Chalk End and drove, in something under an hour, to Fyfield, where we were joined by Mr. Miller Christy of Oxlip fame, and a cousin of our host of the morning. By his help we found the excessively rare and very pretty *Lathyrus tuberosus*, the Fyfield pea, which I had never seen save in Mrs. Maskelyne's garden, but which is here wild; and on our way back to Chelmsford he showed us *Bupleurum*

falcatum, with which I am familiar in France and Germany, but which I had never seen in this, its only British station. It grows by the side of the road in great abundance.

The splendour—there is no other word for it—of the crops all along our route was such as I never beheld.

Between Fyfield and Chelmsford we were further interested by the two churches of Willinghale Spain and Willinghale Dou, standing in the same churchyard, though belonging to different parishes. The first takes its name from the family of D'Espagne, which was settled here from the Conquest to the reign of Edward II. The second from the family of D'Eu or D'Ou, which held a Manor here under the Earl of Essex.

A very amusing account of the Rodings, a district through several parts of which we passed during the day, is quoted, apparently from Freeman, in Murray's handbook:

"In the language of the inhabitants of the Rodings, the world, or at least the Isle of Britain, is divided into three parts, looked on most likely as three concentric circles. The hallowed centre, the bull's eye, the inner Ecbatana, is the 'Rudings'; round about them, in the middle circle, lie the 'Hundreds'—the rest of Essex; further still, on the outer circle, lie the 'Shires'—the rest of Britain. As for the rest of Europe and the world, they are doubtless looked on as so utterly barbarous as to deserve no place at all in the Geography of the favoured Rudings."

8. Count Blücher and Dr. Quintieri leave us. The former is the eldest son of Prince Blücher, who married, as his third wife, Victoria's friend, the daughter of Princess Radziwill. The latter is a young Italian of three-and-twenty, who brought me an introduction from Gubernatis, whose lectures he appears to have attended in Rome. His home is Cosenza, near the toe of the boot, and under the great tableland of the Sila. I see that Cosenza was, before its conquest by Rome, the capital of the Bruttii, but it has, I think, had very little connection with the main stream of events since Alaric the Goth said, in the words of an American poem which I used to possess but have long since lost:

> "Then let its everlasting springs
> Flow back upon the king of kings,
> And never be the secret said,
> Until the deep gives up its dead."

Dr. Quintieri says that many excavations have been made in the bed of the Busentinus, but that nothing connected with the great conqueror has ever come to light.

10. Having an hour to spare in London, whither I had to go on business, I spent it in the Guildhall Gallery of French Art. The good pictures are very numerous. Those which most interested me were "The Lion at Home," a grand composition by Rosa Bonheur, and a

portrait of the Marquise de La Ferronays, from the hand of Charles André van Loo, who died in 1765. I do not know whether this lady was grandmother or great-grandmother to Mrs. Craven. She has on her lap a little dog, very badly painted, but with a family likeness to Cotty of blessed memory.

18. The house has been pretty full for the last few days, but this morning our party broke up, Lady Sligo, with her two daughters, and Madeleine de Peyronnet, going off to Ipswich, and my nephew Douglas returning to London. Mr. de Pothonier, a godson of the last Lord Sligo, with his wife, daughter and a friend, have also been a good deal with us since the beginning of the week.

My conversation with Lady Sligo and her sister turned, as was natural, chiefly on the people we have known in common since 1862, and but little passed which calls for mention in these Notes.

The name of Khanikoff coming up, Madeleine mentioned incidentally that she had come not long ago upon his tomb in Père la Chaise. It was marked by a scroll, on which was traced a map of Central Asia; but, as she truly remarked, "Before long the sun and rain will have made that quite unintelligible; it will look merely like the representation of a piece of cloth."

Lady Sligo told me that it was she who said a good

thing which was afterwards transferred through one of our friends to the pages of *Punch*. She saw the "Pas de Quatre" danced for the first time at a Guildford ball, and danced so badly that she said: "It ought to be the 'Pas du tout.'"

On Tuesday I took most of our party to see the museum at Colchester, where Dr. Laver, a local antiquary and naturalist, called my attention to an old British gold coin of the Essex type, which had been turned into a locket, had found its way to Delhi, where it passed into the possession of a private soldier, had been brought back to this country, and was now peaceably reposing close to its place of origin.

Douglas, who was another of our party, brought down with him and showed to me a little book called *Via Lucis*, containing the thoughts of Mrs. Julia Brewster, *née* Stockhausen, married to an American, but daughter of a former minister of the dethroned King of Hanover. I have not had time to examine it fully, but the following passage about death, which was one of those I read, struck me as very remarkable :—

"Voici l'heure attendue, le soleil se meurt ; le vent murmure un *Te Deum* et les cyprès s'inclinent. Et je m'incline aussi, non pour penser—les pensées n'obeissent plus à l'appel, mais pour bénir celui qui les disperse. Je m'assoupis en Dieu comme on abdique sa propre conscience auprès de celui qu'on aime. Tous mes désirs, tous mes devoirs meurent dans cette plenitude

de sensation ; toutes mes souffrances et tout mon orgueil. Qu' importent nos ambitions? C'est de Lui qu'il s'agit et non de nous ; qu'il porte, qu'il enveloppe, qu'il opprime, qu'il ravit. N'est-ce-pas là l'endroit de halte que j'ai cherché toute ma vie."

19. Lily re-read to me Shairp's poem on *The Balliol Scholars from* 1840 *to* 1843, mentioned in these Notes twenty-five years ago. It is certainly extremely fine. Those commemorated were, I may note in case no one else has done so :

1. Clough.
2. Prichard.
3. Coleridge.
4. Temple.
5. Seymour.
6. Mat Arnold.
7. Riddell.

I have known them all, more or less, with the exception of Seymour, who died very early. He was brother of the first Lady Coleridge, whose genius as an artist will be perpetuated by a likeness of Newman, incomparably superior, not only to that by Millais, but to any other. All save Mat Arnold, Coleridge, and Riddell, were to me, however, mere acquaintances. It is in accordance with the irony of Fate that the least interesting of the whole group, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, has distanced the others in what the world calls success.

The Balliol scholars of my time contained in their ranks some exceedingly clever men, of whom Robert Herbert has done most in the world; but none of them have grown up in the climate of opinion which gave so peculiar a *cachet* to Shairp's friends. Henry Smith, who belonged to the second group, had no doubt a loftier intelligence than any of the first; but his greatest triumphs were won in a field whither only very few could follow him.

22. Sir John and Lady Lubbock, who came to us on the 19th, left us this morning for Cambridge, where he has to preside over the Zoological Congress which is assembling there. The weather was too hot for botanising, but we did a good deal of archæology, chiefly under the guidance of Dr. Laver.

Mr. Francis Smith, who is a New College man, mentioned to me that he went to call some time ago on Dr. Sewell, the venerable head of his college, who is in the nineties. He had heard that the old gentleman was suffering from his eyes, and observed upon entering his room that a pair of spectacles lay beside him. "I fear, Mr. Warden," he remarked, "that your eyes are giving you trouble." "Oh! not at all, not at all," was the reply, but a little after the Warden added: "The fact is, Mr. Smith, that when railways were first introduced we were told that the dust which they raised

would be very injurious to the eyes. I got this pair of spectacles then, and I have been looking at them to-day."

23. Lily and I drove down in the afternoon to Hythe, the port of Colchester, where, guided by Mr. Shenstone, we found in great abundance the rare plant *Lepidium latifolium*, which I had never seen before.

24. Something recalled to me the other day the fact that I had never seen the Charterhouse, so being in London to-day I went thither. Close to the tablet which records the name of Thackeray there is one in honour of Dr. Currey, upon which I observed a good canting motto: "Sic curre ut capias." ("So run that you may obtain.")

25. I went this afternoon with Dr. Fenn to Nayland, and visited a very curious house which has been in his family for the last couple of hundred years. It must have been built for some wealthy merchant in the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century, a man possessed, too, of a good deal of refinement, of which there are many traces throughout the building. It is unlike any other I recollect. Some of the oak carving, both internal and external, is very good. Close by is the church, which connects this tiny Suffolk village with the general history of the country through Jones of Nayland, who was long perpetual curate here, and died

in 1800. He belonged to the same school of opinion in which John Keble grew up.

28. ——— writes from Lowestoft:

"I find that the country people here always address each other as 'Bore'—'Bore, good morning!' 'Is that you, Bore?' A contraction of 'Neighbour,' I suppose; very tempting to adopt as regards some of our acquaintances."

September

1. Hanbury sends me some living plants of the exceedingly rare *Euphorbia peplis*, which he had looked for in vain for twenty-seven years. It grew on fine shingle near Tor Cross, South Devon.

12. Mrs. Van Zandt, who as Amy Lubbock was our companion in Brittany, Northern Spain, and elsewhere, has been staying with us, along with her two little girls. She has lived for the last five years in Italy, and during her second marriage passed a good deal of time in various parts of America, especially in California. While residing at Pegli, in the Villa Doria, she amused herself much with gardening. She mentioned incidentally that she had got some years ago from a nursery gardener at Naples the Iris which bears my name, and an account of

which lately appeared in the *Botanical Magazine*, but that she had not succeeded in flowering it. Professor Michael Foster, who is, I suppose, the first Iris grower in England, told me some time ago that he had been equally unfortunate.

22. The Boyles, who have been with us since the 19th, Victoria and I, went by rail to Ipswich and thence to Stoke Park, the home of Lord Gwydyr. The old man, who is eighty-eight, is perfectly hale, and did the honours of his house, which he built himself in 1848, quite perfectly. It commands a really noble view of the estuary of the Orwell, and is full of interesting things, the first place amongst which belongs to a really superb picture, by Gainsborough, of Mr. Peter Burrell, grandfather of its possessor, standing by his horse. There are good contemporary portraits of both Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell, the second almost the best I have seen. Mr. Burrell, with his son and daughter, who spent last Sunday with us at Lexden and brought us their grandfather's invitation, made up the party. Mrs. Burrell, often mentioned in earlier pages of these Notes, a very interesting, intelligent, and highly cultivated woman, died in the summer.

26. Mrs. Boyle left us on the 23rd, but he stayed till this morning, and we have had a week of excellent talk, of which I subjoin a very few fragments.

He called my attention to Frank Palgrave's pathetic elegy on the death of his wife, printed in *Amenophis, and Other Poems*, as well as to Byron's stanzas—

> "If sometimes in the haunts of men
> Thine image from my heart may fade"

—which Harness described to him as not only one of his friend's best, but as one of the best of its kind in all literature. Surely an excessive eulogium!

We talked of mad people, and he mentioned that Professor Blackie, whom I used to know and who was a wonderful compound of learning, insight, and eccentricity bordering on craziness, went one night to an asylum, kept by a friend of his, and gave an entertainment to the inmates, singing Scotch songs, dancing the Highland fling, and what not. Next morning, an old woman, one of his patients, said to the doctor in charge: "Wonderful are the ways of God! Only to think that I am shut up here, and that yon body is going about loose!"

The subjects of sermons came up, and the Dean told me that Gladstone had said to him that his favourites were Butler's two upon the Love of God; two by Newman on the Gospel Witnesses; and one, also by Newman, on the Individuality of the Soul.

He gave an amusing account of Miss Crompton—Mrs.

Crompton by brevet rank—a Yorkshire lady devoted to botany, who, on returning from the South of France, where she had been delighting in the flowers, talked much of a young Englishman whom she had met there, and who seemed intimately acquainted with them. "What was his name?" asked some one. "Oh," she replied, "he was a Mr. Mill, and he told me that he had written a book on Logic!"

He asked me if I had ever heard Coleridge give an account of a conversation he had had with Newman near the end of his life. It appears that in the course of it the Cardinal said, *à propos* of Keble's admiration for some of the poems of Burns, that he knew very little of that writer. Coleridge repeated to him *John Anderson, my Joe*, and observed as he did so a far-off, dreamy expression in Newman's eyes, which were, when he came to the end of it, filled with tears. He had no doubt that the old man was thinking of his early attachment to Miss Bowden.

He told me that he had dined with Froude one Christmas vacation in the Common Room at Exeter, meeting Coleridge, who was in very low spirits. He said he was the son of a judge, that he knew well some important solicitors, but that he had only made £60 in the last year at the Bar. He felt inclined to give it all up and go out to New Zealand as legal adviser to the

Canterbury Settlement. Boyle repeated this to the present Lord Chief Justice at Salisbury. "Now," said Lord Russell, "you must hear my story. I well remember three young men on the Northern Circuit sitting together. 'I,' said the first, 'see no chance of getting on here, and think of going out to Jamaica to practise.' 'I,' said the second, 'am just in your case; I am thinking, however, not of Jamaica, but of the Straits Settlements.' The third having got his first brief that day, did not speak. They were," added Lord Russell, "Herschell, the Speaker, and myself."

He heard Froude read in chapel the second lesson, 2 Corinthians xii., one afternoon in 1849. His voice quivered strangely. The next day the *Nemesis of Faith* appeared, and a week later he had ceased to be a Fellow of Exeter.

Boyle brought with him the *Autobiography and Letters of Charles Merivale*, privately printed, or, rather, *en demijour de publicité*, for they were reviewed in the last *Spectator*. I have had a good deal of them read to me. Some letters of their author's from Rome, one especially in which he sketched admirably the physiognomies of the emperors down to Aurelius, interested me most. Very amusing, too, were his reflections when he saw the Bishop of Winchester looking at the lion in the Zoological Gardens, and thought how different

were the present relations of the ecclesiastic and the beast from those which prevailed in the early days of Christianity.

He says, and says truly, that the best part of his education was that which he got at Haileybury; but the influence of the University, which he chose, is visible in every page, sometimes for good and sometimes for evil. It may be, owing to my own prejudices, that I have been reminded once or twice, while the book has been on my table, of a story which I heard the other day. Mrs. Tyrrell was enlarging to an Oxford child upon the horrors of the Inferno without producing much effect; but at length her auditor, lowering his voice to a terrified whisper, asked: "Is it a place called Cambridge?"

Charles Roundell has sent me a pamphlet printed for private circulation and containing some recollections of Mr. Gladstone. The least familiar thing in it is the statement, made on Mr. Gladstone's own authority, that he was so dependent on sunshine that in the cold summer of 1860 he felt himself by no means up to work. Curious, too, was his very high estimate of the character of the late Lord Dalhousie. Roundell having doubted whether he was up to Cabinet rank, Gladstone said: "We have plenty of ability, but what we want is character." I liked Lord Dalhousie, but I did not know

him well enough to be able either to confirm Gladstone's high opinion or to reject it. His judgment of individuals, however, either for praise or blame, was not his strong point. I used to think that Lord Dalhousie would succeed me at Madras, but Sir Hercules Robinson told me at York House that he had been promised the appointment, if it had fallen to be filled up by the Liberals.

29. Mr. Turbutt, formerly Errington, who was at Brazenose when I was at Balliol, and is, as a trustee of his father's settlement, one of our landlords here, is staying with us, and mentioned this afternoon that his own church, near our old haunts of Aldermaston, was the last Bishop Wilberforce consecrated in the diocese of Oxford, and repeated a good story of him which was new to me. A lady once asked him: "Why do girls like to go to church?" "Oh," he replied, "I suppose from the best of motives." "No," she rejoined, "they go to look at the *Him's*." "Nay," he answered, "they don't go to church for that: they go to the chapel of *He's*."

Mrs. Turbutt told us that a friend of hers had a rook which was perfectly tame. One day several of its own kind came and had a long conversation with it on the grass plot in front of the house, persuading it, apparently, to go away with them, which it did. Some time after-

wards it returned, tapped with its beak on its mistress's window, and made a long statement, which she, of course, did not understand. This done, it flew away, and was no more seen.

October

4. Mr. Cecil Harris spent Sunday here, and has forwarded to me a copy of the Luganda Bible, Luganda being the language of Buganda, which we erroneously call Uganda. The natives sometimes carry these books, which are very oddly shaped, in Huntley and Palmer's biscuit tins, and a legend rose to the effect that they were exported in the same, the firm supplying the tins gratis as a good advertisement. That legend is, however, not confirmed at the Bible House. Mr. Harris told me that he and his colleagues there have an income of £160,000 a year.

Fritz has sent me a paper given him by Mr. Arbuthnot and signed by Mirza Ghulan Ahmad (the Promised Messiah), of the Gurdaspur District in the Punjâb, on the subject of a cure for the plague which has been revealed to him. It consists of two medicines, one called Tiryag-i-Ilahi, and the other Marham-i-Isa. The second is the more interesting, for the writer believes it

to have been prepared by the disciples of Jesus for the purpose of restoring him to health after the Crucifixion. The paper contains much nonsense of this kind, but also some very wise counsel as to sanitation, reminding me of the Catholic priest in Germany who, going round at the head of a procession of his parishioners to bless the fields, observed with regard to one of them: "Hier hilft das singen und beten nicht; hier muss man düngen."

10. Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice, Mr. N. Buxton, and the Tyrrells left us. He mentioned incidentally that Chamberlain, who is represented in the Upper House by Lord Selborne, had been staying with a lady, who, not satisfied with the signatures of her guests, has the detestable habit of requiring them to add something in prose or verse. Chamberlain point-blank refused, whereupon his hostess, who is by no means famous for tact, turning to Lord Selborne, his representative in the House of Lords, said: "Mr. Chamberlain's name may be enough, but yours is not." The person addressed, taking up his pen, then wrote: "Selborne, Advocatus diaboli."

18. The Murrays and Wilfrid Ward, who came to us on the 15th, left us yesterday, as did Count Blücher, who arrived on the 16th; but Mrs. Wilfrid Ward remained behind, chiefly to finish reading to me her

novel, which has been much altered since I heard a good deal of it at Eastbourne, and is now just going into the hands of the publishers. I distrust my own opinion about such matters so profoundly that I can only venture to say that it interested *me* very much indeed. Ward gave me an exceedingly curious little tract called the *Lay Folks' Mass Book*, lately republished, but belonging to the period of Magna Charta.

20. I did not know that Faber, while still Rector of Elton, had published under the title of *The Rosary* some of the poems which he republished later in the thick volume which I possess. I saw the book, however, in a catologue the other day, sent for it, and find that it contains several of my favourite passages, such as the flight of the wild swans in *Prince Amadis*. The title-page in gold and colours is curiously characteristic of the time when it appeared under the auspices of Toovey, as is the dedication to Beresford Hope dated on the Christmas Eve of 1844. In how changed a world do we live!

22. The *Spectator* of this morning contains an article by me upon Henry Reeve. I have had read to me nearly the whole of his *Memoirs*, and have said all the good of them I conscientiously could. The book, however, has told me little I care much to remember. I think the most striking things I have come upon are

two which I have noted in the article: the visit to Metternich at Johannesburg; and the conversation with Circourt, who, it should be borne in mind, was one of Polignac's Private Secretaries in 1830. From this conversation it would appear that that sagacious statesman was, from hostility to the Protestant domination of Holland, at the bottom of the Belgian Revolution. It was, Circourt said, his determination to have troops on the frontier in readiness to support that movement which led him to denude Paris and to hand over his master and himself to the mercy of the mob!

Unscrupulous as Thiers was, it is amusing to find that he said, in so many words, to Reeve: "Certainement je suis pour la République. Sans la République qu'est-ceque je serai moi? bourgeois, Adolphe Thiers!"

I had never heard of Reeve's intimacy with Sigismund Krasinsky, the anonymous poet of Poland (see Vol. I. *passim*), nor did I know that he had heard Lacordaire preach one of his famous sermons at Notre Dame in 1835. Very amusing is the account at pages 88 and 89 of the reception in London of the story of Brougham's death invented by himself. Good, and new to me, was the Princess Lieven's remark about the Constitution which followed the Coup d'Etat: "Il se résume ainsi: je prends tout, je garde tout, vous aurez le reste."

On page 346 it is mentioned that Mr. Bocher, the

agent of the Orleans family, said at Orleans House that Persigny had asked Louis Philippe for a game-keeper's place at £80 a year, and that the petition was then still in existence. On page 390 is quoted an excellent maxim of Romilly's: "On diminue tous ce qu'on exagère."

25. Returned to Lexden from Watford, whither Lily and I went on the 22nd to stay with the Henleys, meeting amongst others the Bishop of Peterborough, Lady Mary Carr Glyn, Mr. Maurice Baring, the new Rector of Rugby, a brother of Baillie of Dochfour, married to a daughter of Lord Boyne, and Mr. James, who is now at the head of the school which Arnold made famous, and which is, it appears, prospering exceedingly.

Lady Mary had much to tell me about her father, who seems to derive very great amusement from writing his *Memoirs*, which promise to be voluminous. Mr. Maurice Baring, who is a younger brother of Lord Revelstoke, talked a good deal of the Empress of the French. "Her face," he said, "makes me think of Rudyard Kipling's story, *The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows*."

Conversation turned upon the late Lord Knightley, more familiar to most of us as Sir Rainald. How well I remember the first time I saw him! I was a very young Member of Parliament, and was sitting on a

back bench beside Sir John Trelawny, of Church Rate fame, when a very tall thin man rose to address the House from the front Opposition bench below the gangway. "Who is that?" I asked. "That," said my neighbour, "is Steeple Knightley, a *High* Tory." I did not know till Henley told me that, in later life, he had acquired a most unusual knowledge of English history, and had corrected him on one occasion when he stated, as I am sure I should have done, that the last time the Royal Veto was used was by William III.; but no, it seems that Queen Anne once vetoed a Welsh Militia Bill.

Some difficulty has arisen in Northamptonshire from people confusing our friend Lady Knightley and Lady Knightley, the wife of the man who succeeded to Lord Knightley's baronetcy. Of course the use of "The" makes the addressing of letters simple enough; but in conversation things are less easy. Sir Henry Dryden, on the difficulty being suggested to him, said: "Well, you can at least call Lord Knightley's widow the '*definite article.*'"

Was it the Bishop or Lord Henley—they both joined in the conversation—who mentioned that a Highland gillie when going out at the Tulchan to fish with the Bishop's elder brother, the George Glyn of Gladstone's first Administration, had said: "I hope that gentleman

won't give me as much of his speeches as the last did." The last was no less a personage than John Bright!

George Glyn, later Lord Wolverton, had a kind of canine fidelity to Gladstone which did his chief no good. I remember Young, when Lord Advocate, saying to me with reference to a division about which we were a little anxious: "Oh! it's all right. George Glyn has gone up to Gladstone wagging his tail."

29. I see it is announced that John Morley is to write Gladstone's Life. It was on 17th May 1879, that I had these two at York House,[1] following thereby quite unconsciously the example of the chemical student Sobrero, who in 1847 invented nitro-glycerine while pursuing his studies in Pelouze's laboratory at Paris. When Gladstone left on the 19th I walked with him to the station, and we talked of Morley. "I know no man," he said, "with whom I agree so little in opinion, for whom I have so much sympathy."

Only once before had I heard the name of his future biographer mentioned in Gladstone's presence. It was at a meeting of the Metaphysical Society. We had an odd rule there that, if it was thought there might be inconvenience in bringing forward an eminent man in the ordinary way, he might be elected by acclamation. The late Lord Selborne was proposed and added to our

[1] They had, I think, met once before at High Elms.

numbers after that fashion, whereupon Arthur Russell immediately proposed John Morley. Gladstone faintly demurred, but did not press the objection, and he too was elected.

In a letter from the Comte de Richemont to Miss Bishop, which I am sending back to-day, I find a very happy phrase. After pointing out the enormous size of Africa, and admitting that at some far-off period France and England may find their interests clash there, he says that to go at present to extremes would be to imitate the husband and wife, who are said to have quarrelled and separated on the day after their wedding because one insisted that their second son should become a Knight of Malta, and the other would not agree.

31. I have a pleasant letter from the Duke of Rutland, opposite whom I sat for so many years in the House of Commons. Speaking of my Elgin Address he says:

"That I should differ from some of the political judgments it contains is natural, inevitable; but that occasional disagreement only makes one recognise and appreciate more clearly and fully the obvious intention of impartiality which pervades the whole essay."

November

1. Although we have not done justice to it, for both my wife and I have had desperately bad colds, it has been beyond all comparison the finest autumn I ever beheld in this country, and to-day the commencement of winter, according to the old division of the year, is surpassingly beautiful.

4. Bertrand de Blacas writes from Paris almost equally surprised at the *légèreté* with which the French Government went into the Fashoda business, and the extreme vehemence with which the matter had been taken up in this country.

9. Thanks to a series of accidents I spent three hours in London, not on the business which took me thither and which I found postponed, but purely as a sightseer. I managed, however, to gain from the eternal darkness Spital Square, which is said to occupy the site of the cemetery of Roman London; St. Ethelburga in Bishopsgate Street, one of the few churches which survived the great fire; St. Michael's, Cornhill; and a number of autographs in the British Museum, as, for instance, a letter from Marlborough announcing the Battle of Ramilies,

one from his wife raging over her disgrace at Court, one from Warren Hastings to Mrs. Hastings written immediately after his duel with Francis, one from Clive in a neat clerkly hand, and one from Washington containing very wise remarks as to the proper policy of the United States.

14. The Whitridges, who came down on the 12th, left us this morning. Mr. Whitridge and I had, of course, a good deal of talk about the financial business which has brought him to Europe, as well as about the new departure in the United States, which will necessitate, if foreign dependencies are to be even decently managed, a very different method of recruiting the Civil Service. He repeated some of the remarks he made in an excellent speech at Stockbridge in Massachusetts, which he sent me some weeks ago.

He mentioned incidentally, too, that to this day the Indians in British Columbia call an American "a Boston Man," and a native of the old country "a King George's Man."

He told me that at the American Colleges it was usual in his time to ask young men, at the end of the first year, what they intended to be. The least enterprising youths were in the habit of becoming ministers in this or that denomination. One of these on being asked what

his calling was to be, replied: "Damned if I know. Preach the Gospel, I suppose."

15. The Reays left us this morning, but having some business in London I accompanied them as far as Liverpool Street. In the course of the afternoon I met Judge Snagge, and had a short walk with him. He made me laugh by telling me of a Scotch Medical Professor who, very fond of using his blackboard for announcements of all kinds, had chalked upon it an intimation to his class that he had just been made physician to the Queen. Some one, before the notice was erased, added the words, "God save the Queen!"

I asked Reay whether there was any one in Dutch politics at present as remarkable as Kappeyne. (See these Notes for 1875.) He said that he thought Schapman even more remarkable. He is a Catholic priest who has lived much in Rome, but sits in the Chamber and takes his own line with scant regard to the views of his ecclesiastical superiors.

A lady told ——— that a well-known member of the fast set *in excelsis* had come to see her recently and had remained quite a long time, making herself very agreeable. "I cannot imagine," she added, "what led her to do so, for I know her very little." "Oh!" replied ———, "the motive is clear enough. She wanted to establish an alibi!"

21. Lady Reay mentions in a letter to my wife that Rudyard Kipling, asked what he had found in New England, replied: "Nothing but granite and mortgages."

Mr. Whitridge told me that force and spirit had very much gone out of the present generation in that part of America; that many of them had emigrated to other parts of the country, as, for instance, to Northern Ohio, where the same energy, which had made their fathers and grandfathers the intellectual leaders of the nation, made their descendants strenuous and successful in politics.

22. Mr. Hall amuses me by telling me in a note of yesterday's date that some one, making an anonymous attack on the Record Office, described it as an "Ægean Stable."

29. Returned to Lexden from Windsor, whither I went yesterday, meeting at dinner the Empress Frederick, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who were presented to the Queen on their return from Canada, and others. After a shorter time than usual spent in the corridor, where the Empress talked to me a good deal, we followed the Queen to the red drawing-room, the doors at the end of which were thrown open, and the band played very prettily in the adjoining room. There was a pot-pourri of Scottish music which recalled our Madras selections.

The Queen spoke to me chiefly about Oliphant, Gordon, and Mrs. Craven.

In the smoking-room Lord Aberdeen amused me by a Scotch story. Professor Flint, anxious to ascertain how much of a lecture which he had been delivering upon miracles had penetrated the intelligence of some of his less quick-witted students, asked one of them what his lecture had been about. He received no answer to his question, but on repeating it was told that he had been lecturing about God. "Well," he said, "no doubt all theological lectures are more or less about God; but I should like to know the subject more particularly. What have I been speaking about?" The only reply was a puzzled stare. "Now tell me, supposing in the middle of the night here in Edinburgh you saw the sun shining brightly in the heavens. What would you call that?" "I would call it the moon," was the rejoinder.

After breakfast I walked in the corridor with Lady Downe, who drew my attention to the very admirable portrait of Pitt by Lawrence, and to the picture of "The Queen's First Council," neither of which I had observed before. She told me that she had once asked Her Majesty whether she did not feel nervous on that occasion. "No," she replied; "I have no recollection of feeling in the slightest degree nervous."

About eleven I went out with the Empress, who was attended by Miss Ethel Cadogan. It was a lovely morning, not too warm for a fur coat, and we walked for about an hour and a half, talking of many subjects, of which, as usual in such cases, I make no note.

When I got to London I found myself too early for my train at Liverpool Street, and made use of the delay to pass through Finsbury to Wesley's house and chapel behind Bunhill Fields, whither I went some little time ago to see the grave of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. On the pedestal of Wesley's statue is the motto, "The world is my parish"; a fine one, yet not nearly so fine as the one which Arthur Stanley put on the monument of the two brothers in Westminster Abbey: "God buries His workmen, but carries on His work."

On reaching Lexden I heard of the death of Lord Henley, a good and steady Liberal, without any of the crotchets so often associated in these times with that honoured name, which is given now to many whose principles have little in common with his and mine. *In pace requiescat*, and may that political type long remain amongst the country gentlemen of England!

December

4. Mrs. Lyttelton-Gell told me that she recently saw Professor Maitland's book, *Domesday and After*, classed in a circulating library catalogue amongst the theological works!

7. I came down from London to-day with my neighbour, Mr. Colvin, Sir Auckland's brother. One of the last times we travelled together, our conversation turned upon India, and he said, very truly, that the Romans had had to face an insurrection which had a good deal in common with the Mutiny of 1857. He called my attention, too, to the fact that, like it, Boadicea's revolt was crushed by the frontier army. It was the force which was fighting on the borders of Wales which returned to the East and put it down.

10. Evelyn has given me some curious autographs, those of Metternich, Talleyrand, and, more interesting than either, of Axel Oxenstierna. The last is a letter addressed to Joachim Ernest Count Oettinger, and dated at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, 11th July 1634. The letter, which is in German, is in the hand of a clerk. Talleyrand's signature is appended to a very clearly

written and business-like letter about French prisoners in Turkey, dated in the month of Pluviose in the Seventh Year of the Republic at the Foreign Office in Paris. The Metternich letters are both in his own hand, one in French and the other in German.

12. Returned to Lexden from Hurstborne, whither my wife and I went on the 10th. Lady Portsmouth, who had gone up to London for a bazaar, had caught so violent a cold that her doctor would not allow her to leave her house there, so that her lord had to do the honours unassisted. We had, however, a most agreeable party, including Northbrook and the Arthur Elliots.

We drove from the station with a gentleman whom I did not know, but who turned out to be Mr. Jeyes, Assistant Editor of the *Standard* and author of the excellent article in the *Fortnightly* on our "Gentlemanly Failures," which I praised in the paper, about Oxford, I wrote in 1897 for the Franco-Scottish Society.

As we were coming out of church I asked Lord Portsmouth if Miss Hawker was in the congregation. He said "Yes," and presently introduced me to her, with the result that we had a long *tête-à-tête* walk and talk.

Northbrook mentioned in the course of conversation that there had been no Cabinet meeting with reference to the sending of Gordon; that he, Wolseley, Dilke, and

Hartington met at the War Office to discuss it, and agreed that Gordon should, as he desired, be allowed to go to Suakim, and to see whether his influence with the tribes between that place and the Nile was sufficient to facilitate the withdrawal of the garrisons from the Soudan, Gordon being up to that moment altogether in favour of the evacuation of the Soudan. Somehow or other, before he started, which he did almost immediately, his destination was changed. Northbrook never knew exactly how, but inclines to the belief that Lord Granville was the author of the alteration; and Gordon, instead of making for Suakim, made for Cairo. He added that if he had previously read Gordon's book, nothing would have induced him to consent to his going anywhere. It was the book of a madman!

Conversation turning on the Naval programmes now in fashion, he said that when he was First Lord of the Admiralty he had avoided them. His plan was whenever the French laid down one warship to lay down two, without saying anything about it to the world at large.

13. The British public is in one of its fever fits about a college at Khartoum for the children — God help them! — of the Heads of the local tribes. It has suggested to Iseult an excellent riddle: "Why should the smart people in London subscribe for the Sirdar's College?—Because it is the sheik (*chic*) thing to do."

17. To-day and on the 10th I published in the *Spectator* two long reviews of Bismarck's *Memoirs*. These and Dr. Busch's three horrible volumes have been read to me almost from cover to cover, and have accounted for no small amount of my time in these last weeks. I have learnt a good deal from both of them, but much more from the second than the first. It was with reference to the same Dr. Busch's publication years ago about Bismarck and his people that Lady Marian Alford said: "A good man needs no Busch." I find that he is often confounded with a quite different Busch who was recently German Minister at Stockholm.

Abject creature as Dr. Busch is, he has rendered me a service in a very odd and unexpected way. He gives a most minute account of the old Berlin Foreign Office in the Wilhelmstrasse, its rooms, gardens, and so forth. Now this building was bought by the Russian Government from M. d'Alopeus in 1819, and his daughter must have spent much of her childhood in it.

18. A beautiful day and a pleasant party. Hanbury Williams, now Major with the local rank of Colonel, who has returned to Europe from the Cape for a few weeks with his chief Sir Alfred Milner, M. and Madame de Billy, and Mr. Cockburn are staying here. I had, of course, a great deal of talk with the first-named about

South Africa, and a little about the days which we spent together in India. M. de Billy is a Protestant, and is attached to the French Embassy. He seems much interested in philosophy, and talked a good deal about M. Tarde, a writer on Sociological subjects, whose name I have not heard before. Mr. Cockburn was a Peking friend of Arthur's and one of our best Chinese scholars, a grandson of the famous old Scotch judge.

20. The *Times* announces the death of Lord Napier and Ettrick.

Have I ever noted that when we were sitting together in the Embassy at St. Petersburg, in December 1863, he said: "Charles Wood the other day offered me the Governorship of Madras. I sent for a Gazetteer and found that Madras was a Presidency in India, inhabited by many millions of people of whose languages, manners, religion, history, and circumstances I knew nothing whatever; so I declined it." Two years passed away. The same Minister repeated the same offer when Napier was at Berlin, and he accepted it, as his predecessor, Hugh Elliot, had done many years before. When Napier came to see me after my appointment to the same office I said to him: "How surprised we should have been if we had been told that day in St. Petersburg, when you mentioned to me Sir Charles Wood's proposal, that we *both* should be Governors of Madras."

It was only the other day that I came across an extract from one of his letters about my 1884 minute:

"It makes me glad and sad to go over the old tracks again with your guidance, to see the great and kind solicitude with which you deal with such various and complex matters, regarding arts and public works, and schools, and public health, and rural economy. The impression left on my mind is that the business of Government in India is becoming far more laborious and intricate, and that you bring more industry and insight to bear upon it than any one ever did before."

21. I returned to-day to Byrne a book on Roman Britain by the Rev. H. M. Scarth, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He tells us that the great earth-works in this park belonged to the fortifications of the City of Cunobeline, which was taken by Claudius in the campaign, the fortunate issue of which was celebrated by the gold coin, a specimen of which, found in the Madura District of the British Empire, is preserved, as I have mentioned in the Indian volumes of this Diary, in the Madras Museum.

22. I went up to-day for a meeting of the Council of Foreign Bondholders. After business was over I talked with one or two of my colleagues who remained behind. Sir Henry Tyler, with whom I sat for many years in Parliament, told me that it was at the Colchester Station that the amusing incident happened which I have often

heard referred to. Samuel Warren published his *Ten Thousand a Year* anonymously, but was at the same time extremely anxious that it should be known to be his, and came back to the subject on all occasions. He did so while he was waiting for a train with Sergeant Ballantine, whom he asked if he had any idea who was the author. "Well, Warren," was the reply, "there are not many to whom I would entrust the secret; but it is safe to do so to you. The truth is, I wrote it myself!"

There comes back to me an epigram which I heard repeated, I suppose about the time when the worthy man made his farewell speech to the House with more solemnity than the occasion required:

> "Sam Warren, the cleverest and vainest of men,
> If he only could manage his tongue like his pen
> Would see his way clear to *Ten Thousand a Year*,
> Instead of a brief *Now and Then*."

Some talk with Henry Grenfell about George Smythe led to the name of Beresford Hope, and Grenfell asked me if I had been present when Disraeli spoke of his "Batavian grace." He then enquired if I had observed John Bright, immediately after that incident occurred, go down and sit by Hope. I said I had not done so. Grenfell rejoined: "I was sitting by Bright, and was so much amused by so odd a conjunction that I ventured

to ask him when he came back to his seat what he had said to Hope. 'Oh!' was the reply, 'I said to him, "Now you will understand what I felt when in a public speech you called me a foul-mouthed Quaker."'"

24. Sir George Bowen mentions in a letter just received that he once remarked to Dr. Sandford, the Bishop of Gibraltar, that Monte Carlo was the prettiest place on the Riviera. "Yes," was the reply, "Monte Carlo does the devil a great deal of credit."

1899

January

9. DINED with the Literary Society, sitting between Sir Alfred Milner, who is at home for a few weeks, and Sir Archibald Geikie, the head of the Geological Survey. I thought the former looking rather tired and harassed, as he has a very good right to be, for South African affairs do not get less complicated.

Dr. Theodore Duka, a retired medical officer of the Bengal Army, who was on the staff of Görgei in 1849 as a Honved Captain, has sent me an interesting pamphlet about his old leader. I find in it the following amusing and characteristic story about Bem, which I have never heard before:

"It is said that, when at the battle of Szászsebes, the Austrian sharp-shooters pressed hard on his battery, Bem rode boldly among them, and struck one of them with his whip, saying: 'These are my guns, you scoundrels; leave them alone!'"

18. Mrs. Dugdale, Miss Lawrence, Miss Rendel, the

Archbishop of York, Sir Herbert Stephen, and others dined with us.

The Archbishop when in the Army spent two years and a half in or near Madras. I asked him whether he had found his first profession useful to him in his second. "So much so," he replied, "that I always recommend young men, who ask my advice, to try and spend a year or so in some other calling before they take Orders. It is a real advantage to a clergyman to obtain more knowledge of the world than he is able to do amidst his usual surroundings."

He mentioned that he was persuaded that he had read in the Campo Santo at Pisa the words "Amabat nesciri," but that on his return to the place he could not find them, nor could the *custode* recollect having seen any such epitaph. He quoted a very remarkable line quite new to me:

"Man is immortal till his work is done."

He has tried hard to find out where it first occurs; but has not yet been able to trace it further back than one of Whitefield's sermons.

23. Dined with the Beaumonts, meeting the new French Ambassador M. Cambon, the Humphry Wards, Colonel Jekyll, Lady Carew, Lady Halliburton, Mr. Higgins, and others. M. Cambon talked to me about

Renan, whose acquaintance he had made in early life through one of the great man's *condisciples* at St. Sulpice. He took to Renan an essay which he had written on the "Separation of the Church from the State in France," and had the honour of having it read through and corrected by him.

His Excellency thought that Renan had done harm in France by throwing an atmosphere of doubt round every subject, which is, however, little more than saying that his gifts were those of the philosopher and not of the man of action.

Bagehot, in his paper on Bishop Butler, which I have just had read to me, in a new edition of his works which Mrs. Bagehot has sent me, quotes a fragment discovered amongst the great Bishop's papers, in which he says:

> "What a wonderful incongruity it is for a man to see the doubtfulness in which things are involved, and yet to be impatient out of action, or vehement in it. Say a man is a sceptic, and add what was said of Brutus, 'quicquid vult valde vult,' and you say there is the greatest contrariety between his understanding and temper than can be expressed in words."

Mr. Higgins had stayed for some weeks with Morier at St. Petersburg, and remarked very truly that part of his success was owing to the fact that the Russians

conceived that they had at last got hold of a real typical Englishman. The most credulous Muscovite could not imagine that Lord Dufferin was a characteristic specimen of the English race, but Morier was like John Bull in *Punch*, and exactly what they thought the real Briton ought to be.

25. Victoria read to me an interesting article on Little Holland House in the February number of the *Cornhill*, which is already out. I knew most of the people mentioned in it, but in different settings, for I never was there but once. Tom Hughes, who was our introducer, and some of his friends, played *Aunt Sally*, a recollection which makes the phrase in the first sentence of the article, in which the place is described as "full of delicate delight," appear a little inappropriate.

The Goltsteins, Miss Rathbone, the Bernard Mallets, Lord Monk Bretton, and Mr. Noel Buxton dined with us. Mrs. Mallet told me that Mr. Raper, whom I sometimes meet when I dine with the Club in Oxford, gave the Bishop of Hereford, when he married the other day, a walking-stick made in the shape of a crozier. On it was a series of little silver bands, each inscribed with the name of one of the principal Acts of Parliament relating to the Church of England, "in order," says the donor, "that he may have something to walk by."

27. As I was taking Lady Carew down to her carriage

this afternoon a rug attracted her attention, and I mentioned that Evelyn had brought a number of very beautiful ones from Teheran. "I," she said, "was once in Teheran. Mr. Allison was my grand-uncle, and my sister and I, who were then quite young, were taken out by my mother to stay with him. We were the first English children the late Shah had ever seen, and our hair was very light in those days. His Majesty enquired whether it was the custom in England for all children to have their hair dyed gold colour."

I delivered at nine this evening a lecture on Epitaphs in the theatre of the Royal Institution, confining myself entirely to first-rate ones, of which there are so few.

After the proceedings were over we went upstairs to the rooms of Professor Dewar, the great chemist who occupies the position once filled by Faraday. He collects *bric-à-brac*, and showed us a marvellous pair of elaborately ornamented bellows, which he bought for a large sum, but did not discover, until long after he had done so, that they were the work of Cellini.

February

3. Dined with the Yates-Thompsons in their beautiful new house, 19 Portman Square.

We talked of the Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge. "Did George III. swear also?" asked someone. "Unhappily," remarked Mr. Justice Matthew, "his swearing took a worse form. He stuck to his oaths when he had made them, and caused many calamities thereby."

5. Dined with the Geoffrays. With M. Cambon I hardly exchanged a word, but made the acquaintance of M. Lessar of Central Asian fame. He told me that he had begun life as an engineer, and having come to know a good deal about things and people in what we used to call Tartary, had been asked to serve under the Russian Foreign Office. Before coming to London he had been for five years resident at Bokhara, where, he said, the pressure of work was tremendous, something like sixteen hours a day.

8. To the funeral service for Nubar Pasha, which was held in St. Peter's, Great Windmill Street. Most of it was in English, and the sermon was preached by Mr.

Stephen Gladstone; but some of the prayers were in Armenian, a tongue which does not seem nearly allied to any with which I have the slightest acquaintance, if, as would appear to be the case, the words "Asdouatz yavidenagan animanali Khorhourt" accurately represent the words "Eternal God, Incomprehensible Mystery."

I came to know Nubar Pasha when we were staying on the Bosphorus in the autumn of 1872, and it was he who made the admirable arrangements which enabled us to see the Nile from Cairo to Assouan so exceedingly well in the following year.

The French Ambassador, Lady Arthur Russell with her eldest daughter, the Knutsfords, and others dined with us. After dinner I had a good deal of talk with M. Cambon about Chamberlain and other prominent people in English political life. Tyrrell made me laugh by telling me that an inspector employed under the County Council, having asked the manager of Barnum and Bailey's show what steps he would take if a tiger escaped, received the reply: "Guess I'd take d——d long steps."

11. Breakfasted at Grillion's. It was a large party, and a rather eventful morning in the history of The Club. We passed, with Lord Cross in the chair, a vote of regret for the death of Arthur Mills, our senior secretary; and another of thanks for his long services

to his colleague Lord Norton, who resigned. Robert Herbert and Redvers Buller were elected in their places. Lord Norton proposed, and Lord Fortescue seconded, an invitation to Sir Charles Acland to become an Extra Member of the Club, with a view to keep up the connection with our founder, or chief founder, his grandfather Sir Thomas.

I sat between the Speaker and Acton. Sir Richard Webster and Herbert were near enough to talk to, but the long table was quite filled. Northbrook, Hicks-Beach, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Knutsford, and many others were there.

I repeated to the Speaker a remark made to me the other night by the French Ambassador which had struck me. He had gone to see the opening of Parliament, expecting the House of Commons to appear in a great procession, to be met in a formal manner by the Lords assembled in their places, and to occupy seats set apart for them. When he saw them arrive helter-skelter with no Lords to welcome them and only the Commissioners to deliver the Royal Speech, he said to himself: "They are perfectly satisfied with possessing the reality of power, and care nothing at all for its trappings."

21. My seventieth birthday. I had the folly to catch influenza on the 13th, and have been in the clutches of that fiend ever since. There could not be a more

appropriate reminder that one is not in one's first youth, for I have now been mostly in bed for the last eight days, and have never been there for more than two days together for, I suppose, six decades. My friends have been very good in sending me "perfect stacks of flowers," and I have been allowed to-day and yesterday to see two or three people, for instance, Lady Monkswell, Lady Henley, Mrs. Vere O'Brien, and my brother. I could not easily have selected a more inconvenient moment for being unwell, for amongst other things I have been obliged to get Sir Donald Stewart, the Chairman, to open and shut the sacred books of The Club, whose first meeting for the year I had fixed for the 14th; to get Lord Wolseley to entertain the Breakfast Club instead of me on the 18th; and to get Frederic Harrison to read on the 16th my eighth and last address to the Royal Historical Society, which consisted of some reflections suggested by the remarkable book of the Abbé Dubois upon Southern India, which has been recently translated, from a much more complete version than that previously used, under the care of a son of my old neighbour at Hampden, Mrs. Beauchamp.

25. I wrote to my old friend, Frederick Farrer, the other day to say that to the best of my recollection we had signed the Thirty-nine Articles together in the Year of Grace 1847. He replies, "Et ego in Arcadiâ,"

which means that "I was born in 1829, and subscribed those wondrous Articles with you." We had a story at Eton of a parson which seems to me to apply to them. He said in his sermon: "Now, my brethren, a pomegranate is ——, a pomegranate is ——. Well, I am d——d if I know what a pomegranate is."

27. I have to-day received a letter from Mrs. Bayard, enclosing in memory of her husband a very beautiful poem by Whittier, called *At Last*. The following are the three first verses:

"When on my day of life the night is falling
And, in the winds, from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

"Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay:
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

"Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine."

It appears that Dr. Vaughan, the late Dean of Llandaff, found so much consolation from them, in his last illness but one, that he had a number of copies printed for

distribution amongst his theological pupils. His friend and successor at Harrow, now Master of Trinity, translated them into singularly successful Alcaics, which Mrs. Bayard has printed opposite the original. Here are the Latin lines corresponding to the English ones cited above:

"Cum suprema diem nox premit, et Noto
Vectas e spatiis sole carentibus
Voces accipio per tenebras pedes
Ad non nota vocantium.

"Tu, nam vita placens munus erat tuum,
Tu ne linque, domus cum ruit, incolam,
Sed tanto propior, fidus, amans ades,
Custos et columen meum!

"Tunc adsis ubi me caetera deserunt—
Caelum, terra, vices sol varians suas,
Et tam dulce meis corda domestica
Respondentia cordibus."

March

1. Lady Gregory, *à propos* of the allusion to them in my recent volumes, has given me a translation of the beautiful lines of Moschus on the lot of man. She met with it years ago in a girl-friend's album: but knows not whence it found its way thither. The word "scented" does not represent the Greek, but the rest is good:

> "Alas, alas, when mallows die, when winter tempests kill
> The light-leaved tender parsley and the curly scented dill,
> They die, and come to life again and bloom each following year,
> But we who are the lords of all, we men of wisdom clear,
> So strong and great and mighty, in dying once die out,
> And lie for ever in the ground, stark, quiet, wrapped about
> With sleep that hath no waking up."

2. Sir Alfred Lyall came to see me. He says that I am not correct in speaking of the Kalp tree as "mythological." He has himself seen a Kalp or wishing tree. He thought that it owed its pre-eminence to a strangely gnarled and knotted appearance which caught the fancy of the people; but he did not know what

it was botanically, nor indeed whether the name might not be applied to trees of different species.

4. I had sufficiently shaken off my troubles this morning to be allowed to attend the Breakfast Club, which met in the pleasant rooms on the sixth storey of Whitehall Court, to which Herbert has recently transferred himself. He had brought together Lyall, Reay, Frederick Leveson-Gower, Courtney, and Trevelyan. Nothing very memorable passed, but it was a bright, pleasant meeting. Reay was asked whether the Rembrandts at Amsterdam or here had formed the finer collection. He replied: "I will not give you my own opinion, but a great French artist in talking to me gave the preference to Amsterdam. Poynter says that it depends whether you do or do not take account, as part of the collection of the two great Amsterdam pictures. The Night Watch and The Archery Guard. They turn the scale in favour of the Dutch Exhibition. Leave them out, and ours is the better of the two."

There was, of course, much talk of our late colleague Herschell, whose loss is a national as well as a private misfortune. We elected the Speaker, and, in communicating his election to him officially, I deplored the fact that he would not be welcomed among us by so old a friend.

6. Dined at Grillion's, Lord Ashbourne in the chair. I had Lord Norton on my left, the Bishop of London on

my right. Sir Matthew White-Ridley and Evelyn Ashley were opposite. Lord Norton quoted a good epigram, which he wrote when four brewers were raised to the peerage, ending with the line:

"And Bacchus wears his *ivy*-crown again."

My talk with the Bishop found its way to Chambertin and to the difficulties which beset the moving of Burgundy. "The most curious case I ever knew," he remarked, with regard to the difficulty of moving wine, "came before me in Italy. I was staying at Montepulciano. In the middle of the table there was a large bottle of wine, from which every one took what he wished, paying some trifle, less or more according to what he consumed. My share on one occasion rose as high as sixpence. A day or two after at Chiusi I asked for a flask of Montepulciano. It cost three francs, and was not at all good. I complained, and was advised to try a *bottiglia* at five francs. I did so, but it was no better. I repeated the same experience at Foligno, and spoke to the landlord on the subject. 'Ah!' he said, 'the people of Montepulciano would indeed make their fortunes if they could send their wine down the hill without shaking it; but they find that impossible.'"

Another subject was Lord Halifax, and the Bishop called my attention to his curious likeness in appearance

to Charles I. Omen absit! But he does not seem to be leading his friends wisely just at present.

8. Dined with the Knutsfords. I took down Lady Harris and had Madame Lewenhaupt on the other side, so my lines fell in pleasant places. There were there the Lochs, the Stanhopes, and many others. Among people I did not know before, I was introduced to Mr. Henry Gladstone and to Lord Falkland, whose uncle was Governor of Bombay, and who was himself on Frere's staff when he held that position.

9. Douglas lent me recently the *Jardin d'Epicure* of Anatole France. It contains a great deal of interesting matter, but little that fixes itself in the memory. A rather favourable example of its contents is to be found from page 192 to 201, where the question of female education is sensibly discussed. The author justly condemns the folly of those who think that a "peuple est savant quand tout le monde y sait la même chose," and has a very poor opinion of the teachers who cram girls with scientific facts and phrases, which they do not understand; but at the same time says quite rightly,

"La science ne peut-elle avoir, comme la religion, ses vierges et ses diaconesses? S'il est peu raisonnable de vouloir instruire toutes les femmes, l'est-il davantage de vouloir interdire à toutes les hautes speculations de la pensée?"

10. I have had Lecky's introduction to his new edition of *Democracy and Liberty* read to me. Not having followed the recent Irish legislation I cannot express an opinion of what is said of it; but the elaborate character of Gladstone seems to me very much the best estimate of his merits and defects which has appeared. Lecky compares him, as I have often done in thought, to Brougham, who was once so tremendous a personage in English public life, and is now little more than a name. It is curious to remember that the first Lord Lytton, as late as in or about 1860, said:

> "What hand unknown
> Shall carve for Brougham's vast image the grand throne?"

11. Evelyn Ashley, in a letter to the *Daily Chronicle* of to-day, explains that the author of the definition of a deputation as "a noun of multitude, signifying many but not signifying much," was the late Mr. Wortley, brother of Lord Wharncliffe. It appeared in *The Owl* as far back as 1863.

12. Fritz and Clara, who have been in the South of France, came to see us. They got as far as Bordighera, whence they brought many messages from the Empress Frederick. She mentioned that before she knew my authorship of the article in the *Edinburgh* on "Precious Stones" she very nearly sent it to me, thinking that I

might be interested by it. They went also to La Mortola, where Mr. Hanbury gave them for me a book called *Riviera Nature Notes*, which seems full of interesting details.

The Bishop of Marlborough repeated to Clara a riddle which had been told him by Jowett:

> "My first is a monster, my second a beast,
> My whole the conclusion of many a feast—Gorgonzola."

14. Dined with The Club. We had a party of nine, with Trevelyan in the chair. Mackenzie Wallace, Walpole, Robert Herbert, Lord Loch, Jebb, and the Bishop of London were present amongst others. The last-named told us of a man whom he had urged to go into Parliament, but whom he found very much indisposed so to do. "I have had," he said, "a great many relations in the House of Commons. They were delighted when they got in, but in a few years they lost their seats and were exceedingly wretched. I will not follow their example." Shortly afterwards there was a great public dinner in the town which the Bishop thought this gentleman might represent, and he made a speech on the Press, in the course of which he remarked: "I have given great attention to the Press from one point of view. I have studied the question which newspaper is best for wrapping up shooting boots, and I have found that the

Times is much superior to all the others; but our local Press here takes a very respectable position." He was not urged to offer his services to the constituency.

15. Dined with Mrs. Kay. I sat on her right, where I had a very admirable view of the excellent pictures of Burke and Reynolds which were done for Mrs. Thrale, and later came into the possession of Conversation Sharp.

Dined with the Dallases. I took down Mrs. Eliot, Lady Layard's sister, and had on my other side Madame Novikoff. The first-named talked of Hayward. "He died," she said, "did he not, in a very melancholy way?" "No," I replied, "that is exactly what I thought would happen. I thought he would be deserted, as so many bachelors who have played a part in London Society have been; but not a bit of it. Half the town took the deepest interest in his last days, or as Kinglake wrote to me in India:

> "'To say that he was ministered to by angels would be an altogether inadequate mode of expression, for he was ministered to by three charming young women — so much better than angels!'"

When the ladies had gone I found myself next my hostess's brother, Mr. George Welby, lately Evelyn's immediate superior at Stockholm; and when we got upstairs the rest of the evening went in a long conversa-

tion with Countess Hoyos, whom also I had not met before. She was a Miss Whitehead, sister of the husband of Marion Brodrick, whom we used to see so often and liked so much, before her marriage, by which, strange to say, she became the aunt of Herbert Bismarck, who married the daughter of Countess Hoyos.

18. The Breakfast Club met here, Sir Donald Wallace, Acton, Courtney, Lyall, Wolseley, Herbert, and Trevelyan. The Speaker, who was to have made his first appearance, telegraphed that he had been very late in the chair and was too tired to get up. Mr. Serguiew, first Secretary of the Russian Embassy, came as a guest. Acton mentioned that it was he who, in reply to the question from Houghton, "How would you translate into French 'That depends on the liver'"? said, "C'est une question de foie," but that the latter had immediately spoiled the joke by saying: "C'est une question de la foi."

Lyall talked much to me about epitaphs, noting the utter absence of any allusion to a future world in so many of the narrative ones to be found in St. Paul's and the Abbey. I repeated Houghton's on Charles Buller, which he did not know and much approved. He noticed the non-existence of any Hindoo epitaphs, and the excellence of some which we owe to Mahomedans. "There is," he said, "an extremely fine one on Baber at Cabul." That led to the Emperor's *Memoirs*, and he

remarked that it is the only amusing book ever written by an Asiatic. I talked of Baber's fits of drunkenness and contrition, whereupon Lyall said that some disaffected people in India accused us of having introduced drinking, in spite of the fact that every one of the greater Mogul rulers, with the exception of Arungzeb, drank immensely, and that amongst the Hindoo population of Rajpootana the taste for intoxication was not less developed.

Lord Wolseley, the Noels, and others dined with us, including Lady Carew, who was looking as beautiful as usual. The Commander-in-Chief talked after dinner about Trevelyan's last work, praising highly the military parts of it; but thinking that he put the so-called patriot leaders, including even Washington, a great deal too high.

19. The Reays, M. Couget of the French Embassy, and others dined with us. I asked Sir Wilfrid Lawson whether he still stuck closely to the House. "Pretty well," he said. "Did you sit up last night," I asked, "till two in the morning?" "Yes," was the reply; "and very amusing it was, when we remember the scenes of 1880 and 1881, to see Mr. Arthur O'Connor, as Deputy-Chairman, doing his utmost to repress obstruction."

20. Dined at Grillion's. Balfour of Burleigh was in the chair, supported on right and left by Lecky and Acton. The party was completed by Poynter, who

appeared for the first time, George Hamilton, and Frederick Leveson-Gower. There was some interesting talk about colour-blindness, Hamilton saying that he had never known a case of a woman being colour-blind; but that he had known colour-blindness transmitted by women. He mentioned, too, an instance of colour-blindness so pronounced that the person who suffered under it had said to him: "Why do so many women in London paint their faces blue?"

21. Attended the funeral service for Herschell in Westminster Abbey.

22. I received a letter to-day from the City Parochial Charities, a very wealthy body which is taking over charge of the old Physic Garden close to this house, and is about to work it as an establishment for the furtherance of botanical science, asking me whether I would agree to become a member of the committee which is to manage it. I replied in the affirmative.

In the afternoon to Miss Maud Stanley's, where I was introduced to Mr. Strong, Librarian of the House of Lords, and said to be a man of immense learning. In reply to some questions from Canon Robinson he said that the library under his charge had never been kept up systematically, but that it contained some great rarities.

To an Assault-at-Arms at the Portman Rooms, where

the performers were well-known masters in Paris, Brussels, and London. One of the best was Prévost, who is, I presume, a son of the man whom I remember, himself the son of a still more eminent father, whom my old master, Maclaren, used to revere as the first fencer in the world.

23. Mrs. Ward, *née* Dormer, and others dined with us. I asked Mr. Vere O'Brien when we were likely to have the second volume of Aubrey de Vere's *Reminiscences*. "I doubt," he replied, "whether we shall ever have it. My uncle's health has failed very much of late." With him would disappear the last link with Wordsworth; he is now the only man living who knew the poet really intimately. O'Brien went on to tell an amusing anecdote. De Vere went one day in London to look for some one whom his friend wanted to see. They found the house, but after ringing and ringing could make no one hear. Turning to Wordsworth his companion said, quoting the famous sonnet: "Dear God, the very houses seem asleep." He spoke with fear and trembling, but was reassured when its author burst into a shout of laughter.

27. Dined at Grillion's. Those near enough to talk to were Lord Norton on my right, Lord Loch on my left, Evelyn Ashley and Mr. Gerald Balfour opposite. Lord Norton mentioned that when travelling in Ireland in the year 1840, before he went into Parliament, his

horse fell just at the gate of Derrynane Abbey. Knowing that the Liberator kept open house, he presented himself, and was welcomed with the words: "I am very much obliged to your horse for falling just where he did." The great man was treated almost as a Royalty, and sat, strange to say, at dinner, with a cap of maintenance on his head. Dinner over he retired, and there was a wild Irish revel till far into the night.

Ashley said that he had most strongly advised Frederick Cavendish before he went to Ireland to keep a revolver in his pocket; if he had done so, instead of being armed only with an umbrella in the affray in Phœnix Park, he would probably have been alive now.

Lord Loch told me that the Boer General who defeated Sir George Colley at Majuba was more surprised than any one else by his success. When the struggle commenced his men were on the very point of retreating, and only the unexpected result produced by one or two parties of marksmen, who were sent forward to cover the retreat, led to there being any attack at all.

Who was it?—I think Lord Norton—who mentioned that George Smythe having written a very savage epigram against Disraeli, some one told him who was the author. "Ah!" was the reply, "I thought there was in it the flavour of an old friendship." It was certainly Lord Norton who told us that when, on one occasion,

he asked Sheil who was speaking, he answered, "Oh! Spooner is speaking; *she* is putting words together, but there is nothing in them."

28. Dined with The Club; Mackenzie Wallace in the chair, with Courthope on his right and Acton on his left. I had on either side Pember and Poynter. The conversation finding its way to Andrassy, our chairman told us that his walk was so extraordinary that he had seen him followed down the Unter den Linden by a whole flock of little *gamins*.

Something led me to speak of the lines quoted in the Indian volumes of these Notes:

"When time has turned these amber locks to grey."

Pember was much struck with them, but neither he nor the Professor of Poetry could say whence they came. Pember gave a curious account of an old keeper whom he had known in Galloway, at the age of seventy in the rudest possible health, who had been the first man to put his leg across the top of the wall at St. Sebastian. A French officer immediately gave him a very bad sword cut on it. "And what did you do?" Pember asked the man. "Oh! I just put her three times through him"—"her" being the bayonet!

29. In the lobby of the Athenæum I came upon Lecky and Lord Shand, who were talking together.

The second had been much amused by a quotation which he found in my recent book: "Plus je connais les hommes plus j'admire les chiens," and repeated it.

"Miss Cobbe," remarked Lecky, "used to say: 'I love dogs by nature; human beings only by grace.'"

30. My old friend of 1846, Eaton, so long tutor of Merton, who has now retired from clerical work, and from whom I have not heard for years, sends me a letter full of interesting things suggested by passages in my recently published volumes, including two of Henry Smith's sayings which I had never heard. Some dull person was informing his hearers that Elijah's ravens were by the best authorities believed to be pheasants. "Are you sure," said Henry, "that they were not peasants?"

Again, some one was maintaining that it would never do to build the Observatory at Oxford behind the Museum, because, if that were done, no one would be able to find their way to it. "Put up a signboard," was the reply, "with the inscription: 'Sic itur ad astra'."

A story I told about Johnson the Dean of Wells and Freeman reminded Eaton of what one of the Canons of that Cathedral, an excellent draughtsman, had said to him. He was showing some drawings of Freeman's which were extremely good, but he added: "It's the paw of a bear."

Speaking of Mark Pattison my correspondent quotes a fine passage from his autobiography:

"All religions in their historical aspect appear as so many efforts of the human spirit to come to an understanding with the Unseen Power, whose presence it feels, but whose motives are a riddle."

He cites also, *à propos* of a letter of Coleridge's to me, a remarkable saying of Huxley's:

"The scholastic philosophy is by no means dead and buried, as some men vainly suppose. Men who speak the language of modern philosophy nevertheless think the thoughts of the schoolmen.'

April

24. My wife, Lily, and I left London on the morning of the 3rd, crossed the Channel to Boulogne, dined in Paris, and ran on through the night to Mr. Hanbury's at La Mortola, which we reached about five o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th.

Already at Valence the spring was far advanced, and the temperature agreeable; but I saw little on our route

that was not pretty familiar. St. Raphael and Beaulieu are, however, places which have grown into importance since I was last in these regions. The invaluable Murray told, or reminded, me of some interesting derivations as we went along. Toulon was the Roman *Telo Martius;* Valescure was *Vallis Curans;* Vallauris was *Vallis Aurea;* Cimiez was *Civitas Cemeneliensis.*

We left the train at Mentone, whither the Hanburys sent to meet us; and our being under their protection prevented any delay or trouble at the Italian frontier.

The ground slopes so rapidly to the sea from the road which joins Ventimiglia and Mentone that it is impossible to approach the Palazzo Orengo on wheels. Every one leaves their carriage at the gate and walks down by a winding way, from either side of which paths, each bordered by most carefully tended plants, run in every direction till they lose themselves in the wild ground, which has either been left quite in a state of nature or planted here and there with pines and other trees. The house is not large, but is supplemented, Indian fashion, by outlying *dépendances.* One of its most beautiful features are the marble terraces, commanding glorious views over the sea and along the coast, from Bordighera on the east to the Esterels on the west. The whole garden is worked by about thirty-three

gardeners, and every morning a report is brought to Mr. Hanbury showing on what work each man will be employed for the day, so that he can keep an eye upon all that is done. To my thinking, perhaps the most charming feature of the place is the long *pergola*, which, running from the space just before the house, conducts you to a point of view whence you look towards Ventimiglia and far beyond it. The railway is carried in a tunnel under the gardens, so that there is not the slightest inconvenience from it.

We found all the family at home, and a good many young people staying with them, so that there was plenty of dancing, boating, and other amusements for those who like them.

On the 5th Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntrude Malet came to lunch. He told me a story of Bismarck which he had lately heard, and which had interested him much, as well it might. An Englishman, in a company where Bismarck was present many years ago, repeatedly spoke of this or that person as his "friend." "I do not understand," said Bismarck; "we Germans have at most only one friend, one person with whom we have no secrets." "Have you such a friend?" asked one of the party. "Oh yes," was Bismarck's reply. "Might we know who it is?" rejoined the other. "Certainly. It is Harry Arnim." How little the speaker foresaw the

future! If any man was ever killed by another, Harry Arnim was killed by his former friend.

I repeated to Sir Edward, Lord Dufferin's story of the entry in the books of the Paris police about Lord Lyons: "Cet Ambassadeur n'a pas de vice." "Oh! but he had *one* vice," was the answer. "What was it?" I enquired. "Mineral waters," was the rejoinder. He drank no alcohol, but an inordinate amount of mineral waters, and they killed him.

After the Malets had gone, we went to a garden-party given by Miss Saurin, who lives just within the French frontier. There I met the Duke of Rutland and our hostess's brother Dudley, who was with me at Balliol, going later into the diplomatic service, from which he has now retired.

From Miss Saurin's Mr. Hanbury took me to see the cave belonging to him, in which were found the much-talked-of Mentone skeletons. The author of a very interesting paper on them in *Riviera Nature Notes*, holds that they belonged to men of the later Palæolithic period, and winds up his remarks with the following sentences:

"However this may be, the Mentone caves have made it evident that the last race of Palæolithic man, who was contemporary with the great extinct Mammals, was of almost gigantic size. In some way or other, he became possessed of shells from a great distance; he made ornaments of these

shells, he reverenced his dead, and he apparently had the custom of only finally disposing of their remains after the flesh had disappeared from their bones. If they tell us no more than this, they must take rank among the most interesting discoveries that have been made of the remains of prehistoric man."

On the 6th, Hall, of Six Mile Bottom, who has a house at Valescure, came over. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter, and was as full as usual of bright talk about old friends and old recollections. He has been giving much attention to the history of the Romans in Liguria, and took me down to examine the Via Aurelia, which ran between the Palazzo Orengo and the sea. "Was it called after Marcus Aurelius?" I ignorantly asked. "Oh no," he replied; "the first section of it, from Rome into Etruria, was called after C. Aurelius Cotta, who made it B.C. 241. Augustus completed it to this neighbourhood, and put up the Turbia monument to record the fact. It was eventually carried on to Arles, and the whole became known as the 'Via Aurelia.'"

He reminded me of a good answer made by an eminent man who has the happiness of having a very brilliant and charming, but strong-willed wife. A niece of hers was laying down the law, when the master of the house said: "No, no! I have been hen-pecked all my life, but I am not going to be chicken-pecked now."

In the afternoon we drove to Ventimiglia, walked down the narrow but picturesque and clean street which traverses the old town, with glimpses of wynds running off it in which the houses almost meet above. Then we crossed the Roya close to its mouth, and ran up the smaller Nervia to Camporosso and Dolce Acqua, a small, highly picturesque place, which belonged to a branch of the Dorias.

On the 9th the Prince of Wales, The Grand Dukes Michael and Cyril, the Countess de Torby, and Mrs. Keppel came to lunch and see the gardens. The Countess is a daughter of the Duke of Nassau, now Grand Duke of Luxemburg, by a morganatic marriage, and is exceedingly attractive; but the Grand Duke Michael's union with her, and some subsidiary circumstances connected with it, gave the most desperate offence to the late Emperor, and the Grand Duke is obliged to live abroad. He is intensely Anglophile. His views on the relations which should subsist between his country and ours are precisely those which I have held and proclaimed for so many years.

I first saw La Mortola in February 1887, and some account of my visit will be found in my Notes for that year; but I may supplement it by a few paragraphs.

The ravages of the earthquake which immediately followed my visit have long since been repaired, and

the place was looking as tranquil as it is beautiful. Mr. Hanbury thinks himself badly used by the season if he has less than four hundred and fifty plants in bloom in January, but in April there are many more. I suppose that March is La Mortola's best time for herbaceous plants, as more bulbs, *Narcissi* and the like, are then flowering; but now is the moment for trees and shrubs. Many spring flowers, *Anemone*, *Sparaxis*, etc., are still out, but the most striking effects are produced by the gorgeous Hanbury-Aloe, by great masses of Petunia, by a white *Allium*, by many species of Primula, by tulips, and not least by the charming *Clusii*, which is indigenous in the district.

The most conspicuous trees and shrubs in flower were a variety of splendid *Acacias*, very showers of gold; oranges of many sorts; huge purple *Echiums* from the Canaries; *Solanums;* several *Pittosporums*, one very sweet scented; *Salvia albocærulea; Olearia stellulata*, a mass of white blossom; the grand deep blue *Wigandia*, a near relative of the humble little Nemophila; the magnificent Cherokee rose, surely almost identical with our Ootacamund friend *Rosa Leschenaultii;* with masses of the lovely Banksian and of Fortune's yellow rose.

Over all this tangle of loveliness palms of many sorts, Pines and Cypresses, all placed just where they ought to be, keep watch and ward.

Outside the garden proper the grounds are left in a wild state, and are full of the noble *Euphorbia dendroides* of *Calycotome spinosa*, coming into flower as the various *Coronillas* go off, of *Cistus albidus*, and *Cistus Monspeliensis*, of Myrtle and *Coriaria Myrtifolia*. I have mentioned only very conspicuous plants which form part of the scenery. I need not say that Mr. Hanbury showed me many others; in fact the whole week was a botanical orgy.

11. We left La Mortola about mid-day on the 11th, and found our way to the Château, or, as it ought to be called, the Palazzo Malet, at Monaco (for the whole character of the place is palatial in the highest degree). It was built from its owner's designs, and decorated almost entirely by local talent, to which it does much credit. Most Englishmen of the present day would, I apprehend, think it too gorgeous, but I cannot say that I did. There is a great deal of gilding, but I have none of the dislike to gilding, sensibly used, which is so common. The furniture has been gathered from all the ends of the earth. In the drawing-room a large number of the chairs came from the Embassy at Berlin, and were bought by Sir Edward when the Emperor was expected, and the Treasury refused to supply any new ones. Others were used by the Great Frederick for his little parties at Sans Souci, and picked up in a *bric-à-brac*

shop. There seemed to be rather a want of books, but I saw no other want inside; while outside, the views from the Grand Terrace are magnificent. Our fellow-guests at luncheon were Lord and Lady Mar, who live much at Mentone, and Mr. Bethell, a grandson of the first Lord Westbury, connected with *a* bank—*bien entendu* not *the* bank—at Monte Carlo. From the Malets we passed to the Rendels at Cannes.

The Château de Thorenc, so called from an old country house which has long disappeared, is quite unlike Mr. Hanbury's home at La Mortola, or the Château Malet. The second is the dwelling of a man who has spent his life in Courts, and cares not only for "the kingcraft and the statecraft," but also for the "grandeur and the gold," a taste which I must plead guilty to sharing with him. Rendel's abode is a magnificent villa, the villa of an exceedingly rich man with great experience in business, a powerful organising brain, and a determination that everything in and around it shall be of the most approved pattern. He has spent over his house and the thirty-five acres of which the property consists, more than £60,000. The grounds are as distinctly devoted to horticulture and landscape gardening as are those of La Mortola to botany. Their most characteristic feature is the great breadth of green, out of which rise a variety of trees, amongst which palms are the most conspicuous.

The lawns are not composed of turf, which no wealth could purchase in Provence. They are sown down, strange to say, with about four tons of grass seed from Glasgow every year. As soon as the family goes North the whole is dug up and prepared for the next spring. This seems a strange arrangement, but it is brilliantly successful. Greener grass I never beheld anywhere.

15. Albert de Mun was lately at Thorenc. He carried off the last two volumes of my Notes and left his Eloge of Jules Simon, which my wife read to me. In the first half of it there are some interesting facts which I did not know, about my old friend's earlier years, and the story of Cousin's difficulties with the Timæus is told substantially in the form in which Simon told it to me. Another anecdote, however, very characteristic of the days of the July Monarchy, I had never met with. At the Mass of the Ecole Normale it was the rule that each student should have a book. The Director, surprised by the close attention of one of his pupils to his *Paroissien*, looked at it, and, perceiving that it was a Lucretius, said in a low voice: "Read him rather in the edition of Bentley and Wakefield!"

Miss Rendel told me a clever answer made by a little girl to the question, "What is the difference between pride and vanity?"—"Pride says, 'I don't think much of you;' Vanity says, 'What do you think of me?'"

On the 16th we went to St. Paul's, a little church not far from the house, where the Bishop of Gibraltar (Dr. Sandford) preached. One used to hear him spoken of years ago as Censor of Christ Church, and after his appointment to his present see, Pio Nono is reported to have said: "I should like to make his acquaintance. You know I am in his diocese!" He, too, it was who, asked by some Liverpool man where his palace was, replied that it was his portmanteau, whereupon the querist observed: "Dear me, I fancied I knew all the ports in Europe, but I never heard of Port Manto!"

In the afternoon of the 16th we drove over to Mr. Wyllie's charming place, Eilanroc, on the long promontory of Antibes. The grounds are skilfully laid out, pieces of the native vegetation being combined with ordered gardens; but their most remarkable feature is the great extent of walks wound above, under, and through the rocks of Jurassic limestone which overhang the sea. Stranger rocks I have never seen. They are cracked and fissured in every direction, but seem, when you examine them more closely, to be held together by an iron cement.

28. From the Riviera we returned to London. Received a parcel from Longman's, containing some copies of De Tabley's *Flora of Cheshire*, to which, as mentioned in hese Notes for last year, I contributed a short Memoir

of its author. The book is prettily got up, with De Tabley's much-loved Rubus in gold on the outside. The portrait of him is good, and on a fly-leaf Lady Leighton has put the rosemary, with the quotation, "That's for remembrance."

29. It is a long time since I have come across anything that has interested me more than a story in this week's *Spectator*. Some one says that a maiden aunt of his or hers was staying many years ago at Walmer, and possessed a French poodle. The creature ran one day into the grounds of Walmer Castle, and its owner stood calling to it "Blücher, Blücher!" The old Duke looked over the wall and remarked: "Madam, time was when I too should have been extremely glad to see Blücher."

Dined at the Royal Academy dinner. I had Alma Tadema on the right, and Sir George Taubman Goldie on the left. I found the first, as on a former occasion some years ago, a very cheery companion. I asked the second whether he had seen a book on the Great English Chartered Companies of the nineteenth century, by Monsieur Carton de Wiart, a young Belgian whom Madame de Grünne introduced to us last year. He answered in the affirmative, and added that, allowing for some mistakes, the part which related to the Royal Niger Company was well done and written in a good spirit.

The speeches were not interesting, with the exception of that of Lord Salisbury, who, after gravely announcing the important agreement with Russia, let himself loose, and was as amusing as possible.

The President's speeches were short, clear, and to the purpose.

30. With Victoria to High Mass at The Carmelites. I did not much admire the *Kyrie* or the *Credo*, but all the rest of the music, notably the *Gloria*, was very fine. As they were singing the *Agnus Dei* there came into my mind some striking lines, I forget by whom:

"Speak, History; Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of a day;
The Martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His Judges or Socrates, Pilate or Christ?"

May

1. Dined at Grillion's, Lord Stanhope in the chair. At my end of the table were Lord Pembroke, Lord Knutsford, Lord Norton, and Lord Grey. I had not talked with the last since his return from Rhodesia, as to the future of which he is extremely sanguine. He mentioned that one night at Grillion's, in the earlier eighties, ——— very tactlessly said across the table to Gladstone, about whose possible resignation there was much talk at the time: "When ought a man to retire from public life?" Northcote, who knew that his health was breaking down, had the presence of mind to take the question to himself, and saved the situation by saying: "When he begins to fail!"

2. Dined at The Club, Lord Carlisle in the chair *vice* Wolseley, who did not appear. Lecky, Lord Davey, Hooker, Herbert, Pember, and Lord Spencer were present. The last-named, who has been recently in Egypt, told us that he had asked the engineer in charge of the great reservoir now being constructed near Assouan—the dam of which is a mile and a quarter long, with ninety feet of thickness at the bottom, ninety

feet in height and twenty feet of thickness at the top—how it compared in magnitude with the Great Pyramid. "It contains," he replied, "just about a quarter of the material of the Great Pyramid!"

Pember has been looking at my Memoir of De Tabley, and was much delighted with his *Nuptial Song*.

Hooker spoke a great deal to me about the Wedgwood portraits of eminent persons, especially about one of Adam Smith. "Many of them," he said, "have been reproduced, for all the old moulds are preserved. The material of the modern ones is not as perfect; but it requires the eye of an expert to see any great difference."

4. I have had read to me nearly the whole of Frank Palgrave's Life by his daughter. He knew intimately many of the ablest men of his generation, Gladstone, Tennyson, Mat. Arnold, and Browning amongst others; yet he has little to say about them that interests me much. I knew him for about fifty years, but only as an acquaintance, and was not aware that he was so warm-hearted and affectionate amongst his immediate belongings as it is clear from this book that he was. Still less did I know that he had a proper feeling about cats—a mark of the highest virtue. George Boyle has contributed to the volume two or three pleasant pages. Palgrave will live by his *Golden Treasury*, and

scattered verses in his own poems deserve to be remembered.

After our general meeting at The Pelican to-day, Mr. Sorley, the manager, told me a story for the authenticity of which he vouched. A gentleman who rather over-valued himself, looking at a case of birds, said to an ornithologist who was with him: "What is that bird?" "That," said the other, "is a magpie." "It's not my idea of a magpie," was the rejoinder. "Perhaps not," replied his friend; "but it's God's idea of a magpie."

6. To the Grillion breakfast; a small party. We elected Harcourt and Birrell. Leveson-Gower told me that many years ago he had translated Bastiat's *Harmonies Economiques*, but had never published his translation. He mentioned, too, that a new Life of his sister had appeared. "It dwells," he said, "on the religious side of her character, and is in some respects well done, but rather exaggerated in tone, maintaining, for instance, that she ought to be canonised." I said that I thought the authoress of *A Will and a Way* quite deserved to be canonised.

In the afternoon I went to the Egyptian Hall to hear under the presidency of the Bishop of London, Dr. Hill, the Master of Downing and Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, discourse on "The Goal of Study." The title was not

very happily chosen, but it was the best educational address to which I ever listened. I felt inclined to sing *Nunc Dimittis*, for one after another Dr. Hill asserted, in the most emphatic way, all the doctrines I have been enunciating from 1861 onwards; in the House of Commons, as Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, and, in fact, on every occasion when I have had a chance, either in England or Scotland.

7. I went this afternoon to see General and Mrs. Godfrey Clerk, who are living at present in Queen's House at the Tower, a very interesting place, almost every room being full of memories. In one, not now used, Queen Elizabeth was kept virtually a prisoner by her sister. In another, which is still used, Queen Elizabeth herself shut up Darnley's mother, the Countess of Lennox; while a third was the scene of the clever manœuvre by which Lady Nithsdale saved her husband after the Rebellion of 1715.

13. The Breakfast Club met at Reay's—Acton, the Speaker, Goschen, Leveson-Gower, and Courtney being present. There was a good deal of talk about Parliamentary procedure, and the Speaker expressed great doubts as to the expediency of having any discussion at all on bringing in a Bill.

He made us laugh by mentioning that at a large gathering at his house on the Jubilee Day, he had just

made his wife sit down, pouring out a glass of champagne for her and one for himself, when he was called away to speak to some one. When he returned, he put his hand, as he thought, on his wife's shoulder, saying: "I want my champagne. I cannot trust it with you," when the lady looked round. It was Lady Henry Somerset, the temperance orator!

14. Dined with the Dilettanti, Lord Davey in the chair. Pember told us that a young American who had been brought up in the strictest sect of teetotallers and was very innocent of the ways of this wicked world, found himself suddenly amongst a number of his contemporaries who had not had the same training, and pressed upon him every kind of alcoholic liquor. He refused one after another till it came to milk-punch. That, he thought, must surely be innocent, but remarked as he put down his glass: "———, what cows!"

15. Dined at Grillion's, Lord Carlisle in the chair. Herbert, Redvers Buller, Acton, and others were present. Lord Fortescue mentioned that the late Empress of Austria had once asked him in Madeira under what form of Government they were living; and that he had replied, "Under a Medicocracy," going on to say that Lady Palmerston had once shown him a letter she had just received from the Princess Lieven, which contained a good formula for the expression of her own and many

other people's attitude towards their doctors: "Méfiance la plus absolue, obéissance la plus servile!"

16. Dined with The Club. Robert Herbert, Davey, Lord Kelvin, and Mackenzie Wallace were present. Lord Carlisle, who was chairman, recalled an amusing scene in the smoking-room at Balliol, where a great legal luminary, not knowing to whom he was talking, discussed electricity with Lord Kelvin, and quoted Sir William Thomson against him.

I made Mackenzie Wallace repeat an excellent story which he had told me about an adventure of the same kind. He found himself, more than twenty years ago, at a Club in Edinburgh, a sort of imitation of the Cosmopolitan, where he fell into conversation about Russia with a youth who put forward some views in which he could not acquiesce. "Oh," said this personage, "it's all very well for you to say that you don't agree with me; but I know all about it. I have just been reviewing Wallace's *Russia*." "And I have just been writing it," was the natural reply. The speaker lived to be very famous; he was R. L. Stevenson.

17. We left London this afternoon for Lexden, spending some time at the Tower on our way to Liverpool Street. As we were looking out of a window over the Pool, General Godfrey Clerk mentioned that he had been puzzled by some barges which he had seen going

down the river loaded with what appeared to be heaps of silver. He came to the conclusion that they must be some kind of fish. Not at all! They turned out to be clippings of tin, which are exported to Germany, whence they return in the shape of toy soldiers.

23. Henry Cunningham and his wife came down on the 20th, and left us to-day. We talked of Brighton, which is now his home; and he mentioned that a daughter of Horace Smith's is living there at an advanced age. She described to him a strange sort of game they used to play, when they were young, on Sunday evenings, care being taken to give the proceedings a religious air by biblical allusions. On one of these occasions her father had asked a riddle: "What part of grammar is remorse?" "The Syntax."

A new volume of Jowett's Sermons has been published, and I have had read aloud some of those which I thought most likely to interest me. One of the best is that on Hugh Pearson, a very interesting man whom I ought to have known, but never chanced to meet. Very good, too, is the one on Henry Smith.

I did not know the happy phrase which Jowett quotes from Wycliffe, and which applies to many people quite unlike those for whom it was intended: "The only text in Scripture which has any relation to the Friars is that word of Christ's, 'I know you not.'"

I am glad to think that Loyola, when he was driven out of Jerusalem, suddenly disappeared from his companions that he might take a last farewell of Olivet (see these Notes for December 1886): and it is pleasant to know that Archbishop Tait said: "If you cannot come to us with the miracles, come to us without the miracles."

I had just read Jowett's remarks upon the Great Order and its founder when I happened to turn to the description of Montserrat by the amusing but graceless Ford, and found the following about the Jesuits:

"Their redeeming merit, according to Brillat Savarin, was (after colonizing and civilizing the new world) the discovery of the turkey and its introduction to the truffle."

29. Returned to Lexden from Warlies, whither my wife, Lily, and I went on the 27th, driving across country from Chelmsford *viâ* Ongar and Epping. The name of Ongar has always puzzled me. It is derived, as it would seem, from an Anglo-Saxon root, *Angra*, a separated place. One can readily understand that this word was corrupted by the Normans into Aungre, whence the modern name.

Soon after passing it we stopped to see the little wooden church of Greenstead, which is supposed to have been built to shelter the body of St. Edmund—but may be later—wood having been a tempting material

for architecture in forest-clad Essex. We found a large party in the house, and many more came to dine, including Mr. Edward Buxton, a brother of our host, Sir Fowell. He is the great authority upon Epping Forest, but, anxious for new worlds to conquer, is just starting for East Africa.

30. Dined at The Club, a party of eight. Sir Henry Elliot was in the chair in the place of the Duke of Argyll. We elected Lord Welby and Sir John Lubbock. I asked Maunde Thompson, who sat on my right, whether he was confident that we should have really valuable finds in the way of classical texts among the Egyptian papyri which are being gradually disinterred. He said that he had not the very slightest doubt about the matter.

I took Sir Henry Elliot home, and on the way he mentioned to Lord Kelvin and me that he had once admired very much some jewels which the Empress of Austria was wearing. Her reply was characteristic: "When they bring them to me I feel like a horse that is going to be saddled."

31. I have had in April and this month two delightful and characteristic letters from Charles Norton. I copy part of one of them, dated 17th May:

"Your address on Polybius seems to me to do much-needed iustice to a writer who falls little short of being a great historian.

He has too little of the insight of the imagination; his level is always that of prose, and a great historian must be something of a poet. Thucydides is but Sophocles turned historian and Tacitus but Juvenal.

"In reading any of these writers I am constantly struck with the fact that there has never been a time that has not seemed dark to the thoughtful lover of his own city or nation, or of mankind at large. This seems a mere truism as one writes it down; but it is a lesson of history which has not been dwelt on so much as it deserves. It is both depressing and consoling in such days as ours, disappointing, disheartening, but most interesting days, full of new problems not of a kind known hitherto to history. Since the beginning of the life of man on earth there has been nothing like this rise of modern democracy. It is one of the most extraordinary and incalculable incidents in the evolution of our ant-hill civilization.

"But I did not mean to fall into this vein of reflection, fitter for an essay than a letter. I am glad to hear that your visit to the Riviera was of service to you. Happy those who are within a day of the Mediterranean!

"Our spring is just now at its height of beauty. This is the loveliest moment of the year, the moment of apple blossoms and lilacs. The view out of my study window this morning makes me an optimist. I cannot believe that 'man is vile' and 'nature red in tooth and claw,' as the perfume of the lilacs comes in and as I see beyond the clump of flowers, the marvel of the blossoming orchard. Alas! to-morrow the beauty will have vanished."

June

2. ——— told me that her little boy, aged eight, said to one of our greatest authorities on the occult: "When you go out to look for ghosts on your bicycle do you find any?" The gentleman in question was a distinguished member of the Psychical Society, and the child drew no fine distinctions.

Having seen in a bookseller's advertisement that he had a copy of Lord Russell's *Nun of Arrouca*, I bought it. The book is very rare. I have never seen a copy of it save the one at Endsleigh, mentioned in these Notes for 1866.

3. Dined at the India Office, where I had Lord Onslow on the right and Sir James Lyall on the left. The former told me that when he was Governor of New Zealand there was a coal strike in New South Wales. which affected very seriously the interests of his colony, He imported coal from Japan, thus laying the foundation of a trade which has made New Zealand to a great extent independent, so far as it is concerned, of her Australian neighbours.

4. I called this afternoon on Miss Swanwick. She mentioned to me in the course of conversation that when

a child she sailed from Liverpool to Belfast. They were becalmed off the Isle of Man, and the voyage took six days and seven nights.

Sat long with Lady Margaret Levett, who talked much of her grandfather, of his extreme gentleness and playfulness when you got behind the stern exterior he presented to those who did not know him well. Arthur Russell told me that Lavradío, the Portuguese Minister, had one night said at Lady William's that he had seen the last Grand Inquisitor at Lisbon. "What was he like?" some one asked. "Exactly like Lord Shaftesbury," was the reply. That was the common, but as it would seem quite erroneous, impression of the man.

Lord Fortescue told me that his grand-uncle Lord Grenville was one of the first to introduce the rhododendron. Unfortunately, they had also bees at Dropmore, and the bees liked their new food. Presently a number of the household were taken very ill, including Lord Grenville himself. Fortunately, however, the great scholar remembered that the ten thousand had experienced a similar calamity during their retreat, and was greatly comforted. The others, who were not equally strong in their Greek history, had no such alleviation.

5. Dined at Grillion's, Lord Welby in the chair. Herbert, Lord Norton, Lord Loch, Lord Londonderry, and others present. Sanderson told a curious story of Bismarck

and Pouyer-Quertier discussing a convention in the middle of the night at Metz. The hall of conference was the bedroom of the latter, who was actually in bed. The plenipotentiaries began with beer, passed to that liquor mixed with champagne, and ended with a much stronger decoction, which received its last perfection by being stirred with a red-hot poker. The Frenchman had a very bad headache next morning, but nevertheless accomplished, in spite of Bismarck's initiatory refusal to treat, the object which had brought him to Metz.

9. I sent the other day to the Archbishop of Armagh a copy of De Tabley's *Flora of Cheshire*, on account of the description contained in a letter to me of his great triumph at Oxford when he recited, as a young and unknown clergyman, his ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington. In a very interesting reply under to-day's date, he mentions that on nearly the only occasion on which he met Browning the latter said: "I had long thought that you were to be one of us. The Muse, however," he observes, "is a mistress as severe as she is beautiful, and must be loved with an exclusive and solitary love," a love which the circumstances of his life forbade. Compare Wordsworth's remark to Faber when he determined to devote himself to clerical work: "I cannot say you are wrong, but England loses a poet."

The Archbishop told me on the 6th that he possesses

a walking-stick which unquestionably belonged to Milton. Perhaps some of the inspiration came with it!

10. The Breakfast Club met at Courtney's, the Speaker, Trevelyan, F. Leveson-Gower, and Lyall being present. Conversation turned, before we sat down, upon Carlyle's *Historical Sketches*, recently published, and the general verdict was favourable to the book. I was obliged to leave early, as we had arranged to go down to Lexden for the day, which turned out a fine one.

As we walked to the Breakfast Club at Courtney's, Trevelyan made me laugh *à propos* of a lady of his acquaintance, whom we met, by telling me that her husband, having occasion to refer in an article to a great ink-manufacturer who is in the House of Commons, described him as "Mr. Stephens, whose name is not writ in water."

12. Dined at Grillion's, Lord Knutsford in the chair. Lord Spencer told me that in January 1874 his household was being transferred from the Castle to the Vice-Regal Lodge, or *vice versâ*, I forget which. It was convenient that he should be away during the process, and he went down to stay with Lord Bessborough. While he was there a cipher telegram arrived which his Private Secretary, Edward Cavendish, who had not had much experience, could not make out, and brought to him. Thanks to a miraculously prophetic blunder it read:

"Bunglers have determined to dissolve. Will be made public to-morrow." The clerk who sent off the telegram had used the sign for *Bunglers* instead of that for *Cabinet.*

13. Dined with The Club, Mr. Asquith in the chair. Lubbock and Welby made their first appearance, and it was a particularly cheery meeting; but I do not think the cheeriest gatherings give most to record. Our chairman mentioned that Dean Liddell, who was consulted by the Government, named Newton first and Jowett second for the Greek Professorship. Newton could not take it, and so it fell to the other. Jebb mentioned that he had ventured to ask the present Archbishop of Canterbury[1] whether the story was true that he taught Mat. Arnold the amount of logic necessary for the Schools in an almost continuous sitting of six-and-twenty hours, and that the pupil had acquitted himself excellently. He said it was quite true.

I took Sir Henry Elliot home, and he told me that the Bishop of Oxford, who had been one of our party, arriving at a clerical assembly one day, had said: "This is a Diocesan Board, is it not?" "Yes, my lord," was the reply, "I am sure it is also a Bored Diocesan," he rejoined.

20. I returned to-day from the Deanery at Salisbury, whither I went on the 16th, my wife and Lily following

[1] Dr. Temple.

me the day after. We found George Boyle very well, and our party was soon completed by Charles Parker and Lady Gertrude Cochrane. Parker's arrival was the signal, as might have been expected, for a great deal of talk about Peel and his contemporaries.

Boyle showed me the *Life of Bishop Butler* by Bishop Fitzgerald, and drew my attention to a very interesting letter from a Miss Talbot, giving an account of the extraordinary amiability of the great man.

We talked of Goldwin Smith, from whom our host received a letter a little time ago, and I one while at the Deanery. George Boyle declared that on the same journey on which Conington said to Goldwin Smith, while they were toiling in an Eilwagen across a dreary plain in North Germany, "Well, this is worse than an hereditary aristocracy," they fell in with Gutzkow, who, speaking of the number of young Englishmen of position who used then to take Orders, remarked: "I see what it proceeds from. It proceeds from the influence of the Vicar of Wakefield"!

An old curate of the Dean's, Mr. Lamb, was staying at Lord Forester's with Disraeli, and in the course of talk, his election for Shrewsbury and what followed it in the 1841 Parliament came up. The old man had the grace to say: "That is a period of my life to which I look back with very great regret."

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice told the Dean that he was dining with Lord Sydney one evening in the year 1879, when just after the ladies had left the room a telegram was brought in which contained the news of the death of the Prince Imperial. Lord Sydney said: "Take care your mother doesn't hear this till she gets home, for she will be very much affected." They went presently to the drawing-room, and Lady Lansdowne beckoned to her son, who went to her, when she said: "I am sure you have heard of the death of the Prince Imperial." Whether she had seen from his countenance that he was very much disturbed, or what the cause of so strange a conjecture may have been, he was unable to say.

Parker repeated the anecdote which he had told me once before of sitting up one night with Gladstone at Florence after the others of the party had gone to bed. He continued writing very rapidly, and at last handed what he had been writing to his companion. It was a long Italian letter urging Cavour not to interfere with Monte Cassino.

When Pusey's son went into the Schools some men followed him thither persuaded that he would say or do something eccentric. All, however, passed over in a very ordinary way till he returned, after having left his seat, and said to Henry Smith, who had been examining him: "I quite forgot to ask how your big dog is."

The Chancellor's garden, mentioned in earlier pages of this Diary, is still kept in good order, Mrs. Buchanan looking after it very carefully, and having a gardener who is at once intelligent and an enthusiast. The whole is managed by this man and a boy. When we were discussing the upkeep of the Physic Garden at our last meeting Freeman Mitford told me that his shrubberies and gardens, which cover, including the site of the house, 120 acres, are managed for £850 a year. His head gardener has £120, and is of course very first-rate, but I think there are only five under him. The amount is not large for one of the great gardens of the country.

The garden of Canon Bernard at Salisbury, over which I went after breakfast this morning, contains also many rare plants. Even in the deanery garden, to which much less care is devoted, there are some good things, especially in the Iris family.

Canon Bernard told me of a foreign lady who had recently said to himself, or one of his party, at Mentone, when about to start on some excursion: "We are going on monkeys!" She was wrong by only one letter; but the announcement was startling.

21. Among others who dined at 11 Chelsea Embankment to-night was Lord Justice Rigby, who told me that he once appeared before the Judicial Committee of the

Privy Council on behalf of no less important a person than the God Vishnu. The law-suit was between the 108th and the 107th Incarnation of that divinity. The 108th maintained, as I understood, that the 107th claimed that certain property belonged to his human which rightfully belonged to his divine self, and ought to have passed to his successor.

I have had nearly the whole of Justin M'Carthy's *Reminiscences* read to me. The style is that of a man whose life has been given chiefly to journalism, but the book is a pleasant one, its only serious fault being that much praise is lavished on not a few who but little deserved it. I have known the great majority of people of any real interest or importance spoken of in its pages—all indeed of whom I can think as I write, save three persons who had little in common — Bismarck, Prince Napoleon, and Longfellow. I exceedingly wished to know the last and missed him by a mere accident when he was last in England. Prince Napoleon I should have seen, and perhaps have had as a guest at Eden, if I had been in the North when he went with Renan in the summer of 1870 to the Arctic Circle. The first was always very antipathetic to me, but even if it had been otherwise, I never chanced to be in Berlin at a favourable moment for coming to know him.

24. The Breakfast Club met at Lyall's, Mackenzie

Wallace, F. Leveson-Gower, and others being present—eight in all. I sat between Lord Dufferin and the Speaker. The latter, having referred to the Journals of the House of Commons, I asked how far they went back. "To 1547," he replied, adding that the first entry is one sufficiently germane to the discussions of to-day: "Bill for the teaching of poor men's children."

Dined with The Club. Mr. Arthur Balfour was in the chair, and remarked as we broke up: "What would Dr. Johnson have said? We have had one Irishman, four Scotchmen, and only one Englishman!" It was indeed so. Lecky represented Ireland, Pember England, while the other four, the chairman, Sir Henry Elliot, Sir Donald Stewart, and myself all came from beyond the Tweed.

We had a very gay evening, and Balfour, who had only promised us an hour, gave us two. He mentioned that about three weeks ago he had seen Clémenceau, who was in very low spirits. Brought up in the strictest sect of the worshippers of 1789 he had thought its principles all-sufficient until quite lately; but now the *affaire* had staggered him not a little, and he looked at many of the events of the last hundred years in France through its atmosphere.

I was glad to find that Balfour was as much devoted to Sainte-Beuve as I am myself, finding a quarter of an

hour over one of his books an infallible receipt for cheerfulness.

Pember had much to say of the merits of a metrical version of the story of Blue Beard, pressing the duty of reading it strongly on our chairman. That struck me as an altogether new and excellent, if not exactly, in the words of Hallam, a "classic diversion of a statesman's cares."

We talked a good deal about Newman, Lecky selecting some pages from his *Lectures upon Anglican Difficulties*, and some on Universities for special praise. Something was said of Gladstone's exaggerated estimate of the *Dream of Gerontius*, which Pember did not put very high. Lecky thought the only one of the Cardinal's poems which was really admirable was *Lead, Kindly Light.* I put in a plea for several others in the *Lyra Apostolica* as hardly inferior to it, thinking especially of *Weep not for Me* and *They are at Rest.*

From Newman the talk wandered to Renan, and so through many pleasant paths till duty called our chairman to Westminster and we adjourned to 1900.

29. My wife and I have been very much interested of late by the sale of the Marlborough gems. I have bought no gems for a great many years, few indeed since I annexed a collection of fifty, nine-and-twenty years ago; but this opportunity was far too tempting to

be missed, as it is doubtful whether another such collection will be dispersed for a very long time to come. The last time the Marlborough gems were put up they were bought in a single lot by Agnew for a gentleman of the name of Bromilow, who is now dead.

Lord Napier and Ettrick had taken his friend, the Queen of Holland (Sophie), to Christie's, expecting that there would be a vigorous competition, and that Her Majesty would be much interested. Great was the annoyance when people who had come from all corners of Europe to buy were obliged to go back empty-handed.

I went to look at the gems three times last week, and have attended the sale a good deal this week, even to-day when I spent much of my time with Lady Dallas, her sister, and the Falklands at St. Peter's in the Docks.

The most important part of my share consisted of thirteen gems which had passed into the Marlborough collection from that of the Earl of Arundel, of whom Clarendon wrote:

"The Earl of Arundel was the next officer of state, who, in his own right and quality, preceded the rest of the Council. He was generally thought to be a proud man, who lived always within himself and to himself, conversing little with any who were in common conversation; so that he seemed to live as it were in another nation, his house being a place to which all people resorted, who resorted to no other place: strangers,

or such who affected to look like strangers, and dressed themselves accordingly. He resorted sometimes to the Court, because there only was a greater man than himself, and went thither the seldomer, because there was a greater man than himself. He lived towards all favourites, and great officers without any kind of condescension, and rather suffered himself to be ill-treated by their power and authority (for he was often in disgrace, and once or twice prisoner in the Tower) than to descend in making any application to them.

"And upon these occasions he spent a great interval of his time in several journeys into foreign parts, and, with his wife and family, had lived some years in Italy, the humour and manners of which nation he seemed most to like and approve, and affected to imitate. He had a good fortune by descent, and a much greater from his wife, who was sole daughter upon the matter (for neither of the two sisters left any issue) of the great house of Shrewsbury, but his expenses were without any measure, and always exceeded very much his revenue. He was willing to be thought a scholar, and to understand the most mysterious parts of antiquity, because he made a wonderful and costly purchase of excellent statues whilst he was in Italy and in Rome (some whereof he could never obtain permission to remove from Rome, though he had paid for them), and had a rare collection of the most curious medals. As to all parts of learning he was almost illiterate, and thought no other part of history so considerable as what related to his own family; in which, no doubt, there had been some very memorable persons. It cannot be denied that he had in his person, in his aspect and countenance, the appearance of a great man, which he preserved in his gait and motion. He wore and affected a habit very different from that of the time, such as men had only beheld in the pictures of the most considerable men, all which drew the eyes of most, and the reverence of many, towards him, as the

image and representative of the primitive nobility, and native gravity of the nobles, when they have been most venerable; but this was only his outside, his nature and true humour being much disposed to levity and delights which indeed were very despicable and childish. He was rather thought not to be much concerned for religion, than to incline to this or that party of any; and had little other affection for the nation or the kingdom, than as he had a great share in it, in which, like the great leviathan, he might sport himself; from which he withdrew, as soon as he discerned the repose thereof was like to be disturbed, and died in Italy, under the same doubtful character of religion in which he lived."

I also bought two gems which came from Lord Chesterfield's, and one which came from the Bessborough collection, together with a third which came into the Marlborough collection from some other source not specified in the catalogue.

30. Mr. Frederick Hanbury, Lubbock, and I ran down this morning, *viâ* Ashford, to the Wye Station, where Mr. Erle Drax's carriage met us and took us to Ollantigh Towers, near which *Orchis hircina* was re-discovered last year, after having been lost to the English Flora for a considerable time. The plant we saw is, so far as is known at present, the only one which exists in this country, although the species is not very uncommon on the Continent of Europe.

Ollantigh belonged to an eccentric old gentleman long in Parliament with Lubbock and me, who had an

especial horror of the Ancient Monuments Bill, a pet child of the former. It contains a very large picture gallery, full, as might be expected, of things good, bad, and indifferent, but a curious feature to find in a place, the very name of which was unknown to me a few hours ago. In the afternoon we drove through Wye to a pleasant hunting-ground on the chalk, where *Orchis maculata* and *pyramidalis* were in great abundance. *Ophrys apifera* and *arachnites*, classed together by Bentham, were more sparingly represented.

July

3. Mr. Stephenson's books, which I went to see in the autumn of 1893, were sold by his representatives last week; and I bought on the 1st two fine specimens of Bedford and Chambolle-Duru. Most of Mr. Stephenson's library was bound either by one of these two or by Cuzin; but what I coveted most was a specimen of Trautz-Bauzonnet's binding, of which there were five or six only. Nearly all these were on books of curiosity for which I did not care at all, but their price was raised, by that fact, far beyond what I was inclined to give. I find to-day, however, that Bain has secured for me

a translation of Josephus, published at Paris in 1702. It is in five volumes, the first and second being in duplicate, all bound by Trautz-Bauzonnet and very beautiful.

Dined with the Literary Society, where I talked chiefly with Walpole, Fletcher Moulton, and Henry Cunningham. I repeated Lowe's remark about the revisers of the New Testament having let the devil into the Lord's Prayer, and someone mentioned that when an old Scotchwoman heard of this accession to his dignity she remarked: "Hech, sirs, but he must have been sair uplifted!"

5. Breakfasted at the Junior Carlton with Wilfrid Ward, to meet Archbishop Ireland, Lord Halifax, the Bishop of Rochester, and Colonel Ross of Bladensburg. I thought, when I listened to the Archbishop's talk, how right Cardinal Czacki was when he said to me that the prelates from the United States had a far greater grasp of affairs and much more insight into the world around them than their brethren on this side of the Atlantic. Lord Halifax asserted, in the most positive way, that the jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee in Church matters was henceforth quite dead. I ventured to express a very different opinion, and was supported by Dr. Talbot.

In the course of talk Lord Halifax quoted an amusing

saying of Liddon's: "It seems to me that the devil, in spite of his unrivalled experience, manages his affairs very badly indeed."

In the afternoon I attended a meeting of the Senate of the University of London, and there, none too soon, we passed a resolution accepting the offer which the Government lately made to us of a large portion of the buildings now belonging to the Imperial Institute.

6. Lady Reay repeated to me a story which had been told her by M. Costa de Beauregard. Cardinal Rampolla was talking about the extreme section of the French Catholics and their inconvenient devotion to their principles. "Ah yes," he said, "principles are like mountains; they rise very near heaven, but when they stand in our way we drive a tunnel through them."

We went at night to Lambeth, where we met nearly all our clerical acquaintance. Bryce introduced me to Professor Fisher of Yale, the greatest American light on ecclesiastical history. Our conversation, not unnaturally, found its way to Laud, for on the opposite side of the room there was a picture representing the four Latin Fathers, the possession of which had excited much prejudice against him. Then it passed, *viâ* his relative liberality in matters of opinion as distinguished from discipline, to the "Ever memorable John Hales." My companion told me that that famous personage had

attended the Synod of Dort, where he had heard a speech by Episcopius, the result of which on his mind was, in his own words: "Thereupon I said good-night to Monsieur Jean Calvin."

8. The Breakfast Club met at the Admiralty under the wing of Goschen. We had Wolseley, the Speaker, Mackenzie Wallace, Lyall, Courtney, and F. Leveson-Gower. The Speaker mentioned that in the present state of the law the Trustees of the British Museum are obliged to receive and keep not only all newspapers but also such things as Letts's Diary, whole ranges of books filled with blank paper.

Leveson-Gower told us that he had heard Panizzi say that trash is the very thing we ought to keep, for the more valuable things will keep themselves.

I forget who it was who told me a French translation of the English phrase "right as a trivet"—"droit comme Dreyfus!" Trivet is the same word as Trépied.

10. Dined at Grillion's—a large party. Near enough for me to talk with were Evelyn Ashley, Birrell, who dined with us for the first time, and Lord Pembroke. Rather further off were Lord Norton, John Morley, and Lord Jersey. I told Lord Pembroke that I had heard Lord Palmerston's speech on the death of his father, the first Lord Herbert of Lea, and added that when the old man pronounced the words, "And I trusted that

after I was gone, he would lead the gentlemen of England," his voice shook and he very nearly broke down — an unique incident, so far as I remember, in his House of Commons life.

Lord Pembroke told me that he remembered being one day in the schoolroom with his governess, and his brother who was lost in the *Captain*, when the door opened and in came Lord Palmerston, who asked them on what book they were engaged, and stayed with them an hour, talking and reading. The book was *Robinson Crusoe*.

In the earlier part of dinner I had some talk with Evelyn Ashley about Palmerston's father, and learned that he had been for a time in office at the Admiralty. I am very familiar with his signature in the books of The Club. It is so like that of his more distinguished son that it would deceive almost any one who did not look at the dates. He was a great collector, and had many friends in France, before and during the Revolution. Ashley found the other day a letter from Voltaire.

13. Dined with George Shaw-Lefevre—a party of men, to meet Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador. The Dean of Westminster told me that Sir Evelyn Wood had once said to him, when they were on a yachting cruise together, Sir John Ardagh being of the party: "Talk to that fellow if you get a chance; he says very little, but he is the Moltke of the British Army."

Sir Andrew Clark,[1] who sat opposite me, mentioned that when Gladstone's first government was formed, Childers and Cardwell having gone to the Admiralty and War Office respectively, he met them walking together in Bond Street. They stopped and said: "We have come to a decision. We are going to alter the arrangement of the War Office and get rid of the Duke of Cambridge." "Good gracious!" he replied, "you have just come into office. You have enemies enough and to spare already. Do you really mean to add to them the undying hostility of the Court?" The change was not made till many years after, when Cardwell had been long in his grave.

24. Returned from Ham House, whither we went on the 22nd. I never saw the garden looking so well. Great pains have been taken with it, and the hollyhocks, more especially, are magnificent. The Biddulphs, with whom we stayed at Udaipur, dined on Saturday, and he gave me a most amusing account of the proceedings of my predecessor, Lord Macartney, when he was Governor of Madras, proceedings with which he has become acquainted while writing the history of the 19th Hussars, on which he is at present engaged.

Arthur came back this morning from Mount Browne, where among other pleasant people, he met Madeleine

[1] Not the well-known physician.

de Peyronnet. Conversation turned on the disparaging account given in a book of memoirs of the earlier days of Prince Leopold, later King of the Belgians. The authoress declared that he spent most of his time sitting by her "drizzling," or, in other words, unpicking gold lace. "I prefer," said Madeleine, "a king who rains."

I have long had a curiosity about Argentan lace, and picked up to-day a very beautiful lappet of the same. We passed near Argentan when we were coming north from the Loire some years ago. It was closely connected with Alençon, and its lace was made precisely in the same way. I asked the people at whose shop I bought my lappet of lace to show me the finest thing they had in stock, and they produced a flounce of Alençon, which was priced at no less than a thousand guineas.

25. Rees tells me in a letter, received this evening, that he asked Lord Longford, who is just about to marry a daughter of Lord Jersey's, whether he was going to remain M.F.H. "Not very long," he replied. "Actæon is not the only huntsman who has been devoured by his hounds."

31. Returned to London from Pishiobury, Mr. Francis Buxton's place in Hertfordshire, some miles further down the line which brought us from Warlies. It is a large, commodious, red-brick house of, I suppose, the last century, standing in a fine park, with pretty gardens and

a good deal of water, on which are many ducks like those we have at Lexden. The church of Sawbridgeworth is handsome, with monuments more remarkable for size than beauty, and a number of exceedingly good brasses, of which proper care is now taken. The Courtneys were there, and a perfect covey of young people kept things lively.

On our way home we spent some time at Jamrach's, and saw a good deal that was interesting; but had a less sensational visit than Arthur Russell, who many years ago found himself on the same premises surrounded by five lions.

Dined at Grillion's—a party of six. Ashbourne was in the chair, Welby, Harris, Cross, and Robert Herbert—very gay and agreeable. Cross proposed Lord Halsbury, and it was suggested that I, as being an opponent, though a very moderate one, was the right person to second him, which I did, though, oddly enough, albeit we sat for years and years on opposite sides of the table, I don't think we ever exchanged a word.

August

1. Evelyn gave me this morning a medal by Roty, representing Marriage, which he has obtained from the Monnaie in Paris. I should think few more beautiful have ever been struck.

4. Drove down to Manresa to see Father Strickland, with whom I came into communication a week or two ago, after an interval of nearly thirty-six years. (See these Notes for 1863.) He is now eighty, but looks well for a man who has had so busy a life, much of it spent in the tropics. He was in Tinnevelly as far back as 1852, and, finding the mission there in a deplorable state, came back to England to raise funds; which he did with much success. He went all through the campaign of the Mutiny with Sir Hugh Rose, and only returned from service in the West Indies when he was seventy-seven.

With him was Father Macleod, who left Oxford just about the time I went up. He took me to see the great vine, much the largest in Britain — a huge stem with seven branches, trained parallel to each other and all extending to 200 feet.

7. Dined at Grillion's. I thought the party would be large, the womankind of so many people having gone out of town; but this was not the case. It was very small. Sir T. Sanderson was in the chair, and we had Welby, Robert Herbert, and both the Balfours, Arthur and Gerald. I was able to tell the former his brother's excellent parody of the line from *Locksley Hall*, mentioned on an earlier page.

Sanderson told us that a famous diplomatist went once to see Lord Beaconsfield, conversed with him for some time, and found him very agreeable. Soon after, the waiter who had shown him up came and asked him for a present. "But why?" "Don't you remember," was the answer, "I showed you up to Lord Beaconsfield?" "What of that?" said the other. "Oh, sir, after you had gone, he did damn me uncommon for telling you he was at home."

23. Victoria and I returned last night from Devonshire, whither we went on the 14th to stay with Mrs. Marcus Hare, at Court Grange, near Newton Abbot. Our hostess is a niece of the Duke of Somerset who married the Queen of Beauty, and whom I remember as First Lord of the Admiralty. Her husband, who had the misfortune to command the *Eurydice* when she went down with all hands, was a nephew of Julius Hare and of Augustus, the "Two Brothers" of *Guesses at*

Truth. The weather was surpassingly beautiful. We spent the hotter hours under the trees on the pleasant lawns which slope down to a running stream, and the evenings in long drives, to Hay Tor on the edge of Dartmoor, to Ugbrook, where, however, Lord Clifford was not staying, and to Berry Pomeroy, which I remember visiting once before, in the early fifties, when Macaulay's striking description of Edward Seymour, the head of the country party, was fresh in my mind:

"Seymour's birth put him on a level with the noblest subjects in Europe. He was the right heir male of the body of that Duke of Somerset who had been brother-in-law of King Henry the Eighth, and Protector of the realm of England. In the original limitation of the dukedom of Somerset, the elder son of the Protector had been postponed to the younger son. From the younger son the dukes of Somerset were descended. From the elder son was descended the family which dwelt at Berry Pomeroy. . . . Then Seymour stood up. How he stood, looking like what he was, the chief of a dissolute and high-spirited gentry, with the artificial ringlets clustering in fashionable profusion round his shoulders, and a mingled expression of voluptuousness and disdain in his eye and on his lips, the likenesses of him which still remain enable us to imagine."

One of our fellow-guests was Sir Henry Bulwer. Our conversation having turned one day upon forestry in

Cyprus, he quoted an excellent remark of a French expert, who had been called in to help in repairing the ravages that had been made in the woods there. "If you English had not come hither," he said, "in another hundred years there would have been one rock the more and one island the less."

From Court Grange we transferred ourselves on the 19th to Barnstaple, remaining there till the morning of the 22nd.

On the 21st we made an excursion to Clovelly, passing through Bideford, of Kingsleian renown. Clovelly is a wonderfully quaint little spot, unlike any other I remember. The drive through the grounds of Clovelly Court, which has much local fame, is really exceedingly pretty; but ought to be seen, I fancy, rather in winter than in summer, for the very thick foliage hardly allows the sea to be visible, and puts it, at this season, quite out of court as a piece of Corniche scenery. I saw no plants in Devonshire of any special interest, but the common Furze round Hay Tor, the Golden Rod and the Hemp agrimony, between Barnstaple and the coast, were sufficiently abundant to be features in the landscape.

While in the West we finished the *Lettres d'un Curé de Campagne*, which was recommended to me by Mrs. Vere O'Brien. It is an admirable book, and if the

precepts which it recommends, in the form of a story told through a correspondence, after the manner of last century, were only put pretty generally in practice, it would save France an immense amount of misery.

A few days ago a very courteous letter from the Editor of *Notes and Queries* told me that he had at last succeeded in finding the author of the lines: "When time shall turn those amber locks to gray," about which I had written to him. (See the Indian portion of these Notes.) In his issue of the 19th he writes:

"SOURCE OF QUOTATION WANTED (9th S. iv. 109).—

"'When time shall turn those amber locks to gray,' etc.

"The delightful lines asked for by SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF appear in Drayton's *England's Heroical Epistles*, and are addressed by Henry Howard, the great Earl of Surrey, to the Lady Geraldine. I give the whole of the passage in which they occur, though the verses are not all of equal beauty;—

"'When Time shall turne those Amber Lockes to Gray
My Verse againe shall guild and make them gay,
And tricke them vp in knotted Curles anew,
And to thy Autumne giue a Summers hiew (*sic*):
That sacred Pow'r that in my Inke remaines,
Shall put fresh Bloud into thy With'red Veines,
And on thy Red decay'd thy Whitnesse dead,
Shall set a White more white, a red more Red:

When thy dimme Sight thy Glasse cannot discry,
Nor thy craz'd Mirror can discerne thine Eye;
My Verse, to tell th' one what the other was,
Shall represent them both thine Eye and Glasse:
Where both thy Mirrour and thine eye shall see,
What once thou saw'st in that, that saw in thee;
And to them both shall tell the simple truth
What that in pureness was, what thou in youth.
—*Poems*, n.d. (1630), pp. 320, 321.'

"What a pity there is no easily accessible edition of Drayton! That in the *Library of Old Authors* never got further than the first three volumes containing the *Polyolbion*.

—URBAN."

30. Courthope, writing about Drayton, says:

"I shall come to him with more anticipation than if I had not heard of the lines you quoted to me. I have not read much of him hitherto as I have found him rather ponderous, but I know that he sometimes does write finely (*e.g.*, his description of Marlowe) and sometimes gracefully (*e.g.*, Nymphidia). Daniel in the same way has some good things: Do you know his *Ulysses and the Siren*? It is very fine. Generally speaking, I am bound to say I find him rather insipid."

September

2. E. F. Webster and Tyrrell arrive. I talked with the former about his brother-in-law, General Hay, who, at one time, commanded the 92nd, and whom I knew slightly. When it was known that his illness must terminate fatally, his old friend Sir William Lockhart telegraphed from India, "Au revoir."

6. My wife told us at breakfast that she had gone yesterday afternoon to see our neighbour Mrs. Papillon, whose recollections go back a long way. She remembers having seen the three Sheridan sisters — the Queen of Beauty, Mrs. Norton, and Lady Dufferin — standing together in front of the monkey house in the Zoological Gardens. I thought, having in my mind the reply which is said to have been made by the Emperor Frederick to Count Dohna, that the three might have been sketched with the motto: "Wenigstens haben wir bessere Carriere gemacht!"

7. An exceptionally beautiful collection of Cactus dahlias, contributed by a nurseryman to the cottage flower show, which we allowed, as last year, to be held

in the park here, sent me to Nicholson's Dictionary to look up their history. I find that the variety originated under cultivation in Mexico, the native country of the plant, and that the Cactus dahlia is, properly speaking, *Cactus Juarezii*. It was named, no doubt, in honour of the President, who was best known to Europe in connection with the execution of the Emperor Maximilian, but who was a remarkable man in other ways.

9. Mr. Hallam Murray, who is staying here, mentioned on the authority of Mrs. Harold Browne, whose husband was at one time Bishop of Winchester, that the people of Farnham had been talking much of a sermon delivered by some one staying at the Castle. Shortly afterwards Mr. Gladstone came down, and she spoke about him to a woman in the place, who remarked: "We were very much disappointed; we thought he would preach." "But," said Mrs. Harold Browne, "Mr. Gladstone does not preach; that is not his business." "Dear me!" was the reply, "we thought he was the Prime *Minister*!"

10. Mr. Murray mentioned that just before the *Review of Reviews* appeared, its printer was explaining its plan to his father. "But what is to be the title?" said the wise old publisher. He was told that it was to

be called the *Review of Reviews.* "Ah," he remarked, "I think I can give you a better name than that—*The Magazine Rifle.*"

11. Amongst the Marlborough gems which I recently bought, there was a cameo cut on an onyx, in a whitish-blue layer on a dark bluish-grey ground, a bust in high relief of Elagabalus, perhaps contemporary, according to Maskelyne, but of rather rude work. I gave this, with twelve Ceylon sapphires and a sketch made by my wife, as well as the illustrated sale catalogue, to Mrs. Newman, who sent home to-day a pendant in which the cameo hangs free, framed in white enamel and gold, more or less after the pattern of the setting of some of the gems in the great collection. This cameo belonged to Lord Arundel, and neither it nor its setting should be lost sight of.

15. Lady arriving at a party to warrior: "I have a crow to pick with you, General." Warrior, who is as deaf as distinguished, and supposes that she has said something about a little dog: "Oh! dear little thing! Have you brought it with you?"

18. Mr. A. S. Murray, who is now the keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum, came down to see us on the 16th and left this morning.

We talked of the strange way in which things come to his department. A Greek sepulchral *stele*, for example, found its way thither from Inverness. It had been brought as ballast from Athens to Jersey, had been there thrown aside, had been found by a man who was enlarging his wine cellar, and by him taken care of. After his death it was taken by his son to the North of Scotland.

Murray himself was once invited to go up to Hampstead to see some things, which turned out to be of no value as antiquities. The owner of them said: "As you have come so far, would you not like to walk through the hot-houses?" He assented, and, as he did so, observed an old piece of marble. This was examined and found to be another Greek *stele*. He copied the inscription, and discovered that it was a well-known one given in Böckh's great work, having been originally transcribed at Athens in, I think, the seventeenth century. From Athens it had disappeared, but was found about the middle of this century in some excavations which were being made with a view to enlarging certain premises in Bond Street with which the owner of the house at Hampstead was connected. It had probably been brought to England in the seventeenth century, stored in some warehouse near Bond Street, and lost.

I was not aware that no one could tell where Maioli was born, where he resided, or when he died. The beautiful books which belonged to him are the only record of his existence. They form, however, a not very large but quite sufficient raft whereon to float down the stream of time. The three last plates in the volume, 63, 64, and 65, represent books which belonged to three daughters of Louis XV. — Madame Adelaide, whose library was bound in red morocco; Madame Victoire, who preferred olive morocco; and Madame Sophie, who chose citron morocco. Extremely successful was a binding adopted by the Baron de Longepierre, who in commemoration of the success of his play *Medea* had his books bound in plain morocco, with the Golden Fleece at each corner and in the centre.

20. I have to-day finished *Newman et le Mouvement d'Oxford*, the first part of the larger work, not yet published in its entirety, on the *Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au Dix-neuvième Siècle*, by M. Thureau-Dangin, de l'Académie Française, with whom I had the long conversation mentioned in these Notes under date of 4th June 1897. His point of view is not mine; it is that of a very convinced Catholic; but the book is a miracle of accuracy, fairness, and tolerance. I have hardly detected a single slip in it, and not one of the very slightest importance. When it becomes usual to write Ecclesiastical

History after this fashion, many good things will become easier.

26. We have had, in these last days, a pleasant party, with much coming and going — George Boyle and his wife, Lady Malmesbury, Count Blücher, Miss Soulsby, and others. It has synchronised with the blossoming of a very large number of plants of *Lilium auratum*, which my wife obtained lately from Yokohama. They are flourishing both outside and inside, but the conservatory in particular is filled with their powerful scent, which I like, both on its own account and on account of its associations, for I first learned to know it in the drawing-room at Hampden, where this lily, then far rarer than it is now, used to come into flower, year by year, just as we began to see a tolerably near prospect of the end of the session.

The name of Sir Alexander Cockburn came up, and Boyle told me that when he was about to become Sergeant, and had according to the old custom to select a motto for his rings, he said that he would choose the words, "Militavi non sine gloria." Lowe, who was present, remarked: "I think that 'Vixi puellis nuper idoneus' would be more appropriate!"

It took one a long way back to be told that the Dean perfectly remembered hearing a younger brother of Lord Eldin confess that many years before it was

published, Walter Scott had read to him three chapters of *Waverley*, and that he had said to him: "Na, na, Wattie, that won't do; stick to your poetry."

Count Blücher, when talking of the cleverness of some English nicknames, cited a very good French one given to a man in Paris whose nose was abnormally small—*néanmoins*.

27. George Boyle and I went up to London together. In the course of the journey he repeated an anecdote which had been told him by Hayward when they were both dining with us in Queen's Gate Gardens. Mr. Justice Littledale mentioned to Hayward that he had once been at Canterbury with Lord Tenterden. After Cathedral service the latter said: "Did you observe that elderly man in the choir with a fine voice?" "Yes," was the reply. "He," rejoined Lord Tenterden, "is the only man I ever envied. When we were young we competed for a chorister's place: he was successful, and I was heart-broken. I went to London in consequence and am now Lord Chief Justice of England."

October

2. The Bonhams and Count Blücher, who came on Saturday, left us this morning. I talked with Sir George about a gentleman who once belonged to the Diplomatic Service but had entered it rather against his will, his tastes being those of a sportsman and a naturalist. In the course of time he found himself at Athens, but declined to take the very slightest interest in the place or its associations. One of his friends, thinking that it was too bad that he should not even have visited the Acropolis, spoke in his presence of a bird he had seen there to which he could not give a name. The next day the diplomatist *malgré lui* ascended the historic rock; but his sole remark on returning to the Legation was, "It's only a kestrel."

14. Sir Frederick Pollock, writing to me under yesterday's date about the Boer ultimatum, quotes, as an excellent model for a reply, King Arthur's answer to the message sent him by the King of North Wales, in Book I., chap. xxvi., of Sir Thomas Malory:

"Wel sayd Arthur thou hast said thy message, the whiche is the most vylaynous and lewdest message that ever man herd sente unto a Kynge. . . . But tell thou thy Kynge this: I owe

him no homage ne none of myn elders; but, or it be longe to, he shall do me homage on both his kneys or else he shall lose his hede by the faith of my body, for this is the most shamefullest message that ever I herd speke of."

16. Mr. John Murray and his wife, who came to us on the 14th, left us this morning. He told us of an amusing incident which had happened at his father's house. A lady, still alive and well-known in London, but whose name he did not mention, was taken down to dinner by a gentleman who was a stranger to her. Presently he asked if she knew who he was. "No," she replied, "I did not catch your name when we were introduced." "Oh," said her companion, "I am Mr. Browning, the poet, some of whose works I daresay you have read." "Yes," replied the other with some hesitation, "you wrote *The Jackdaw of Rheims*, did you not?"

Murray quoted a very true remark made by a Scotch schoolmaster about his neighbour the Duke of Argyll: "He is a solitary man; his intellectual pride prevents him associating with his social equals, and his social pride prevents his associating with his intellectual equals." A somewhat similar criticism, he added, was made about Colonel Mure: "He despises county magnates because they are not historians, and historians because they are not county magnates."

20. Returned to Lexden from Campsea Ashe, whither

we went yesterday to stay with the Lowthers. A railway diverging from the main line at Ipswich runs past Woodbridge, where Edward Fitzgerald lived so long, to Wickham Market Station, whence a very short drive takes one to the house, which is large and rather dark, pleasanter, I should think, for hot than cold weather. The gardens are extremely beautiful, and so full of flowers, in this summer of St. Luke, that they can hardly have been fuller in July. A long straight canal, a bowling-green and a Japanese garden, huge cedars, immense yew hedges and endless herbaceous borders, make up a very delightful whole.

Knebworth gave me rather a prejudice against statues in English gardens. Here, however, there are a great many white marble busts, brought by one of the Lords Lonsdale from Italy to Barnes, and transferred thence by Mr. Lowther to be placed against the yew hedges with excellent effect. Some of them are good enough to deserve to be under cover.

There was a very pleasant party staying in the house. Sir Charles Scott, my brother's old colleague at Dresden, now Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and illustrating by his success in life the immense advantage of not being rich enough to abandon a profession; Mr. Astor, but without his charming daughter, who remained in London to make, last night, her first visit to the House of Commons; Mr.

Augustus Hare, Mr. Brooke of Ufford, who owns a very remarkable library, and Miss Lowther, a distant relation of her host's, best known for her extraordinary personal strength. Amongst other things she is a first-rate fencer, and, happening to sit next to her at breakfast this morning, I talked of that subject. She had had, when she attempted to fence with an Italian, precisely the same experience which I had, when I fenced with De Marto at Naples, in the first year of the half-century. She found her adversary by no means formidable in attack, but most formidable in defence. I mentioned a very ancient fencing club in Ghent which I visited in the spring of 1850, during an Oxford Easter Vacation, when she replied: "Oh! I have been there;" to which I rejoined: "Well, I think I may safely say that you and I are the only people in the County of Suffolk who ever were in that room."

Conversation turning last night upon Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who died recently, Mr. Astor said: "I knew him extremely well in business and in other ways. I very much doubt whether he ever consciously did a wrong thing in the whole of his life."

23. Mr. Hare, who came on to us from Campsea Ashe, left us this morning.

I got him to repeat the account he gave in my hearing some twenty years ago of the sermon preached in the Coliseum on the death of Torlonia, which he did quite

admirably. I have somewhere mentioned that Courthope told me that he had himself actually heard that sermon; but I should be sorry to affirm that Mr. Hare wishes all his narratives to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. Some of them, I think, he must intend to be spoken *novelettes*. If this is not so, his experiences must have been of a phenomenal description.

He told an extremely curious story about a place called Warbledon Priory, in the neighbourhood of Hurstmonceaux. Strange and disagreeable rumours were connected with this place, and there was a saying that any one who touched two skulls which stood in the house would "walk through the valley of the shadow of death." A young man staying with him about a fortnight ago was extremely anxious to see Warbledon, which was not willingly shown. He obtained the key, however, through his host's intervention, and went to the house along with a friend of his who was living in the neighbourhood. Before he did so Mr. Hare made him promise not to touch the skulls. The two young men went. On the return of his guest he said: "Well, of course you didn't touch the skulls?" "Oh! no," was the reply, "we did not, but we carried the box in which they were out into the open air, and took it back again." In the middle of dinner the young man suddenly complained that he was unwell, and left the room. A little afterwards the housekeeper

rushed in, very much agitated, and begged her master to go immediately to his friend's room. He did so, and found him in frightful case—his head burning. The hot fit was presently succeeded by a terrible coldness in the limbs, and there was every appearance of his succumbing to the attack. They went on treating him, by rubbing and hot applications to his feet, till about two in the morning, when he slowly rallied. He had walked through the valley of the shadow of death, and precisely the same fortune had attended his companion! *Relata refero.*

24. An astronomer who happened to have been reading my Diary was puzzled by an entry relating to the False Cross, and communicated with me about it. I wrote to India, and have received several answers. One of these came from Mr. Michie Smith, who some years ago succeeded Mr. Pogson, and dwells not in the old Observatory at Madras, but in a new one at Kodaikanal on the top of the Palani Hills:

"First let me reply to your question *re* the 'False Cross.' It is certainly *not* Corvus, but consists of stars in what used to be known as Argus but is now broken up into several constellations. . . . You will be glad to hear that the work on Pogson's star catalogue, which you got him to begin, is now practically finished. The last of the MS. has gone to press and only a few pages of proof remain to be corrected. It has been a very heavy piece of work. . . . I am now directly

under the Government of India, which has advantages, especially when, as now, the Madras Government is quite unsympathetic towards science. I am afraid the Madras Literary Society has fallen back to its old ways! The start you gave it kept it up for some years, but there have been no meetings for several years past." . . .

30. Sir George Taubman Goldie, who, with others, arrived here on the 28th, left us this morning. He remains at the head of his great enterprise in Western Africa till 1st January, when it passes to the Government. The territory which he administers extends over about half a million square miles. The whole direction is in London, no initiative being allowed to any officer on the spot. Of these there may be about a hundred British, with innumerable natives and men of mixed race. The last-named class shows the most extraordinary aptitude for accounts. They are born, Sir George declares, to be the bookkeepers of the world. His policy has been only to employ white men when it was absolutely impossible to get any one else, and the whole Government, save as regards the largest matters of policy, has been left in the hands of the native chiefs.

We asked him what first turned his attention to Africa. His reply was: "*The Arabian Nights.* They produced," he said, "the very strongest effect on my imagination; and after I had become my own master, at one-and-twenty, I left the army, which I had joined

as an Engineer, went off to Egypt and pushed on to Khartoum, with vague dreams of a future in Abyssinia. That came to nothing, and it was on the opposite side of the Continent that I was fated to work."

November

1. Returned to Lexden from London, whither I went yesterday to be present at the first of two dinners of The Club which I had announced, in consequence of the Autumn Session. Lord Carlisle was in the chair, with the Bishop of London and Mr. Asquith on his left, Lord Kelvin on his right, while I had on either side of me Robert Herbert and Welby. Conversation turned upon the total disappearance of Latin quotations from House of Commons speeches, and some one recalled a characteristic impertinence of Bernal Osborne's in days when they were still common. That joker of rough jokes, after quoting Latin, observed that he would translate what he had said for the benefit of "the unlettered millionaires who sat around him." A passage of six lines from Lucretius, used by Gladstone in one of the debates connected with Mr. Bradlaugh's seat, was cited as about the most daring experiment of the kind which is remembered.

The question was asked whether industrialism necessarily led to vulgarity and hideousness. Welby said that the only factories with which he was acquainted which did not make their surroundings ugly were the cottages in some portions of the Vosges where cotton spinning is carried on by the use of water power.

I went this morning to Mr. Lincoln's, where I bought a Noble of Edward III., with the ship which is believed to be a memorial of the victory over the French at Helvoetsluys; a Rose Noble of Edward IV., and an Angel of Henry VII., about all of which I have been reading lately in a book published some years ago by R. S. Poole and other numismatic experts. The legend on the Noble of Edward III. is IHS (Jesus) "Autem transiens per medium illorum ibat." These words appear to have been a charm against thieves. This Noble was of very pure gold, and perhaps the finest coin then current in Europe. An attempt had been made as far back as the days of Henry III. to introduce a gold currency, but it failed.

Thence I went on to the British Museum, to have one or two Oriental coins examined. My large gold piece, struck at Cuddapah, with the inscription, "Ahmed Shah Bahadur Badshahi Ghazi's propitious coin A. H. 1161," and weighing 843 grains, is now[1] decisively pronounced

[1] See these Notes for 1888.

to have been struck in order to be presented to some great personage as a Nisar, or, as we usually pronounce it, Nuzzur. Nisar, it appears, means scattering, and was originally applied to small coins thrown amongst the crowd. Mr. Rapson showed me the cast of a gigantic coin of this kind, weighing 200 gold mohurs, and belonging to the reign of Shah Jehan. I forgot to ask who owns or owned the original.

6. The Lowthers, Clara, Fritz, and others passed yesterday with us in, alas! terrific weather. I mentioned to Mrs. Lowther Sir Edward Malet's story, to be found in these Notes for April in this year. "Oh!" she said, "it was I who told it to Malet; it happened at our house."

Mr. Lowther, now well on to eighty, but a very hale man, was for many years at Berlin. He left the Service suddenly because a seat which had been long occupied by a member of his family became vacant, and he was thought the natural person to fill it. I think he came into the House just at the time that I first took office, and we sat opposite each other for a long period. She was the daughter of the very able lawyer whom Lord Palmerston in vain tried to make a life-peer, and who was afterwards raised to the peerage in the ordinary way.

8. I went to London yesterday to deliver, in the Botanical Theatre of University College, an address upon "Walter Bagehot: his Life and Works," in my capacity of

President for the year of the Social and Political Education League. The Bishop of London, who was President last year, was in the chair. Mr. W. Fowler, Sir Robert Giffen, and Mr. A. Cohen took an active part in the proceedings. Mrs. Bagehot is at Abbazia with Mrs. Greg, but the Wilson family was represented by Mrs. Halsey and others.

10. With Sir John Lubbock, his daughter Ursula, Lily, and others to the neighbourhood of Sudbury, where, under the guidance of Mr. Philip Lake, who was formerly employed on the Indian Geological Survey in Bellary and elsewhere, I saw a good section of the Red Crag and the Contorted Drift over it.

11. George Boyle, writing yesterday, sends the enclosed quotation from St. Augustine, quoted in the *Aids to Reflection*, p. 30, ed. 1839:

"Apud Ciceronem et Platonem aliosque ejusmodi scriptores multa sunt acute dicta et leniter calentia, sed in iis omnibus hoc non invenio venite ad me."—Matt. xi. 28.

13. The tall *Helianthus lenticularis*, from North America, which has, since it began to come out in the middle of September, been so striking an object in the garden, was to-day taken up; but our weather, though now and then broken by a storm, remains delightful, and my wife brought me this afternoon a bouquet of large pink roses.

15. I went up to London yesterday to dine with The Club, where we had a large gathering—ten in all—and elected Sir William Anson. Courthope was in the chair, with the Bishop of Oxford on his right, beyond whom was Mackenzie Wallace. On his other side the chairman had Lord Davey and Lord Carlisle. I had on the left Lyall and Arthur Balfour, with Pember and Herbert on my right. The party being a little too large for general conversation we broke into two parts, I talking most with the Bishop, Balfour, Mackenzie Wallace, and Lyall.

Courthope, leaning across to me, said: "I am reading *The Heroical Epistles*." "Is there anything in them," I asked, "as good as the lines about which I wrote to you?" "Oh no," he replied, "nothing comparable to them."

There was a great deal of talk about Disraeli's novels. I found myself agreeing with Balfour in thinking that, after all allowance had been made for their false glitter and blunders of every sort, there was yet a certain literary element in them which would keep them long alive.

18. We talked at breakfast of the constant use of proverbs and quaint expressions in Spanish speech. Miss Burrell, who came to us yesterday evening, asked me if I knew the phrase, "He is at the fourth question"—

"A la cuarta pregunta." I did not, and she explained that it meant, "He is utterly ruined." The fourth question put to a man going through the Bankruptcy Court in Spain is, "Have you anything?" and the answer is "No."

I am often asked if the handles of certain dessert knives which we use a good deal are cut out of jade, to which I reply that they are not jade, but its first cousin prehnite.

Jade is, I see, nephrite: so called from its supposed efficacy in diseases of the kidneys. The word jade itself is a corruption of the Spanish *piedra de ijada*, the stone which cures pain in the side. The word *ijada* is derived from the Latin *ilia*. The mineral when pure is a native silicate of calcium and magnesium. Prehnite is composed chiefly of silica, alumina and lime. It was first found at the Cape of Good Hope, but is pretty widely diffused, and has been found in Scotland.

Mrs. Greg writes:

"I promised to tell you about Abbazia as being one of the very few European places with which you are not personally acquainted. The winter season has scarcely begun, and as the place is composed of hotels, pensions, and villas it now looks only half alive, and as if it never would have a life that one would much care for. The only representative of the Royal families of Europe yet to be seen here is the small Prince Boris. The position is beautiful on the western shore

of the bay of Quarnero, which also holds Volasca, Fiume, and many little fishing villages. The bay is closed in by a multitude of islands which break the sea, and some of which are picturesque and interesting. Small steamers ply in every direction, and you can get to Pola and back in the day and have time to see all the Roman remains, but for such expeditions long days and warm days are needed. Behind Abbazia rises Monte Maggiore, 4000 ft., and the hilly coast line all round the bay edged by a rocky shore is very pretty. When you first come you say, 'How beautiful!' But I don't think it would prove a loveable country. Though cultivated as far as possible, it is after all a part of the Karst, which seems to me to represent on earth the suburbs of the Inferno. There are no streams, no pastures, nothing that makes a land fresh and fair. You have a feeling of its being artificial —made for the visitors. In the gardens there are many delicate shrubs, and the aloes and palms look quite happy. The one thing that grows wild in great profusion and to a great size is the bay-tree. In making a garden the bay-trees have to be cleared away, a few being left for shade. What would we not give for them! The water that comes from the hills is for the most part quickly lost in the holes of the limestone rock. If it bubbles up again before it reaches the sea, being very precious it is at once captured—for useful purposes, and on the surface of the sea frequent rings mark the spots where fresh water springs are rising out of the ground, having made too long an underground journey to be of service. It is not fair to judge of any country in November, however bright the sun may shine, and they tell us that in the spring the stony hills about here are covered with pretty little shrubs and plants, and that on Monte Maggiore there are beautiful beech woods. Till a day or two ago we had continuous mist, and we began to disbelieve in the climate,

but at last came a day of rain, and since then it has been heavenly. We now dine out every day at one o'clock on an open terrace."

24. We spent some hours at Stoke Park, and I went in to sit with Lord Gwydyr, who, since I last saw him, has attained his ninetieth year and fractured one of his legs very badly. He talked exceedingly well, and looked little pulled down. He told me that he had heard Lord Eldon speak, and speak successfully, when he was eighty-four, and gave an interesting description of showing Mademoiselle de Montijo over the Houses of Parliament, a service which she acknowledged very graciously to Lady Gwydyr and himself when she and they had both come into their kingdom. They, I say, for Lord Gwydyr did not become a peer till 1870. Before that he was Secretary to his uncle, Lord Willoughby, who was the Lord Great Chamberlain. He had in consequence rooms in the Westminster Palace, together with the right to stand on the steps of the throne during a debate in the House of Lords, and to go to the Peers' Gallery in the House of Commons.

27. Lord and Lady Monkswell, Mr. Francis Smith, Mr. Thomas, Sir Charles Scott and his wife, who came to us on Saturday, left us this morning. Sir Charles gave me an account of the very numerous posts he had held since we parted at Dresden in January 1862.

Several of his chiefs had been men of no great mark, but he had served under both Morier and Ampthill, whose widely contrasted merits he fully recognised. He made us laugh by mentioning, when we were talking of odd mistakes made by English people in foreign tongues and by foreigners in English, that a German lady, whose husband had been very ill, found him sufficiently well to allow her to go to a party at an English house. To the eager question, "How is your husband?" she replied: "Oh, he is very much better. I left him sleeping quite quietly, with two *blood-eagles* on his breast."

29. Bought at Lincoln's a particularly fine set of the Maundy Money of Charles II., interesting as being the work of Thomas Simon, the hero of the Petition Crown; and spent later a quarter of an hour at the National Portrait Gallery, where I looked chiefly at Victorian portraits, without being much impressed either with the beauty of my contemporaries or the genius of the artists who painted them. I thought Watts's John Mill and Lord Lawrence very striking, but any one would receive a much better idea of what Mat. Arnold looked like, from a good photograph than from his portrait by the same painter; although it may perhaps be considered by good judges very fine as a work of art. The portrait of Newman in his decrepitude seems to me deplorable,

and I much wish its place could be taken by Lady Coleridge's consummate drawing. He liked it himself, however, as appears from an autograph exhibited in the adjoining little room.

Count Blücher came down to dine and sleep. A letter from his uncle, Prince Lobkowitz, turned the conversation to his house in the corner of the Hradschin. It was from it that Martinitz and Sclawata were flung, and the signal given for the War of Thirty Years. Our talk passed on, *via* Raubnitz and Eisenberg, to the Upper Elbe, and Blücher said: "Do you remember Schreckenstein? That also belongs to him, and is still inhabited by an agent." I replied: "Yes, I remember it particularly well, for just as we passed under it a fellow-passenger fell into conversation with me. I was only fifteen in those days, and it was not surprising that I set down the very quiet elderly gentleman, with whom I was talking, for something mercantile, but I could hardly have made a worse guess, as I found out a day or two later that he was the famous cavalry leader of the Peninsula, Sir Dugald Gilmour!"

December

1. I did not know the story told in the following paragraph which I have just come upon in an essay of Hutton's. It might with much advantage have been circulated during the last Greek war:

"When Shelley was writing his poem of *Hellas*, Trelawney insisted on taking him to see actual Greeks on board a ship at Leghorn, that he might better know what he was writing of. They found the Greek crews 'squatting about the decks in small knots, shrieking, gesticulating, smoking, eating, and gambling like savages.' 'Does this realise your idea of Hellenism, Shelley?' I said. 'No, but it does of Hell,' he replied."

2. I sent my address on Epitaphs, which has just been printed, to J. R. Byrne, and have this morning an amusing letter from him, in the course of which he writes:—

"A friend has just given me an epitaph he has written on himself. He is a professed Agnostic.

"'Fit nihil ex nihilo.
Sum quod eram, quod ero.'

"He intends it to mean that he knows hereafter he will come to

nothing, that there is no future life. And I comment on it as follows:

> "'Agnostic art thou? Thou who canst so well
> Thy whence, thy what, thy whither, all things tell.'"

I asked Byrne to give a copy of the same paper to Eaton, my friend and tutor of 1846. He sends me an epitaph on a dog, which is extremely good, but Hylax must have been a formidable beast. I shall send him in return my epitaph on Prinny, published in the Indian volumes of these Notes. That charming little person would have fought Cerberus himself, and would indeed, if his strength had been equal to his spirit, have devoured all creation. He bit me again and again, but never succeeded in getting through the skin.

"HYLACIS EPITAPHIUM

> "Canum catellum quot fuere principem
> Princeps alebat me puer. Jam comprimit
> Hoc marmor ossa. Sed cavete mortuum
> Vos o latrones, hortor, et nefarii;
> Namq hospes atrox sic ad inferos eo
> Ut sit metus ne mox revertar—hic redux.
> Non Orcus ipse Cerberos capit duos."

To Eaton, too, I owe a happy phrase not hitherto known to me:

"It would be very interesting to hear your view of South African matters when one remembers your old prediction as

to the War of 1870. Perhaps, however, you discard all these matters now and cry with Fontenelle, 'I hate war, for it spoils conversation.'"

4. Of the prosaic things belonging to an age which is very unjustly described as eminently prosaic, few better deserve that epithet than the great majority of Reuter's telegrams; but one appeared in the *Morning Post* of the 2nd, which is as good in its way as the last lines of the "*Grand Old Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens*":

> "Out ower, out ower by Aberdour
> 'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
> And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
> With the Scots lords at his feet."

"When Colonel Wingate overtook the enemy, the Khalifa tried hard to outflank him on the left, but as he failed to do so, and Colonel Wingate's fire was too hot, the Dervishes began to retire. The Khalifa, perceiving that it was impossible to get away, told his Emirs to stay with him and die. He then spread a sheepskin on the ground and sat down on it, the Emirs being grouped on his right and left hand. Shortly afterwards the Khalifa was killed, being shot through the head, heart, arm and legs. His Emirs were subsequently found lying dead beside him, and his bodyguard, all of whom were also killed, in front of him."

5. Count Blücher and I went up to London together. We talked of a great lady in a European capital. "They call her house," he said, "Die Giftbude." "No doubt,"

I replied, "Chamfort, if he had had the pleasure of her acquaintance, would have said of her as he did of some one else, 'Elle est l'entrepôt de tout le venin de la société. Elle le ramasse comme les crapauds et le darde comme les vipères.'"

7. I think I have somewhere noted that when we were living at Hampden, a friend of mine declared that when the peasantry in the country between that place and Oxford spoke of the Prince they meant Prince Rupert. Francis Count Lützow says in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month, that he had himself heard peasants in Bohemia speak of the Battle of the White Mountain, which took place in 1620, as "our recent disaster."

10. Miss Soulsby writes, on the authority of a lecturer to whom she has been listening, that during the war which followed 1830 the Dutch opened the Belgian dykes and spoilt the harvest. When the Belgians sent in a claim for damages, the Dutch replied that it was the Belgians who owed them damages for the moral inundation to which they had subjected Holland. Moral inundation is delightful!

11. Wilfrid Ward, the Julian Ainslies, E. F. Webster, and Dr. Maclean, whose name occurs frequently in my Indian Notes, left us this morning.

We talked of Faber. It appears that in his last illness

he asked how he was. "Very ill indeed," was the reply. "Then you had better," the sick man rejoined, "order the prayers for the dying to be read." 'No," answered the person to whom he spoke; "I think you will live four-and-twenty hours." "Oh, in that case," rejoined Faber, "read me *Pickwick*."

Ward also repeated two stories, both about Jowett, which are worth putting down. During his second last illness, when a lady asked him how he felt, he opened his eyes and in his squeaky voice said: "It is not ecstatic!" It was in his last illness that he beckoned to a relative who was near him and said: "You had better all go. I do not think I shall do anything definite to-night."

17. Count Blücher mentioned that his great-great-grandfather began life as a Swedish subject. Many of his brothers having died in the Service it was the desire of the family that he should stay at home, but he ran off at fifteen and enlisted in the army. The accident whereby he became a Prussian, while still a mere boy, was highly amusing. A stalwart soldier took him prisoner, observing as he lifted him off his horse, "Was willst du Gelbschnabel? whereupon he transferred his allegiance and began the career which was to terminate at Waterloo. Frederick William III., it appears, did not like him. It was the Emperor of Russia who gave him the command of the Silesian Army.

I find that they have in the Blücher family the ordinary version of the remark of the Field-Marshal about London. I think, however, it can hardly be true. The version of it which Bernhardi gave me in 1864 is much more probable. It was to the effect that the old soldier, looking over the wretched district which he saw on the other side of the river from the top of the Monument, said: "Was für Plunder!" "What rubbish!" Nothing is more natural than that somebody who did not understand German should give to what he said the usual interpretation. It seems that when they made him a doctor at Oxford he said: "I will appoint Gneisenau my apothecary."

22. I finished to-day Sir Algernon West's *Recollections*, in which there are many amusing things; such, for instance, as Dowse's reply to the friend who asked him whether he liked Bach: "I had rather hear Offenbach than Bach often."

That brings back to me Lord Salisbury's happy remark at The Club on 23rd February 1897, with regard to the first-named musician: "The Eastern Question often makes me regret the death of Offenbach; it would have afforded him so much material."

Sir Algernon was elected a member of Brooks's in 1854, as I was in 1856, and describes very well the sort of feeling with which that intensely solemn society inspired young men. He quotes some one who said that the

Club "resembled a country house in which the duke was known to be lying dead upstairs."

Happy, too, was Lord Granville's answer when something was said about the absence of buttons in Charles Villiers' shirt-fronts: "He uses them to put on the tips of his foils." Less courteous, but very clever, was the reply of Henry Calcraft, who was called by his intimates "the hangman," from an executioner of the same name, when Lord Cowley said to him: "You are always the first person I see when I come to London." "And you may be very sure I shall be the last."

The second volume interested me very much less than the first; still, even in this volume there are many things worth remembering, as, for instance, Father Healy's joke about Miss Lynch, a tall young lady, of whom he remarked: "Nature has given her an inch, and she herself has taken an ell." Not less funny was his reply when a friend called his attention to the spindle-shanks of some girls who were bathing in the sea: "You couldn't expect these heifers to have calves."

At page 195 there is a really curious ghost story, and at page 308 a fine passage, new to me, is quoted from Cardinal Manning:—

"As in a piece of tapestry, where on one side all is a confused and tangled mass of knots, and on the other a beautiful

picture, so from the everlasting hills will this earthly life appear not the vain and chanceful thing men deem it here, but a perfect plan guided by a Divine hand unto a perfect end."

I have been acquainted more or less with the immense majority of the more notable persons mentioned in the two volumes. Indeed, I think almost the only one whom I never saw and whom I should have cared much to have seen, was the first Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton. I knew a little and liked much what I saw of her elder sister, who married Thomas Duff of Drummuir, but her health was such that she was lost to the world years before she died.

26. Iseult is re-reading to me the first volume of *John Inglesant*, and we came to-day upon a passage which occurs immediately after the account of the Battle of Newbury, and might have been written about the miserable fighting now going on in South Africa. Lord Clarendon says in his *Great Rebellion*:—

"Such was always the unequal fate that attended this melancholy war, that while some obscure, unheard-of colonel or officer was missing on the enemy's side, and some citizen's wife bewailed the loss of her husband, there were on the other above twenty officers of the field and persons of honour and public name slain upon the place, and more of the same quality hurt."

27. We have had a family party for Christmas, reinforced by Dr. Maclean, who went up to London with me this morning and interested me by describing how he has gradually come to think better and better of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, till he is now prepared to maintain that we have had no one equal to him in the English musical world since Purcell.

1900

January

2. We transferred ourselves to-day from Lexden to 11 Chelsea Embankment.

8. Dined with the Literary Society, Walpole in the chair. A discussion about Mr. Rhodes led us on to the King of the Belgians, when Pember referred to his having presided many years ago at the annual dinner of the Literary Fund. I have given in an earlier volume Lord Houghton's account of his performances on that occasion, and Pember added to-night this further testimony. When the Royal chairman had made one good speech after another, Venables turned to Pember and said: "D —— the fellow! I am glad he's a king; if he hadn't been he might have come to the Parliamentary Bar!"

10. After business was over to-day at the Pelican I talked with Lord George Hamilton about his last night's speech. In the course of our conversation he said:

"When you entered Parliament, and to a considerable extent even when I did so, the prevailing opinion was that Reason was henceforth to rule the world." "Alas! yes," I said, "and now!"

11. With Lily to the British Museum, where we came upon an autograph letter from Claverhouse, in which he reported his defeat at Drumclog, and mentioned that he had ordered his men to reserve their fire, which, by the way, he spelt "fyr," until the enemy was only ten paces off.

13. I was looking at some lines in *The Etonian* to-day *à propos* of a conversation at the last dinner of the Literary Society, when, in a note to an article on Wordsworth, I saw to my amusement that when *Paradise Lost* appeared, no less a personage than Waller wrote to a correspondent that Milton, the old blind schoolmaster, had published a poem on the fall of man, remarkable for nothing but its length!

16. Spent half an hour in the British Museum, seeing a volume of the original manuscript of the Codex Alexandrinus, and photographs taken from the two other very ancient manuscripts of the New Testament, the Sinaiticus and the Vaticanus. A long case is filled with "brown Greek manuscripts," very valuable no doubt, but I think the nephews of the Bishop who ordered his tomb in St. Praxed's might have been pardoned if

they preferred the other gifts which the right reverend prelate proposed to ask for them from his patron saint. There are a great number of autograph books, not far off, of all ages, from Raleigh to Coleridge. A beautiful little illuminated book of prayers is said to have been used by Lady Jane Grey on the scaffold.

Victoria repeated to me an excellent story which is going about, to the effect that one of the Volunteers who desired to go to South Africa, having been rejected because he had a hollow tooth, remarked: "I wish to kill the Boers, not to eat them."

17. Returned with Iseult to the British Museum. In one of the cases at which I was looking yesterday there is a manuscript of Gray's *Elegy*, written most carefully by the poet's own hand. It leaves no doubt that, when he wrote it, he meant the disputed line which precedes

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

to read not "await" but

"Awaits alike the inevitable hour."

18. ——— told me to-day that a gentleman who had Coptish blood in his veins, having got into great money difficulties, had to place his affairs in the hands of an eminent firm of solicitors. He suggested to them

an arrangement under which certain Jews who were among the creditors seemed likely to get not more, but less than their due. They pointed this out to their client, who said: "You evidently forget how they fleeced my ancestors in Egypt."

25. Count Blücher, who has, of course, spoken Bohemian since his childhood, gave me an amusing account of the troubles which are encountered by men who try to turn, to modern and civilised uses, a language which was used for ages only by the lower classes. He cited as an instance the curiously uncouth word by which our familiar piano is translated.

Bought at Lincoln's a half-crown of Cromwell, designed by Thomas Simon and belonging to the year 1658. Round the edge are the words, "Nemo has nisi periturus mihi adimat." The "has" refers, I presume, to England, Scotland and Ireland, of which the great, man is on the obverse proclaimed Protector.

29. Dined with Mr. and Miss Burrell, meeting Lady Lindsey, Monsieur and Madame Metaxas, etc. The Belgian Minister, Baron Whetnall, gave a curious account of a visit to Fez, where the Emperor was very civil to him, and where he obtained a great position in the esteem of the populace, because in the course of some photographic experiments his beard had accidentally touched that of His Majesty. He says that a European

far from being allowed to enter a Mosque, of which there is one very fine specimen in the city, is not even allowed to walk slowly past it. He must pass rapidly on the other side of the way.

February

3. Breakfasted at Grillion's, where we elected the Chancellor and Lord Selborne. The party was small, but our oldest members came to the front in a highly creditable manner, both Lord Fortescue and Lord Norton being there. Sir Richard Webster congratulated the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had not been informed of it, on the death of Mr. Smith of Chicago, an old gentleman who has lived for many years at the Reform Club, but whose contribution to the death duties will be about one million sterling.

5. Father Tyrrell lunched here to-day, and we had afterwards a long *tête-à-tête*, in the course of which he dwelt much upon the great variety in the action of the Jesuits, a variety so great that he remarked that it was probable that everything that had ever been said for or against the Order had been truly said with reference to it at certain times and in certain places.

7. My daughter Clara, Fritz, and Lord Welby dined here with me, my wife and the girls having gone to a concert. We talked of the strange ways in which shyness often shows itself in people whose lives would, one thinks, eradicate it, such as the last Lord Derby. Welby told us that a Mr. Ferdinand Arkwright, now dead, but in his lifetime a rather privileged personage, had called out to another statesman: "I say," and on the latter turning round, had merely added in his stammering voice: "Oh! d-d-d-don't be frightened. I'm not going to s-s-speak to you."

8. We went this afternoon to five o'clock tea at Lambeth, finding there, amongst others, the Bishop of Oxford, who had characteristically been filling up the days about Christmas time, when little business could be transacted, by drawing up for the Archbishop a complete list of all the Lambeth degrees that had ever been conferred. Among them were two of the most learned ecclesiastics of their time—Dr. Mills, of Cambridge, and Bishop Thirlwall.

My wife asked about a parrot who had interested her on a previous visit, and who used to live on a tree in the Archbishop's study. He was not, it appears, His Grace's property, but belonged to a chaplain, and was no longer in residence. "He was not always," said the Archbishop, "a very well-conducted bird. When the

great concourse of Anglican prelates was in England a year or two ago, many of them came to this house and filed past him, but his greeting to each was only, 'You are an ass'!"

11. At Clara's this afternoon Mr. Philip Somers Cocks told us that a Frenchwoman, famous for her very sharp tongue, had been annoyed at an evening party in Brussels by the sword of a Belgian General catching in her lace. He was profuse in his apologies, but she said: "Ça ne fait rien, Général, les épées Belges ne coupent pas."

13. I finished to-day Mr. Paul's *Memories*, or at least that portion of them which deals with his life after he went up to Oxford. It is a pleasant book, but contains less unfamiliar to me than I had expected. The most amusing thing in it is, I think, the account of Miss ———, an American lady, who went to stay with the Pauls when they lived at Sturminster Marshall. She was devoted to the occult, and had persuaded herself that she had lived in many previous states of existence, always as a queen. One of the children was holding a little dog in her arms, when Miss ——— gave indications of much uneasiness. On being asked the reason, she replied: "I have always disliked dogs since they ate me. You know I was Jezebel."

16. In spite of a snowstorm, which nearly made us

send an excuse at the last moment, we went down on the 14th to Rowfant, where Mrs. Locker-Lampson had assembled a large party. Among them Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, Sir Henry Fowler, the Batterseas, and Mrs. Bruce, whom I had not seen since the party in connection with which her name is mentioned under the date of 14th February 1877.

Mr. Choate told us at Rowfant that Downing Street took its name from George Downing, a nephew of John Winthrop, and one of the earliest graduates at Harvard. He came to England and became possessed of the property on which Downing Street was afterwards built. He served impartially Cromwell and Charles II., being employed by both as Resident in Holland, and earned, I am afraid quite deservedly, the character of a very unscrupulous rascal. It was a descendant of his, I think a grandson, who gave his name to Downing College.

Before we went to Rowfant I had *Sunningwell* read to me, a pleasant book by Cornish, the Vice-Provost of Eton. Having heard that the principal character represented, under a thin disguise, Pearson of Sonning, I wrote to George Boyle to ask if the picture was a good one. He replied as follows in a letter which I received this morning:

"Pearson was so many-sided that a real picture of him is not easy to draw, but on the whole Cornish has done it

very well, and there are many who will recognise the features and recall scenes and hours of long ago. Pearson was a most loyal lover of A. P. S. and Jowett, and yet he had a great feeling for men very different also. I do think he was one of the fairest of men, and I have been often thinking of him lately in reading some of James Martineau's best sermons. He had one fault, and that is yours also, a very moderate estimate of the bard of Rydal."

17. I went this afternoon to the Athenæum for the first election of the year under Rule 2, a decidedly good one. They chose Leader the Artist, Gill, who is evidently considered the first of British astronomers, and, tell it not in France or Germany, the Chief Rabbi, proposed by the Bishop of London!

23. The Archbishop of York, who was one of our guests at dinner to-day, mentioned that Brahms, having gone to see Schumann, played to him. Schumann heard him in silence, but at last rang the bell and said: "Ask Madame Schumann to come here." She came, and he said: "We have often discussed who should be my successor. It will be this young man."

26. Lily and I came back to-day from Stocks, whither we went on the 24th. Mr. Chirol, of the *Times*, M. Chevrillon, and others were of the party. I talked with Mrs. Ward about her recent visit to Italy. Her impressions as to the state of the country were much less pessimist than some others to which I have listened.

Inter alia, she mentioned that Lanciani had said, when looking from her villa over the Campagna: "Every time I see this view I observe that cultivation has pushed further and further into the plain." A proprietor near Milan had said to her: "People talk of the poverty of Italy, but I can only say that my estate brings me twice as much as it did my father." A third acquaintance of hers remarked: "We complain about our condition, but when I look back for forty years it seems to me that we have performed miracles."

In an earlier volume of these Notes, I think the eighth, I have quoted some very intelligent remarks made to Mr. Chirol by the Bishop of Stagos. Whether it was his good sense, or some other cause, which got him into trouble with his superiors, Mr. Chirol could not tell me; but he last saw him in banishment at that very unattractive spot, Mar Saba.

He told me that the last time he met with General Gordon was at Oliphant's house in Haïfa. Finding himself shadowed by the police when he was engaged in examining the localities in and around Jerusalem, Gordon started one day and walked off to the North. His shadow followed him all the first day and stuck to him on the next until he got near Nazareth; then he gave up the pursuit, and Gordon, having got so far, thought that he would go on and pay Oliphant a visit.

27. Dined at Grillion's. Avebury, who was in the chair, was next to me on the right, and the Attorney-General on the left. Lord Norton gave an account of a curious scene at Drayton Manor when he was very young. There was a shooting party collected in the house, and the hour for a start had just been arranged, when Sir Robert Peel said to his eldest son: "You had better go and improve your mind till it is time to go out. Croker is in the library: go and have a talk with him." Norton followed to the library and heard the following conversation: "Which do you think, Mr. Croker, was the greater general of the two, Hannibal or the Duke of Wellington?" "Oh!" replied Mr. Croker, "certainly the Duke of Wellington." "But there is a good deal, is there not," replied young Peel, "to be said against the Duke of Wellington? Did he not behave very badly in connection with the death of the Duc d'Enghien?" "Good God, my boy!" was the rejoinder, "what can you be thinking of? I suppose the execution of Marshal Ney!"

March

1. This morning Lord Ripon sent me a message to say that Ladysmith was relieved, and a few hours after the town was *en fête*. The very perambulators were decorated with tiny Union flags.

M. Chevrillon dined with us to-night. Conversation turned to the present disposition of the French people towards England, and eventually found its way to lunacy. M. Chevrillon mentioned a curious variety of that well-known form of it which induces the person affected to believe himself to be the Supreme Being. The Trinitarianism of the particular lunatic in question was so strict that he insisted on having three of everything of which sane persons are satisfied with having one.

3. The Breakfast Club met at Walpole's, eight or so being present. At my end of the table were Robert Herbert, Trevelyan, and the Speaker. The last-named quoted a happy reply made by Balfour to some member who asked him whether he did not think that the diamonds belonging to the De Beers Company should be applied to paying the expenses of the relief of

Kimberley. The leader of the House said that if that principle prevailed it would make little difference to a town whether it was sacked by its enemies or relieved by its friends.

He also gave an amusing description of a passage of arms about the Norman-French used in giving assent to Bills. The man who introduced the subject having taken it into his head that it was abolished advisedly in the days of the Long Parliament and borrowed after the Restoration from the French Court—the fact of the matter being that it was abolished simply because the House of Lords and the King both disappeared, and was restored like other ancient things when the King got his own again.

4. A gentleman whom I met this afternoon at the Sydney Buxtons told me that an English friend of his, still alive and eminent as a Greek scholar, found himself in company with Théophile Gautier, who passed for a great authority on matters Hellenic. They differed about some point, and the Englishman declined to yield, when to his infinite astonishment Gautier said: "Mais quelle traduction lisez-vous donc?"

6. Dined at The Club, where we had eight, and where there was delightful conversation, both grave and gay. Both our Bishops were present, London and Oxford, so that it was very natural we should talk a good deal

about cathedrals. Dr. Creighton said that they usually owed their situation to two causes: the possibility of communication with them by water, and the facility for getting good stone; while they owed their beauty very often to the contentions of rival monasteries. He inclined on the whole to put Westminster above any other specimen of the English Gothic, and spoke with very great admiration of the churches lying between Caen and Bayeux, more especially of Norrey, which must be well worth a visit.

He once, to his very great surprise, on visiting Tedstone Delamere, saw that a good deal of travertine had been used in its construction, a material which we know so well in Rome, but of the use of which in any part of England I had never heard. The clergyman took him to a place where he was able to show him an unused block of travertine. "The use of that rare mineral interests me exceedingly," I said, "for Tedstone Delamere was also the scene of a botanical wonder. There only in Great Britain the strange orchid, *Epipogum Aphyllum*, has been found, certainly twice, and possibly oftener."

Our talk was not, however, all as serious as this. Sir E. Maunde Thompson mentioned that his brother had been at a wayside inn, when a countryman came to the bar and asked for a glass of "Mother-in-law." The

barmaid handed one to him, which he drank. When he had gone the stranger turned to her and said: "What is Mother-in-law?" "Stout and bitter," was the reply.

The Bishop of London made us laugh by a characteristic story of Freeman. He was examining the field which men call Hastings and the gods Senlac. A man came up to him and said: "I think, Sir, I can be of some service to you." "Pray go away," was the historian's answer, "I don't want you at all." "But," insisted the new-comer, "I think I could show you something which you ought to see." "Go away," rejoined Freeman, "I don't want any information." "But really, Sir, if you would allow me, I think I could save you trouble." "Go away, go away," said Freeman, now thoroughly angry. "I know the Duke has given orders that I am to be left quite alone." "But I *am* the Duke," was the answer.

I did not at all know that my old Balliol acquaintance Ridding, now the Bishop of Southwell, had the credit of the very witty translation of "lying-in-state," *Splendide mendax*, which I have mentioned in an earlier volume of these Notes.

10. Dined with my daughter Clara. Miss Mabel Lowther told me a joke of the French against us, surely not undeserved. Some one proposed to call a new

laundry "Blanchisserie Tugela, parcequ' on repasse là à chaque instant."

12. Dined with the Kenelm Digbys. The conversation turned upon the lately published Life of Mr. de Lisle, and one of the party mentioned that that gentleman was much interested in table-turning. With great difficulty he and his priest succeeded, as they believed, in discovering that the spirit with whom they chiefly communicated was a Buddhist. "But what an extraordinary thing it is," remarked Mr. de Lisle, "that a Buddhist spirit should have got into my table!"

15. Finished George Brodrick's *Memories and Impressions*, for which he disclaims the title of an autobiography, which would, I think, be a not incorrect description of them. I have lived so much with him since we became acquainted, at Balliol in the autumn of 1850, that most of what he has to say is sufficiently familiar to me. The book is, however, exceedingly well written, in the style which the habit of years, as a *Times* leader-writer has made inevitable to their author, and they are full of well-weighed, well-expressed opinions upon many of the most important political questions of our times. I am glad that he will leave behind him so accurate a presentment of a well-marked individuality.

I have had read to me some of Dean Milman's Life

lately published by his son Arthur, long the right-hand man of the Senate of the University of London. I think the most interesting piece of information, I met with in it, occurs on an early page, where it is mentioned, that at the same Commemoration at which young Milman recited his famous poem on the Apollo Belvidere, Warren Hastings received the degree of D.C.L. That takes one a long way back. I frequently met the Dean in the earlier sixties, and he was very kind to me. He was the first, I think, to make the fame of a man who has still a very high place in our society. He was certainly the first person who talked much to me of Lecky, then in his early youth. It is quite natural that the historian and I should never quite agree as to the relative place amongst churchmen of Milman and Stanley, he putting the first in the highest place and I the second.

27. I was caught some ten days ago by the winds of this very detestable March, and was not able to leave the house until yesterday, when I went down to Knowle Park, near Cranleigh, where my second son, Evelyn, was to-day married to Edith Florence, eldest daughter of Sir George and Lady Bonham. Everything was extremely well done, the church pretty—the east window more especially so. There was, of course, a large gathering of friends, coming from London and from the

country immediately surrounding Knowle. Amongst people I had not seen before, I note Mr. George Buchanan, now Chargé d'Affaires at Darmstadt, Lady Bonham's brother, and Mr. Clark, the Registrar of the University of Cambridge, who married her sister. The former told me that he had had a long conversation with the Emperor of Russia, who spoke very sensibly about the relations of ours and his country, saying that Russia had years and years of work to do in Asia without in any way touching the sphere of British interests. Mr. Buchanan dwelt much, however, on the difficulty which the Emperor has in getting his own way in the working of the enormous machine, and thought that, in spite of the Reichstag, the Emperor of Germany had much more individual power.

Mr. Clark talked to me of Thompson of Trinity, and told me one or two of his good things which I had not heard before, as, for instance, that when he was piloting an ecclesiastic, to whom he was not devoted, into St. Mary's through a crowd, he called out: "Make way for the preacher, or some of us will be disappointed."

I received a note to-day from Mr. W. P. Courtney, who has been reading my recent volumes, in which he tells me that the Montacute inscriptions are adapted from Pope's *Imitations of Horace*, Book II., Satire II.,

which is addressed to Mr. Bethel. The two lines in the original are:

"And yours, my friends? through whose free-opening gate,
None comes too early, none departs too late."

30. I have been looking at a pleasant little book about the Athenæum, by Mr. Waugh, containing a good deal, of course, which I know, but also some things which I did not know. Such is the *ben trovato* answer attributed to Bonamy Price, who, asked what he thought of Niagara, is said to have replied: "Oh, a horrid place, one can't hear the sound of one's own voice." But perhaps the page which interested me most is that which refers to Mr. J. Lettsom Elliot, who from 1880 to 1898, when he died, was the only survivor of the original members.

"He had carried," says Mr. Waugh, who was intimate with the old man, "Queen Victoria in his arms when she was an infant of four; he had been dubbed 'her little Mercury' by Queen Caroline, for whom he used to act boy-messenger; he had come across Shelley, whom he thought 'an effeminate-looking fellow'; he had walked beside Sir Joseph Banks chair and listened, awe-struck, to his conversation; he had witnessed the election of Sir Mark Wood and his son under a tree by the butler, and their return for the rotten borough of Gatton; he had watched the wild charge of half-drunken Cossacks (the escort of Hetman Platoff) over Blackheath after the Peace; he remembered walking on the Thames during the

frost of 1814; he had a vivid recollection of the Guards wearing pig-tails; and he had taken three days to cross the Channel in a sailing packet."

I used often to meet Mr. Elliot in connection with Athenæum business when I was first on the committee, some thirty-seven years ago, but had no further acquaintance with him.

Mr. Francis Smith repeated this afternoon to one of our party a good saying of poor J. K. Stephen, which was quite new to me: "It has been said that Heaven lies about us in our infancy; but that is no reason why we should lie about Heaven in our old age."

Who was it who mentioned to me lately that, at a man's dinner, a journalist, who conceived that he was not attracting sufficient attention, tried to capture it by a bold paradox: "The two great curses of this age," he remarked, "are Christianity and journalism." An eminent statesman disconcerted his plan by the quiet remark: "Christianity, of course; but why journalism?"

April

1. Went this afternoon with Lily to the little old French Chapel in King Street, Portman Square, interesting to me as the place where Mrs. Craven was christened, to hear Père Clérissac, a preacher of whom people have been talking. His sermon was on repentance, an excellent piece of rhetoric, following all the traditions of French Catholic oratory and faultlessly delivered; but conventional in the highest degree.

Later in the afternoon Mrs. Williams-Freeman told me that a Jew who had married his daughter into a good French family had said: "Elle est belle comme Venus, riche comme Crœsus, et innocente comme Dreyfus!"

2. Dined at Grillion's. I was in the chair, with Trevelyan and Herbert on either side of me and Lord Norton opposite, taking at eighty-six his full share in the conversation. It was he who mentioned the fact that the statesman, Sir Robert Peel, had a brother of whom I had never heard, and who took it into his head to go to bed and remain there for seventeen years. Lord Norton

went to see him, and found him surrounded by newspapers, and fully informed about everything that was going on.

9. Dined at Grillion's—a party of five, Lyall in the chair. There was much pleasant talk, but chiefly about South Africa and other matters sufficiently discussed in the newspapers, to which I never allude in these Notes; but our chairman told incidentally an amusing story, to the effect that two men were sitting together on a bench at, I think, Cannes, one of whom was reading to the other. A woman of the peasant class passed with her son, and said: "Look at that poor old man; he did not learn to read when he was young, and when you are old, you will be as unfortunate as he if you do not now apply yourself to your letters." The object of her commiseration was no other than Victor Cousin!

10. Transferred ourselves to Lexden.

14. Mrs. Barrington writes from Taormina:

"The Fates are kind, for I wake just before sunrise every morning. I open the windows down to a terrace looking towards the Calabrian coast from behind which I watch the first rim of the sun emerge. Then I quickly run and open the opposite window, also giving on to a large terrace, over which the great Jove among the mountains rises in an immense pile. The top catches the pink touch of light before even the clouds are rose, then gradually the carmine flame colour spreads down over the snow like a cape, till it reaches the girdle of wooded slopes

where Callicles sang with his harp as Empedocles mounted the crater above. Then the buildings near us catch the fiery light, quite scarlet among the almond trees and olives, specially in an archway of an old convent, Santa Caterina—which, with its rows of cypresses, makes the foreground of the picture. All this goes on every morning, with very few exceptions and slight variations."

15. Easter Sunday. Susan Lady Malmesbury, Sir John Ardagh, and others are with us.

Sir John told a curious story, to the effect that he had been staying, many years ago, in a house in the County of Waterford. Another guest was a girl, his own cousin. Suddenly Miss Ardagh rushed into the drawing-room exclaiming: "I have seen the hearse with the headless horses," fainting immediately afterwards. Most of the party treated this as a perfectly serious warning, and speculated as to whose death it was likely to portend, the tradition in the family being that this appearance was only seen when one of them was about to die. A few hours later came the news that the girl's uncle and guardian, who stood to her *in loco parentis*, she being an orphan, had been killed by a fall from his horse while staying with Sir John Ardagh's father some thirty miles off.

There is much to be said for the Bohemian arrangement. A great many of the principal families in that

country have a white lady in common, a Countess Rosenberg, who haunts their houses impartially.

16. We drove—a large party—through Nayland, across a country which can never be very attractive and was to-day swept by a pitiless gale, to Lavenham, a journey of about two and a half hours. This place, now a little town or large village, was once relatively important, and in 1397 had to pay to the Crown as a loan no less than £20, being the same amount as Bath, Derby, Lichfield, and Plymouth. At that time, and for long after, it was a great seat of the wool and cloth trade; now it weaves horsehair and cocoa-nut fibre.

Lavenham is full of old houses, some being picturesque black and white ones; but its pride is its church, built by one of the De Vere Earls of Oxford, the owner of Hedingham, and Mr. Spring, a rich clothier. Some of its architecture is Decorated, but most Late Perpendicular; and Pugin is reported to have considered it the best specimen of that style which he had seen. I know not whether this statement be correct, but it certainly is a most beautiful thing.

24. Iseult and I, with most of the establishment, moved from Lexden to London.

Dined with The Club, whither came Welby, Herbert, and Sir E. Maunde Thompson. The death of the Duke of Argyll, which is announced to-day, and that of Sir

Donald Stewart, which took place a week or two ago, made it necessary for us to talk over our vacancies, and many names were discussed.

I spoke to Maunde Thompson of those wonderful Litter handles which belonged to Ferdinand Rothschild, and which I saw a day or two ago when I went to visit his collection. Thompson told me that they were brought originally to the Museum, but that the authorities there, not having money to buy them at the time, had recommended their being taken to Baron Ferdinand, who purchased them, and has now left them to the nation. The estimated value of the things he has bequeathed is said to be about £300,000; but I thought these Litter handles very much more to be desired than anything I saw.

26. I was re-elected to-day a member of the Council of Foreign Bondholders, under the provisions of our recent Act. Admiral Field, who was re-elected with me, made a happy little speech in which he quoted what he called his favourite motto—"Sal Omnia sapit." That meant, of course, in his mouth, "An old salt knows everything."

As soon as I was re-elected I proposed the election as President of Lord Avebury, who left us two years ago, Sir William Lidderdale, who has presided over our Council since that time, having intimated to us that he could

no longer continue to do so, without neglecting other necessary business.

I was told this afternoon an amusing and characteristic saying of Palmerston's. A lady told him that her maid, who had been with her in the Isle of Wight, objected to going thither again, because the climate was not *embracing* enough. "What am I to do with such a woman?" she asked. "You had better take her to the Isle of Man next time," was the reply.

28. The Breakfast Club met at Robert Herbert's, where we found the table decorated with the true oxlip. The Speaker, Trevelyan, and others attended. There was a great deal of talk about the publication of the Spion Kop despatches, about the proposed new Tribunal of Appeal, and other matters of the day; but nothing very amusing came up, save a story of Courtney's when we were talking about the scandalous way in which some municipal authorities waste the money of the ratepayers by quite unnecessary journeys to London. When he was Secretary to the Treasury, a deputation from Sligo came to him to urge an entirely harmless change with reference to some of their pecuniary obligations. Their wish was granted immediately, with many regrets that they should have taken the trouble to come so far about so trifling a concession, which a couple of letters would have settled. "You seem to forget," remarked some one who was

present, aside to Courtney, "that to-morrow is the Derby Day."

30. Dined at Grillion's. There was a huge dinner afoot, under the auspices of the British Empire League, which would, I knew, carry off Herbert, and doubtless many others; so as soon as three had come together, Lord Norton and I voted Lord Spencer into the chair, and sat down on his right and left. Dinner, however, had not gone on for many minutes before Lord George Hamilton and both the Balfours arrived from the House of Commons, and we had six — an excellent number. There was a great deal of talk about Ireland, a country which all except Norton and myself knew intimately. Lord Spencer told a curious story of his having, during his first Viceroyalty, met a man of the people, in or near the Dublin Zoological Gardens. He asked him what he was doing, and he replied that he had wished to skate in the gardens but had not been allowed. "Well," rejoined Lord Spencer, "you may go and skate on the ice at the Viceregal Lodge." This piece of good-nature, thanks to a long series of circumstances too complicated to relate, became an important factor in the detection of the murderers of Burke and Frederick Cavendish, so that the Viceregal amiability was well rewarded.

A great many beautiful places in Ireland were passed in review, and Lord Spencer spoke very highly indeed

of Hazlewood, which is, I think, near Sligo, but the name of which was unknown to me.

Conversation found its way to Lord Lansdowne's place in Kerry, and Lord Spencer told us that when the grandfather of its present owner went to stay with a great middleman to whom he had let it, he found to his surprise that where he expected to find water there was nothing but whisky. He mentioned this to his host, who replied: "My lord, as long as you remain in my house you shall not taste a drop of water."

May

2. With Iseult to Kew, where we walked about looking at the tulips, which are in perfection; and at the narcissi, which, though still worth seeing, are a week past their best.

3. My wife mentioned casually at dinner that the first time she saw Louis Napoleon was at Brighton. She was sitting with her mother on a bench, when the latter whispered to her: "That man who is sitting close to us is a nephew of the great Napoleon," touching her forehead at the same time, to intimate that he was believed to be not quite right in his mind.

When Marshal Blücher was driving from Ligny to Waterloo he saw something by the roadside which very much startled him, and he called out to his coachman to ask him if he saw anything. "Nothing," said the man. "Look again," said his master, "surely you see something. Tell me exactly what you see." "Well," was the reply, "if I must tell you, I see Count Franz with his head under his arm." Count Franz was the son of the Marshal, and the appearance that had been seen by the two was the same. This curious story is told in a letter from the Marshal which is now in the possession of the family. Count Franz Blücher was badly wounded at the Battle of Kulm and taken prisoner. He was particularly well treated by Napoleon, but shortly became insane.

5. Dined at the Royal Academy, whither came the King of Sweden and many others, amongst whom Sir George White, fresh from Ladysmith, was particularly well received. The three people near enough for me to talk with were the Bishop of Oxford, Lecky, and the Lord Chief Justice. I asked the first-named about an account he had given me of a lady who had gone to a Riddle Ball in a very cleverly devised costume. She wore round her neck seven miniatures supposed to represent the seven wise men of Greece, and lower down as many more, representing notabilities of our own time.

Her riddle was to be read by the name of a well-known book, *Hymns Ancient and Modern.*

I asked the Bishop if the story of his answer to a remonstrance of Archdeacon Palmer's, which I have told on an earlier page, was true, and he admitted that it was.

I asked the Lord Chief Justice if the reforms he advocated in connection with the Inns of Court, and which were much in accordance with the views I brought before the House in 1864, were making any progress. "Not the least," he said, and went on to explain the exact position of affairs.

There is a story told in a book which I lately read, to the effect that an ecclesiastic of high rank had asked an attendant at the Athenæum whether Justin Martyr was in the library, and that the man had replied: "I don't think he is a member, Sir, but I will go and ask the porter." The Bishop, who had been reading my paper, spoke about this to someone, who suggested that the man had probably in his head the name of Justin M'Carthy!

6. Lecky told me last night, the "Cinque Maggio"—see the Indian volumes of my Diary—that Lady Blennerhassett was to arrive about the time he spoke, and I went to-day to see her at the house of her daughter, Madame d'Erlanger. She had much to say that was interesting about the immense changes which are going

on quite quietly in the Roman Church, and which would make even Döllinger, if he reappeared in the world, seem a reactionary.

7. A particularly bright and pleasant evening at Grillion's. It was the sixtieth anniversary of the election of Lord Fortescue, who is now the father of that Club, and Evelyn Ashley brought up from Broadlands an extremely interesting document. This was the address presented to Lord Palmerston after the Pacifico affair in 1850. Of all the great number of names affixed to it Lord Fortescue, then Lord Ebrington, was the sole survivor. He entered Grillion's even before he was Lord Ebrington, as Mr. Fortescue, thanks no doubt to the combined influence of his father and Sir Thomas Acland, then all-powerful.

We talked of good repartees, and Lord Fortescue said very truly that there were few better than Lord North's to the violent opponent who said: "We must have the noble Lord's head!"—"If the honourable gentleman could only know how little I desire to have his!"

He had once spoken to Gladstone about Pitt's personal attack upon Sheridan in his character of theatrical manager, and of the latter's well-known retort about the "Angry boy." "They should both have been ashamed of themselves," replied the statesman, jealous of the decorum of the assembly in which he played so conspicuous a part.

Ruskin's name came up, and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton told

us that he had once been at Hawarden when the prophet came thither. The first day Gladstone held his own in talk fairly well, but on the second Ruskin quite overpowered him.

Evelyn Ashley told me that towards the commencement of the Queen's reign when Lord Shaftesbury, then in the Lower House, was beginning his work in connection with factories, Lord Melbourne said to Her Majesty, pointing to his fellow-guest: "If you want to know who is the greatest Jacobin in your dominions, it is that fellow Ashley."

8. Dined with The Club—a party of eleven; Jebb was in the chair. We elected Sir Edward Grey. On my right was Sir Henry Elliot. Conversation turned to a visit which he had paid us at Knebworth some four-and-twenty years ago, when I was much struck by the admirable way in which his daughter knew her facts and controverted the wild opinions about Turkey with which Gladstone had then inoculated a section of his party. "Is it not curious," he said, "that the Porte has never yet lost one of its provinces by internal revolt? Many provinces have been wrested from it, but none had slipped away."

11. To Miss Bishop's in the afternoon, whither came a variety of people; among them Madame von Schubert and Henry Cunningham. Conversation turned to Charles

Bowen, and our hostess repeated an anecdote about him I did not know. When Fitzjames Stephen was getting seriously ill and the public had begun to find it out, someone suggested to Bowen that he should tell his brother judge that he could retire on a full pension. Bowen thought for a minute, and then replied: "No, I don't think that particular bun will suit that particular bear."

Dined with Madame d'Erlanger, sitting between her mother, Lady Blennerhassett, and the French Madame d'Erlanger. Amongst people I had not met before was the Austrian Minister at Munich, Count Zichy, who began his conversation by saying that he almost fancied that we had known each other before, because he had gathered from my books that we had had so many friends in common.

Some time ago Flora Russell asked me if I knew the scientific name of the birds which fly about over the Bosphorus and are known as the *Âmes Damnées*. I knew that they were the *Memnoniæ Aves* of old times, but could not answer her question. Diana told me after dinner that they had found out that these restless creatures belong to a species of Shearwater (*Puffinus Yelcouanus*), and that they had occasionally, I think she said five times, been found in England.

17. We had a large dinner of young people, followed

by a dance. Lady Sligo, who came with one of her daughters, told me that she had once heard a gentleman, talking in French to an English girl, make some remark about her mother's hair. "Oui," was the reply, "ma mère se grisait de bonne heure."

She mentioned, too, that one evening at Lady Marion Alford's before her marriage, she found herself sitting next Lord Beaconsfield. He gave her a rose, adding: "A rose from Corisande's garden. Shall I put it in your hair?"

18. I had read through to me to-day the address delivered to his pupils by Jowett, just fifty years ago, on the text, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." See the passage quoted from it under date of 25th October 1895.

22. Dined with The Club. A party of seven — Walpole, Avebury, Jebb, Courthope and our "twins," Sir Henry Elliot and Hooker, both of whom will be eighty-two if they reach the 30th of June. The last-mentioned has not been with us for a long time, kept away by increasing deafness: which has, however, been much diminished since he has had a severe attack of influenza. We elected Sir John Ardagh.

23. Dined at the India Office, sitting between Lord Wenlock and Sir Owen Burne. With the former I talked of course a good deal about Madras. He told

me that he was a great smoker, and while in India had been very fond of the Dindigul cigars, produced by Mr. Heimpel mentioned in my Indian Review Minute of 1884; but that he found it as impossible to smoke them in England as he had found it impossible to smoke Havannahs at Madras. I have often heard the same from other smokers, but never any adequate explanation of so strange a fact.

After dinner I went on to meet Iseult, who had to-night, at Devonshire House, her first experience of a large London gathering.

26. The Breakfast Club met under the presidency of Lord Wolseley at the Naval and Military Club, which I do not remember to have entered since it was the house of Lord Palmerston. In the course of conversation, Reay asked a riddle which I had not heard: "Why does Mrs. Kruger not use a Dutch oven?"—"Because we have sent her a Kitchener."

I remember, when the first Derby Cabinet was formed, a legend went about London to the effect that Sir John Pakington, when he was made Colonial Secretary, went off immediately to Wyld's Great Globe, which in those days occupied the centre of Leicester Square, to see where the Colonies were; but I had never heard what Walpole mentioned this morning, and which may pair off with a story I have noted under the date of 26th

April in this year, to the effect that a lady said to Pakington, when he took office: "I am sure you do not know where the Virgin Islands are?" and that he replied: "As far as possible from the Isle of Man."

We talked of Father Healy, whom our host had known in Ireland, and he told us that there was some years ago a great effort made to get up a sort of Hibernian Lourdes. It was stated that at a particular point, I think Wolseley said in the County of Kildare, the Blessed Virgin had shown herself repeatedly. "Depend upon it," said Father Healy to the priest who was the centre of this religious movement, "if you will put less whisky in your punch at night, you will have no more visions of Our Lady."

28. Dined at Grillion's, the Bishop of Winchester in the chair, Evelyn Ashley, Lord Jersey, Sir Richard Webster, Lord Norton, Sir Robert Herbert, and Sir Charles Acland being present.

Sir Richard Webster repeated an amusing story which was new to me. An Irish private went to ask his Colonel for a week's leave, on the ground that he had been exceedingly useful to his wife at her spring cleaning the year before, and that he should like to be so again. "It would give me," said the Colonel, "the greatest possible pleasure to grant your request; but I am sorry to say that I have received a letter from your wife to

say that you were of no use to her at the spring cleaning, and she hoped you would not get leave." The man sorrowfully turned to go, but stopped at the door and turning to his commanding officer, said: "May I say another word, Colonel?" "By all means," answered the other. "There must be," rejoined the man, "two of the greatest liars in the world in this room, for I never had a wife."

The Bishop mentioned that when Dr. Benson died suddenly at Hawarden he was sent for to look after numerous matters which had to be attended to. Everybody else had gone, the result being that he was left alone with Gladstone, who talked incessantly. The subject uppermost in his mind at the time was the *Life of Manning*. "Manning," he said in the course of talk, "got when he entered the Roman Church for the first time, a free hand." "How was that?" said the Bishop; "we are accustomed to think that men who join the Roman Church have less liberty than they had before." "The bent of Manning's mind," answered Gladstone, "was towards wire-pulling and management. He tried to work by that in our Church, but failed entirely, for they were not in accordance with the spirit of the institution. In the Roman communion he had an ample field for his special gifts, and hence the career with which we are familiar."

June

15. Sir L. Alma-Tadema's house, to which I went with Clara on the 11th, stands in a beautiful garden not very far from the old home of George Eliot, where I used to visit a quarter of a century ago. It has been fitted up chiefly with old furniture from Belgium and Southern Holland. The less refined taste of Friesland and the North is also represented, but only to a small extent. Peculiarly interesting are a set of panels, painted with something characteristic by most of the leading artists of the day; but, in truth, every detail of the decoration is the outcome of thought and highly cultivated intelligence.

To-day I went with Lily to the British Museum, where Sir. E. Maunde Thompson showed us a great variety of things which we had not seen before, as, for instance, the Babylonian account of the Deluge, from which that of Genesis was derived, losing in the process of transformation some of its wildest extravagances, such as the statement that, after the Ark had been left behind and he was once more on dry land, its builder, Tsît-napishtim, offered sacrifices, while the gods, attracted by the smell, came round them like flies.

We saw, too, the famous Tel-el-Amarna tablets, and the long correspondence between Egypt and Assyria.

I did not know that we possessed the bones of Mat. Arnold's Mycerinus, nor that that unhappy prince had suffered from some terrible disease in the knee, the traces of which are only too apparent to this day.

16. The Breakfast Club met at Lyall's, nine in all. The name of Mr. Price, who used in my time to be member for Gloucester, came up, and something was said about a monument he had raised to a large number of Welshmen who fell into an ambush and were killed in his neighbourhood. "Price," said the speaker, "is a Welsh name; it is simply Ap-Rice, just as Prichard is Ap-Richard."

Both Herbert and Wolseley spoke of the Kumasi business as much more serious than was at first supposed. F. Leveson-Gower told us that he had seen a good deal, at Holmbury, of the son of the Ashanti king, who was at school not far off. Mr. Gladstone met him at luncheon and amused the company by the deference he showed to the young savage, whom he treated quite as a Royal personage.

His name led to some conversation about the unwisdom of bringing home such people to be educated in England, and our host said that he had once spoken on the subject to Pelham, the Professor of Ancient History at

Oxford, who said: "The Romans tried the same experiment with the same want of success." The case of Jugurtha was, it seems, quite typical.

We talked of the rapid change that has been going on in the munitions of war and the almost total disappearance of round shot. "I was once," said Lyall, "engaged in going over the fort of Allahabad, where Lord Northbrook was to be received the next day with much honour. There I found an aged artilleryman, who was getting ready an immensely long piece of cannon for the morrow's festival. 'What charge do you put in it?' I asked. 'Oh!' was the reply, 'I have just loaded it with two stone balls.' 'Good gracious!' I said, 'you don't mean to fire them off?' 'Oh! yes,' was the answer; 'they will fall far off, somewhere in the jungle!'"

Charles Norton told us a schoolboy answer, perhaps only happily invented: "What do you know about Sir Walter Raleigh?" "Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco into England, and when smoking it in this country said to his servant: 'Master Ridley, we are to-day lighting a candle in England which by God's blessing will never be put out.'"

He gave an interesting account of a large district in North Carolina, which Mr. George Vanderbilt is turning, with the best scientific assistance, into a magnificent

forest, bringing together every tree which is likely to flourish in that region.

Excellent, too, was a story told in the course of the evening of an American lady, who, glancing round an exhibition of pictures by one of her countrymen, said: "Ah! Intimations of Immorality!"

18. Dined at Grillion's, a party of eight, with Lord Harris in the chair. Conversation turned upon Lord Elgin's expedition to China, and Wolseley mentioned that he had in his possession a curious souvenir of the Summer Palace, which he had obtained from a French corporal. This was an enamel, which turned out, when he had it examined in Europe, to be a fine example of Petitot—a head of Boileau, forwarded of old time with many other things by the King of France to the Emperor of China.

21. Took the girls to an evening party at the Hugh Bells', and then on to a dance at the house of Countess Hoyos. At the former place I talked long to Mr. Cropper about our quondam leader, Mr. Gladstone. With reference to the sudden volte-face of 1886 he quoted an epigram of Lowell's, which was written while I was still in India, and which I had never heard before:

> "His greatness not so much in genius lies
> As in adroitness, when occasions rise,
> Lifelong convictions to extemporise."

26. Dined with The Club, a party of ten, but the only members who were near enough for me to talk with were Jebb, Acton, and Lord Carlisle. The first-named, taking off his finger a very pretty gem, said: "This ring has, I have no doubt, been at this table before. It belonged to my great-grandfather, Bishop Horsley, from whom it descended to me."

I spoke to Lord Carlisle about the Mausoleum at Castle Howard, which I thought so beautiful when I saw it in 1881, and asked him who had built it. "A man called Hawkesmoor," he replied. "There exists a letter from Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, in which she remarks: 'That old fool, Lord Carlisle, is spending ever so much money in building a mausoleum; he'd much better have given the money to his ugly daughter, who won't be married without it'" . . . and she wasn't. Nevertheless, *pace* the terrible Duchess, it is, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the most admirable thing of its kind in England.

This was a notable occasion, for unless there is, by any chance, an Autumn Session, which is most unlikely, it is the last meeting of The Club in the nineteenth century.

We elected Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge.

28. Dined with the Humphry Wards, meeting the Alma-Tademas and others. Lyulph Stanley gave an

interesting account of the University of Louvain, to which he had lately gone to have a conversation of two and a half hours with one of its leading authorities. Stanley asked whether they tried to prevent young men going to the non-Catholic universities. He said: "Not at all, although we do not go so far as the Jesuits, who have a hostel at Brussels where they receive young men who attend the Université Maçonnique of that city." It appears accordingly that the claim made by the Bishops in Ireland to prevent their co-religionists attending lectures in universities not under Catholic control, would be considered quite excessive in Belgium.

30. The Breakfast Club met under the wing of the Speaker, Herbert, Reay, Courtney, Mackenzie Wallace, and others being present. I had asked our host to invite Charles Norton, and he came, as he had done on two previous occasions, once when we met at my house in 1869, and once in 1884 while I was in India. He was as agreeable as possible, and made the meeting of this morning the pleasantest we have had this year. He told us of an admirable American prayer which he had actually heard: "Oh Lord! give us self-complacency, that most precious of all Thy gifts."

Conversation wandered to the visit which Tyndall, he, and I paid many years ago to Carlyle, and of

which the first-named wrote long afterwards an account, I think in the *Nineteenth Century*, which he sent to me.

That led on to the suggestion often to be found in the manner of Carlyle's utterances, that the hearer must not take everything quite literally. This would apply to the observation made to Norton that "Fitzgerald could surely have employed his time better than in translating the verses of that old Mohammedan blackguard." Perhaps, too, to what he said about Tennyson: "I have the greatest possible respect and admiration for him as a man, but I don't care about his writings. To think of him dribbling his powerful intellect through the gimlet holes of poetry!"

It fell to Norton's lot to be the first to tell Carlyle that John Stuart Mill was gone. "It is very strange," he said, "that we who were once so very intimate have had no communication for so long a time. John Mill was extremely kind to me at a very difficult period of my life, and I was most grateful to him. Our last meeting was opposite the old India House. I asked him to meet, under my roof, Margaret Fuller, of whom Emerson thought so highly. He refused very curtly, and I could see he was much irritated with me. Why, I never have been able to make out, unless conceivably some one had repeated an insignificant jest of mine about him and

Mrs. Taylor picking grapes off the same bunch like a couple of love-birds.

"The commencement of his close relations with that lady were very odd. She heard that there was a young man in London who knew all about the Infinite, so she summoned him, and setting him down opposite her gazed at him with her great eyes. John Mill, who had never in his life looked closely on a female countenance, not even upon that of a cow, was subjugated at once."

Acton, I suppose, must be Norton's oldest English friend, for when they sat next each other this morning they recalled a conversation in Norton's library in America, forty-seven years ago.

The Speaker told me that the porch of his house had been placed there by Evelyn Denison, and bore his arms with the comfortable motto, "Denique cœlum," recalling the not less comfortable motto of the Ellesmere's, "Sic donec," which Alfred Bailey happily translated "Bridgewater House will do in the meantime."

We talked of the future of Greek in America, and Norton said that it would go by the board. "Its friends," I said, "could save it, if they would only teach it as a modern language." "Of course," he said, "they could; but that is exactly what they won't do. Their conservatism is far too stubborn for that."

July

11. To the Queen's garden-party. The weather was perfect.

14. The Breakfast Club met at Reay's. The current of conversation somehow or other found its way to the Bacon-Shakespeare craze, and Wolseley said that he had once remarked to the Queen that some people now doubted whether Shakespeare had written his own plays. "Oh! don't talk to me about that," she replied, "that was Lord Palmerston's nonsense."

We spoke of golf, to which the Speaker is devoted, and Wolseley said: "Far the best man across country I ever knew was Sir Hope Grant. He told me, nevertheless, that if he were starting under the most favourable circumstances, for what was likely to be the best possible run, he would, if he heard there were golf links in the neighbourhood, immediately dismount and change the occupation of his day." I remember Whitbread mentioning, to me, a generation ago, that he had asked Lord Dacre, than whom no man had had better opportunities as a sportsman, what form of sport gave him the greatest pleasure. "Oh!" was his reply, "there is no sensation to equal the first pull of a salmon!"

15. I have had read to me *A Reported Change in Religion*, a sort of novelette by Bernard Holland. I think we may say of it that all arguments for and against going over to Rome, which can be considered reasonably possible, are *included* amongst those urged in the various letters which a false report of his conversion to the *Alleinseligmachende Kirche* entails upon the hero. Many of them are of course merely inserted on account of dramatic propriety, such as one from a pragmatical, ritualistic cousin, another from his hardly wiser sire, a hide-bound Low-Churchman, another from a rabid Evangelical parson, and so on, and so on. But the majority of the letters are interesting in a high degree.

My wife, who has been reading Madame D'Arblay's Journal, showed me, one of these days, a letter from Dr. Burney to his daughter, written immediately after the execution of Louis XVI.

"At The Club, on Tuesday, the fullest I ever knew, consisting of fifteen members, fourteen seemed all of one mind, and full of reflections on the late transaction in France; but when about half the company was assembled, who should come in but Charles Fox! There were already three or four bishops arrived, hardly one of whom could look at him, I believe, without horror. After the first bow and cold salutation, the conversation stood still for several minutes. During dinner Mr. Windham and Burke jun., came in, who were obliged to sit at a side table. All were *boutonnés*, and not a word of the

martyred King or politics of any kind was mentioned; and though the company was chiefly composed of the most eloquent and loquacious men in the kingdom, the conversation was the dullest and most uninteresting I ever remember at this or any such large meeting. Mr. Windham and Fox, civil — young Burke and he never spoke. The Bishop of Peterborough[1] as sulky as the d—l; the Bishop of Salisbury,[2] more a man of the world, very cheerful; the Bishop of Dromore,[3] frightened as much as a barn-door fowl at the sight of a fox; Bishop Marlay[4] preserved his usual pleasant countenance; Steevens in the chair; the Duke of Leeds on his right, and Fox on his left, said not a word, Lords Ossory and Lucan, formerly much attached, seemed silent and sulky."

16. Victoria told at breakfast an excellent story which she heard on Saturday. The great Ollendorff was dying, when a bystander caught these words: "Je meurs. On peut aussi dire je me meurs."

Dined at Grillion's — a party of five; Lecky in the chair. Herbert, Lord Mount Edgecumbe, and Lord Norton were present. The last-named talked of old House of Commons days, and mentioned that on one occasion Sir Charles, the father of Lord Knightley, came up to give evidence before a Committee on Highways. Being very popular and a typical country gentleman of the first rank, he was received with much distinction. "You wish," said the chairman, "to lay something

[1] Dr. Hinchcliffe. [2] Dr. Douglas. [3] Dr. Percy.
[4] Bishop of Waterford—? Marley or Marlay.

before us?" "Certainly I do," was the reply. "What is it?" continued the chairman. "I hear," rejoined Sir Charles, "that you propose to do away with the grass strips along the roads; but if you do, how the devil am I to ride to covert?"

Our conversation passed to Louis Napoleon, and Lord Mount Edgecumbe told us that when the Ex-Emperor was staying with him after the catastrophe, he spoke of the Commune, and his guest immediately quoted the verse from Schiller's *Glocke:*

> "Gefährlich ist's, den Leu zu wecken,
> Verderblich ist des Tiger's Zahn;
> Jedoch der schrecklichste der Schrecken,
> Das ist der Mensch in seinem Wahn."

18. There is mentioned in the *Pall Mall* of last night a curious article by a Russian who generally devotes himself to abusing England, but on this occasion transfers his attentions to Germany and holds the occupation of Kiao-Chau to have been the cause of all the mischief now going on in China. His paper is an expansion of the saying of a great German magnate made on hearing of that proceeding, and lately repeated by himself to me: "Kiao-Chau will be Miau-Miau."

23. Dined at Grillion's — a party of eight; Wolseley in the chair. I sat on his right, and we talked chiefly

of the war in South Africa. The most interesting contribution to the conversation of the evening was made by Lord Ashbourne. It appears that after the fall of the Beaconsfield Government he attended, although not then of Cabinet rank, several meetings of the old Cabinet, and he gave a most amusing description of one of these called to hear the Queen's Speech, which had, as usual, been communicated to the Opposition by the Government. The account of the deference which was paid to the Duke of Buccleuch by Lord Beaconsfield was like a thing in one of his early novels, while on the other hand the awe with which their chief was regarded by his late colleagues was perfectly astounding to one who witnessed it for the first time.

26. The doctor having announced that my wife, who has been very ill, was fit to travel, we left town to-day and established ourselves at Lexden.

28. As she was reading to me under the deciduous cypress, the beginning of a book by Sir Herbert Maxwell, we came on the fact quite unknown to me, that *Sanglier* is derived from *Singulier*, the beast who left his companions and led a solitary life. The Italian *Cinghiale* is of course only a further corruption of the same word.

We drank to-night a bottle of Tokai of 1811, which was lately given me. Being nearly ninety years old it

belonged to a period long before the Phylloxera, or that reliance upon South African assistance of which I learned when I was at the Colonial Office, twenty years ago. Sir Charles Mills, then the Cape agent, promised to get for me some of the best Constantia, but came in a few weeks to report that it was impossible to fulfil his promise, the whole product of the Constantia vineyard then going to Hungary to make Tokai.

August

6. Reading Lord Stowell's Life to-day in the *National Biography*, I came across the fact that we owe to him the expression, "The elegant simplicity of the three per cents."

27. Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, arrived late on Saturday and left us to-day. We had much pleasant talk. He spoke a good deal both of Lord Salisbury and Lord Beaconsfield, very moderately and sensibly from his point of view, which is of course not mine, for he was in former years a militant Conservative journalist. He quoted a good remark of the latter statesman which was not familiar to me: "England cannot begin again." Altogether he made himself most

agreeable; but both Webster, who was staying here, and I thought he talked best when the subject was the Catholic Church, to which he belonged originally but left in his early manhood, finding it impossible to hold her dogmas though retaining the strongest regard for her. When at Stonyhurst and about sixteen, he had the good fortune to hear a sermon from Ravignan. It was of the simplest possible kind in conformity with its first words, "Soyez bons mes enfants," but he had found it impressive in the highest degree.

I was puzzled last year by a white coating on the trunks of several beeches, which looked as if they had been exposed to a snowstorm, and tried, without much success, to find out the cause. It turns out to be what is commonly known as the "American blight," and is produced by a creature nearly allied to the Aphis, called *Schizoneura lanuginosa*. It appears further that it is most mischievous, and will, if not checked, prove fatal to the trees attacked by it. I have accordingly begun, aided by Webster, who is staying here, to combat it by brushing with parrafin the trees which are affected, trusting that it may not be too late.

Something in the conversation last night suggested to me and I repeated the very remarkable inscription of 1524 which I found in letters of gold upon a black panel in the old *Rathhaus* at Ratisbon on 2nd August

1847. In former days it was placed over the door of the judgment hall in that old Imperial City.

> "Quisquis senator officii causâ curiam ingrederis,
> Ante hoc ostium privatos affectus omnes abjicito,
> Iram, vim, odium, amicitiam, adulationem,
> Publicae rei personam et curam suscipito,
> Nam ut aliis aequus aut iniquus judex fueris,
> Ita quoque Dei judicium expectabis et sustinebis."

28. Mrs. Mounsey, who now occupies Lawford Hall, which we looked at when we were house-hunting in these parts, and whose husband was long in the Diplomatic Service, lunched here yesterday with all her family. She fully confirmed the interesting account which her daughter Evelyn gave, when staying here recently, of the havoc wrought amongst some of their bantam chickens by a hedgehog. I had always believed that the stories to the disadvantage of that little animal were pure fabrications, but unhappily, in this case, he was caught red-handed and slain. When talking of this Mrs. Mounsey mentioned that a farmer wrote the other day to one of the newspapers in this part of England narrating a similar tragedy, and saying that he too had hitherto disbelieved all evil reports of the hedgehog.

31. Drove with Lily and Miss Eleanor Round to Mersea to show the latter some plants. I do not think I observed anything that I had not seen before, unless

it was the *erecta* form of *Atriplex patula*, of which I appear to have no record. As we drove back, conversation turned to the earthquake which took place in this neighbourhood in 1881, and Miss Round told us that the first news which reached her family, then in London, came by a telegram from Birch: "The house is still standing." They supposed that there had been a fire, but presently received another telegram from the "Holly Trees" in Colchester: "The roof is still on," a statement which made confusion worse confounded and sent them out to gather intelligence.

Coco, the oldest of all our pets, was found dead in her cage this morning. She was an Australian cockatoo, who came to High Elms in the sixties, and was given to my wife by Miss Harriet Lubbock in 1874, while I was absent in India. She lived with us at Hampden, at Knebworth, and at York House, went out with us to Madras in 1881, lived there and at Ootacamund till my wife returned to England in the autumn of 1886, and has been our intimate friend and companion ever since. Latterly she had got sadly lame, and could only with difficulty come to the edge of her cage to have her head scratched. For some weeks I have feared that every time I spoke to her would be the last.

September

3. Dramatic stories about gems always give me pleasure, and I to-day came across one about a diamond, which was specially interesting. It appears that Lord Pigot, who was imprisoned by his Council in the days when the Governor of Madras was not yet the potentate which he afterwards became, left behind a diamond, said to weigh 188 carats. It formed the subject of a lottery, under a private Act of Parliament, realising nearly £24,000; was later sold at Christie's for something less than £10,000; came into the hands of the jewellers, Rundell and Bridge, was by them sold for £30,000 to Ali Pasha of Janina, and was by his orders utterly destroyed, after he had received his mortal wound, and before the old tiger breathed his last.

4. Arthur sends an amusing account of the way in which things are managed in Venezuela.

"Last week," he writes, "there came to see me a Mr. André a naturalist from Trinidad. He told me that he had been collecting orchids in the East of Venezuela, and that he had paid export duty on the plants collected by him to the authorities of the State of Maturin. It was his intention to ship his orchids at Cumaná, which is the capital of another State. His collection was being brought down from the

interior on donkeys, and he himself reached Cumaná a few hours before the animals. On his arrival he was met by certain officials of the local Government, who informed him that he would have to pay a heavy export duty on the orchids. When he landed at Cumaná in May no such tax was in existence, and he had made all his arrangements on the understanding that he would have nothing to spend in taxes beyond the impost exacted by the Maturin authorities. He immediately went to see the President of the State, who said that he could do nothing in the matter and that he must pay the duty. Mr. André then returned to his lodgings, and presently the officials came back and demanded immediate payment. He protested, and pointed out that the tax could hardly be assessed in the absence of the objects on which it was imposed. Later in the day the donkeys bearing the crates containing the orchids arrived, and an attempt was made to terrorise Mr. André, a policeman threatening to take the orchids to the police station if the duty were not paid immediately. Ultimately the man desisted, and the donkeys were allowed to enter Mr. André's lodgings.

"Mr. André reached Cumaná on July 20, and it transpired that the President, who frankly informed him that the imposition of taxes and the promulgation, repeal, interpretation, etc., of laws were matters which depended entirely on his own (the President's) good-will and pleasure, issued an ordinance imposing a duty on 'parasitic flowers, collected for commercial purposes,' in view of the opportunity of raising revenue which the export of so large a quantity of orchids afforded, on the very day of Mr. André's arrival, although the ordinance was dated the 1st of July. It was in vain pointed out to the President that the plants were neither flowers nor parasites, nor intended for commercial purposes.

"Mr. André left his orchids at Cumaná and came to Caracas.

He was brought to see me by his brother-in-law. On the following day I interviewed Dr. Blanco, who was very nice about it, and orders were sent to the President of Cumaná through the Minister of the Interior to exempt the plants from any export duty. Incidentally Dr. Blanco informed me that orchids, although not parasites, were so considered by the Venezuelan law."

6. The Wilfrid Wards, who came on the 4th, left us to-day. They were fresh from Arundel, and he told me that a day or two ago the Duke of Norfolk mentioned that he had till very recently, when the payment was commuted, received every year the sum of £80 on account of the good service done by his ancestor at the Battle of Flodden! The strange difference between the combats of the present war and those of the past is curiously illustrated by the Duke's experience. He was engaged for a whole day without hearing a single bullet, or seeing a single man fall.

Mrs. Ward read me all she has written up to this time of her new novel, and quoted a striking line from a poem of Miss Adelaide Procter's:—

> "Only Heaven
> Means crowned, not vanquished, when it says
> forgiven."

At night she read aloud *Madonna's Child*, by our late guest, the Poet Laureate, and then made me read

Lammenais' incomparable prose-poem *Les Morts*, to which I have been so long devoted.

12. I returned this afternoon from Barlbrough Hall, Miss de Rodes' place near Chesterfield, whither I went on the 7th along with Iseult, and where we were joined by Victoria on the following day. The house is a very remarkable one, built in the years 1583-84 by Sir Francis de Rodes, who was made Justiciarius of the Common Pleas in the thirtieth year of Elizabeth, and who is oddly represented over the chimney-piece in the drawing-room by his coat-of-arms twice repeated—the supporters of the first being himself and wife No. 1; the supporters of the second being himself and wife No. 2. The alliances of the family are shown on a shield in the dining-room, and should be very interesting, I think, to any one who has made a study of Heraldry.

We had as fellow-guests Mr. and Mrs. Lowther, Mrs. Lyttelton, widow of William Lyttelton, brother of the last Lord, Mr. Mallock and Mr. Augustus Hare. Mr. Lowther told me of a Russian Minister at the Saxon Court who began his will with the words, "Si jamais je meurs," and mentioned that M. Nothomb, who used to represent Belgium at Berlin, never could remember anything he had read in a railway-carriage or when he was lying down. To Mr. Lowther, too, I owe a good saying of Van de Weyer's. He went to see a lady of

his acquaintance, and asked her how her ball had gone off. She replied that it had not gone off at all, that her uncle had died suddenly, and that all her preparations had to be countermanded. "Qu'en dites-vous?" she asked at the end of her narrative of misfortune. "C'est une manque de savoir vivre," said the old diplomatist.

Lady Margaret Herbert came over on the 11th from her house at Teversal, bringing with her her uncle, Dr. Alan Herbert, of Parisian celebrity, whom I was particularly glad to meet. She told me that the well-known incident of the gamekeeper who shot nightingales because they prevented the young pheasants from sleeping, really happened at Highclere, and that the hero of it was still alive, though not any longer in the responsible position of gamekeeper.

I talked a good deal with Mr. Mallock in the smoking-room, and was specially interested by some passages which he showed me from his Lucretian translations.

I made Hare give us the admirable Colosseum sermon mentioned on a previous page, and he added to it a passage from a sermon heard by Arthur and Mary Stanley, and preached by Bellew, who had a nine-days'-wonder reputation in London some forty years ago. It was on the text, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee," and was a fine specimen of a sort of Dance

of Death eloquence, ending in a shriek which sent, it is said, some of his congregation into hysterics.

18. Lady Sligo, with her twin daughters, M. Geoffray and Mr. Peacock, a son of Sir Barnes, the once well-known Indian judge, who all arrived on the 15th, left us this morning.

Something led Lady Sligo to speak of her early recollections, and she told us that she well remembered, when as a child of six years old she was out with her nurse, seeing a cab driving along the street and hearing the people say: "C'est Guizot qui se sauve avec un sac d'ecus sur le fiacre." Of course she had not the faintest notion who or what Guizot might be. Shortly afterwards she was going upstairs when she met a lady coming down, who stopped her and asked what her name was. The lady then said: "You are very like a little girl whom we have lost, and you must come and see a gentleman in the carriage at the door." The gentleman was kind to her, as were his little dogs, the latter rather too kind, licking her and making friends more than she desired. Presently some workmen passed and called out, "Vive Lamartine!" insisting on a speech from the great orator, who made haste to oblige them. His voice, she said, rather comforted her, perplexed as she was by the over-zealous caresses of his four-legged favourites.

She amused us also by telling us that a French gentle-

man, whom we can recollect, and who spoke English fairly well, could never be got to remember certain things. He insisted, for example, when he would have said to a friend who was telling a story in French: "Ah! comme tu es blagueur"; saying under similar circumstances to an Englishman: "Oh! what a blackguard you are!"

Often as I had seen M. Geoffray in London I never had much sustained conversation with him; but now we beat over all the relations of France and England with complete agreement. If only international questions could be left to the diplomatists and the Press "ne mettait pas son épingle dans le jeu," how much trouble and expense would be saved to all nations!

I put to Mr. Peacock some questions about the Duchy of Cornwall office, in which he is, and gathered from him that the County of Cornwall supplies only a very moderate portion of the revenues which are there managed. Some £10,000 a year may come from that source, but four times as much from an estate at Kennington, given by Edward III. to the Black Prince, and now immensely valuable.

26. The Boyles, who came to us on the 20th, left this morning, I going as far as London with them. The Dean and I have had of course an immense amount of talk, but it has turned chiefly upon old friends or

acquaintances, and comparatively little upon the sort of things which I consign to these pages.

He mentioned a strange epigram of events. The building at Littlemore, where Newman was living in 1845, is now, or was, lately occupied by Mr. Upton, a learned Unitarian writer!

He quoted a verse which was new to me, having reference to a banking catastrophe, and to the honours paid in the previous generation at Birmingham to Sir Robert Peel and to the Attwood of Reform celebrity.

> "When the statue of Peel to the bystanders round
> Exclaims in its agony—'What is a pound?'
> The statue of Attwood will answer with glee,
> 'A pound is exactly eleven shillings three.'"

He told me, too, that the last Lord Houghton, then Monckton Milnes, was asked by Mr. William Lyttelton, the husband of the lady mentioned under date of 12th September, for an inscription to be placed on a stone over the entry to his house. "There can be but one fitting inscription," was the reply, "*Linquenda.*"

27. I was puzzled lately by coming on the name of the Right Honourable William Elliot, who seems to have been elected a member of The Club in 1813 and died in 1818. I wrote accordingly to Sir Henry Elliot about him. He was, it appears, only distantly connected with

the Minto family, though he lived in the greatest intimacy with them. He was Secretary to the Irish Government and a member of, I presume, the Irish Privy Council. In Dublin he was known from his extreme paleness as the Castle Spectre.

October

1. Sir G. T. Goldie, who has been staying here, left us to-day. Since we last saw him he has been travelling widely in China. He had intended to make his way from the South to the Yang-tze valley, but one person after another, who had promised to act as guide, found some excuse for not going, and he had afterwards no doubt that they foresaw the troubles which were on the point of breaking out. These troubles, he conceived, if they had begun in the South, would have taken the shape of an insurrection against the Manchu dynasty as well as a war against the foreigner; but the Empress and her associates were clever enough to cause them to break out in the North, and to be directed only against the latter. He thinks that the religious question is at the bottom of the hatred of the Chinese to Europeans, and that if Christianity had been content to take a place

alongside other faiths, as Buddhism has done, there would have been no difficulty. Its claim to exclusive dominion is the cause of the great hostility which is felt to it.

12. Sir W. Thiselton Dyer wrote to me suggesting that I should see Lord Ampthill before he went to Madras. I asked the two accordingly to meet here on the 10th, which they did, and we had a great deal of talk, largely about those departments of Indian Government which seem to have fallen too much into the background during the last fourteen years, and in which the Director-General of Kew is naturally most interested—Agriculture, Forestry, the introduction and culture of economic plants, etc., etc. Like me, he is persuaded that all questions fall into the second rank in comparison with the tremendous question, how is the population, which is increasing with such rapidity upon our hands, to be kept alive. "You cannot," he says, as truly as wittily, "run the Empire of India upon Mansion House funds."

I was a great deal alone with Lord Ampthill, and we exchanged ideas upon many subjects connected with the duties he is about to assume. I handed also to him, at the suggestion of Lady Arthur Russell, my Minute of 1884, and that of 1886, as well as the volume of Tour Minutes and Speeches, by which the action, detailed in the first of these, was initiated.

I had also a great deal of conversation with Dyer upon miscellaneous subjects, and was particularly pleased to find that, from the landscape gardener's point of view, which he so thoroughly understands, he approved of this place in the highest possible degree. He had much to say also about the West Indies, and the efforts that have been made by Chamberlain, himself, and others, to give them substantial help. He believes what I have long more than suspected, that the ruin of the sugar estates had much less to do with the bounties than it is the fashion to maintain. Bad management has been the cause of much more mischief than is usually admitted. The estate owners of the West Indies have gone on the stupid old lines, while their rivals, the sugar-beet growers, have been calling to their aid the latest conclusions of science; so much so, that they now get all the sugar out of the plant that it can possibly produce. If they attempt to make it produce more sugar, the result is fatal; it becomes too good for this world and ceases to exist.

15. The list of the new Senate of the University of London appears in the *Times* to-day. When it was definitely settled that the old order was to change, my attendances at the meetings of the late Senate became less frequent, and I have only put in an appearance once since the scene of its labours was transferred to the

Imperial Institute. My chief satisfaction in being connected with it, arose from the fact that I was nominated by the Crown to succeed Lord Derby, at his suggestion, when he became Chancellor. Much business came before it, which could, I think, have been quite as well transacted by a less dignified agency.

18. Mrs. Mounsey, who came over here this afternoon, brought with her Prince Ibrahim, a nephew of the late and first cousin of the present Khedive, who was educated chiefly at the Theresianum, in Vienna, and partly at Harrow. He has travelled very extensively already, and proposes ere long to recommence his travels, beginning with India. He seems particularly fond of Archæology, and has excavated with some success at, amongst other places, Ialysus and Camirus in Rhodes. He spoke with some pride of the management of his estate in the neighbourhood of Cairo, which he carries on himself, making apparently very substantial profits from oranges and other crops.

Some little time ago Sir Henry Elliot sent me his privately printed *Diplomatic Recollections*. They are worth studying throughout, but the chapter which on the whole interested me most was the fifth, which deals with the Bulgarian Atrocities. These were no doubt atrocious enough, but nothing like so bad as they were represented by Mr. Gladstone and those who followed

his lead. He and his friends systematically concealed the fact that they were a savage retaliation for a series of savage attacks. I am happy to think that in all discussions on Eastern affairs, in which I took part, I set myself entirely against the exaggerated nonsense which found favour with a large section of the party to which I belonged.

I have had read through to me the Journal of Lord Ossington, privately printed by Miss Denison, and sent by her to me, through Mr. Murray. Much of it deals with minute points of parliamentary practice to which I never devoted more attention than was necessary to enable me to steer safely amidst its numerous rocks and shallows; but the book has given me pleasure, by bringing back the ghosts of many persons and things which had long faded out of one's life. Here and there, too, comes an entry interesting from other reasons. I did not know, for instance, that so many doubts had been raised as to the famous resolution, by which Lord Palmerston's Government was overthrown in 1858, being in order. I have mentioned in Vol. I. of my Notes some other curious circumstances connected with it. Very happy was Lord Russell's saying, recorded on page 123: "Some men reach the maturity of their intellects at twenty-one, like Mr. Pitt, and some at seventy-one, like Palmerston." Remarkable, too, was Mr.

Henley's observation about Lowe's mischievous speeches on the 1866 Reform Bill: "If I had heard one or two more such speeches I think I should have voted with the Government."

November

5. Returned to Lexden from Oxford, whither I went on the 3rd, to stay at Merton. It was Iseult's first visit, but the weather was most unpropitious, and she saw comparatively little. I came across some old acquaintances, and met, amongst people I had not met before, Sir David Hunter Blair. He is the head of the Benedictine Hall, lately established in the University, and presents a curious contrast to those members of his family whom I remember in their youth, all now, I suppose, vanished. The most interesting incident of my visit was an admirable sermon in St. Mary's, by the Bishop of Winchester, from Acts xxviii. 15: "Whom, when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage." The place is more or less in mourning, Acland and Max Müller, two of its most prominent figures, having so lately passed away. The Bishop alluded to this, and also to the death of a son of Prince Christian, who was at Magdalen only

a few years ago, and as we came out of church the organist played the Dead March in "Saul."

Maskelyne quoted a happy saying which he attributed to Mr. Whitridge: "The Transvaal Government was Old Testament Tammany." This is one of the few amusing things to which the most tiresome of wars has given rise.

12. Victoria has been re-reading to me Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, which I had recommended to her. I find, however, that it is far less worth reading, by persons of her age, than I had supposed. I admired it very much some fifty years ago, when it first came out, in a world where the stupidest superstitions were still rife, even amongst relatively intelligent people. Now, much of the nonsense, that was then considered orthodox, has been thrown on the dust-heap; and a book, whose chief merit was that it was a revolt against that nonsense, seems rather commonplace. It and other things of the same kind, have done their work too thoroughly to allow us to care very much about them. The only very good thing which the book contains is Sterling's last letter, which is really a gem.

15. The *Banffshire Journal*, the other day, contained the following:

"The verdict of Scotland is remarkable. Of the 72 members, 38 are Unionists, and 34 are to be classed as Radicals. The change in the political character of the Scottish representation

is very striking, since the defection of Mr. Gladstone in 1886. Before that date the Liberals, since the Reform Bill, had always large majorities North of the Tweed. At the general election in 1880, the Liberals had in Scotland 53 seats, and the Conservatives only seven. Sir M. E. Grant Duff, who was then returned for the sixth time for the Elgin Burghs, had a majority over his Conservative opponent of 1,318; and a calculation made at the time showed that after retaining, say, 500 of this majority, the balance of 818, if it had been distributed at pleasure among the contested seats in Scotland, would have made the whole return Liberal from one end of the country to the other. As a matter of curiosity, it may be worth while to reproduce the majorities in the seven seats filled by Conservatives in Scotland in 1880. The majorities were:—Ayr (North) 55, Ayr (South) 247, Dumbarton 9, Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities 381, Haddington 44, Inverness-shire 29, and Wigton 46—a total of 811, a figure which it will be seen is covered by the balance of the Elgin Burghs majority. The blunder of Mr. Gladstone, in 1886, changed everything. His greatest admirers now tacitly admit the error. If they wish to be free of its consequences, they should be open and decided in their repudiation."

23. Did I record an amusing story which Miss Sorabji sent me from India? Over a baker's shop in Poona she saw an inscription: "Best English Loafer to His Excellency."

26. A copy of a letter from my father to the Rajah of Satara came to-day into my hands, in a strange, round-about fashion. It was full of good advice, which, if acted on, would not only have saved the Satara State,

but have made it one of the most prosperous in India. Events, alas! took a very different turn.

30. Replied to a letter from Professor Church, in which he says that whole tons of curious minerals are thrown away in Ceylon, because they are supposed to be of no commercial value; and that the mineralogy of that country sadly wants a scientific survey. I appointed a Government mineralogist for Madras, with scant result, and I wish I had had power to appoint one for the opposite side of the Straits. Not long ago, I heard of an Ex-Viceroy of India who had quite forgotten that he had not been King of Ceylon.

Mr. Turbutt, formerly Errington, whose father laid out this place, is staying here. At breakfast this morning he mentioned that he had belonged, when at Brasenose, to the famous Phœnix Club, the members of which still dine together from time to time. At one of these dinners Canon Hole presided. The Secretary to the Club said, in the course of a quite good little speech, that he had meant to make a more elaborate one; but that it had been accidentally burnt. "That is exactly what ought to have happened," said the chairman; "it has risen like a Phœnix from its ashes."

December

1. Captain Phipps, a young artilleryman, who dined here to-day, told us that it was he who fired the first cannon shot on the British side in the Boer War.

2. Miss Rosalind Craig Sellar, who is staying here, told us that when dining with Richter, of musical fame, at Vienna, she heard him say to Brahms: "You do not know what choral singing can be till you have heard the Leeds choir."

3. I had a letter this morning from Miss Sorabji, who quotes a little Persian rose song, which is entirely new to me:

"The rose-root takes Earth's kisses for its meat,
The rose-leaf makes it blush from the sun's heat,
The rose-scent wakes from—who knows what thing sweet,
Who knows the secret of the perfume of 'the Rose'?

"Dig, gardener, deep, till the Earth roots cling tight,
Prune, gardener: keep those blushes to the light,
Then, gardener—sleep—He brings the scent by night,
Who knows the secret of the perfume of 'the Rose'?"

10. I went up to-day to London, to attend the funeral

service for Lady Derby, at Wells Street, but a wrong date had been given to me, and I arrived twenty-four hours too soon. She has been so hopelessly disabled in mind and body, that one cannot regret, for her sake, that the end has come. Still, the conclusion of so long a friendship makes one sad. It was in the autumn of 1863 that I first came to know her, and I have thought her ever since extremely interesting and pathetic, for I have met with no one who has made me think so much of what Philip de Commines said of Louis XI. I quote from memory:—

"I have seen him and been his servant in the days of his greatest prosperity; but never yet did I see him without uneasiness and care."

At the very summit of what some would consider earthly prosperity, mistress of Hatfield, or mistress of Knowsley, it was always the same thing. I remember that at one of her Foreign Office parties she presented me to Alexander II. I should think they were about the saddest hearts in all that brilliant gathering. Yet I suppose she is the person described in Faber's lines:

"She is bright and young, and her glory comes
Of an ancient ancestry,
And I love, for her beauty's sake, to gaze
On the light of her full dark eye.

"She is gentle and still, and her voice is as low
As the voice of a summer wind,
And falseness and fickleness have not left
One stain on her girlish mind."

Arthur Russell once asked her if she was the subject of that poem. She only smiled, and made no answer. She certainly saw much of Faber in her youth, and to the last spoke with enthusiasm of his conversation.

12. Mademoiselle de Peyronnet, who left us to-day, told us much of Herbert Spencer, whom she sees occasionally at Brighton. He mentioned to her, some little time ago, that he had advertised to find a family in the country who would take him in as a boarder. "You will have a great many answers from clergymen," she said. "Oh!" he rejoined, "I have provided against that. I added to my advertisement the words, 'As H.S. is an agnostic, no clergyman need apply.'"

13. Victoria has finished reading to me Miss Soulsby's *Stray Thoughts on Character.* I wonder if as wise a book was ever written for boys as this is for girls; if it was, I never saw it.

Mr. Nigel Combe, who is staying with us, told me that some one having said of a rather unpopular person, "But surely Mr. ——— is at least a cultured man," received the reply, "Manured."

Very good was a schoolboy's answer, which he reported

as having been actually made when he was at Charterhouse. "What are the Chiltern Hundreds?" "Small animals which infest cheeses in great numbers." Hardly less so was a definition of a cherub as an "immoral object of strange shape."

We owe to him, too, an excellent ghost story. A hostess said to a friend: "The house is dreadfully full; I am afraid I must put you in a room which has the credit of being haunted—you won't mind that?" "Oh dear, no!" was the reply. "Well," rejoined the other, "the haunting consists of nothing save a very loud knocking, which is sometimes heard in the night." The friend went to bed, and in due time the knocking commenced. She called out something and put her head under the bedclothes. When she appeared at breakfast her hostess said: "You frightened my maid dreadfully this morning when she knocked at your door. You called out, 'Get away, you demon.'"

20. I went up to-day to attend a meeting of the Council of Foreign Bondholders. Avebury spoke in flattering terms, as did the Secretary, of the service Arthur had rendered in inducing the Venezuelan Government to pay an instalment of what it owed to the creditors whom we represent. We have had several letters from him since the earthquake, which in the last days of October knocked the Legation about his ears.

About five in the morning the whole of one side of his bedroom fell in. He remarked that it much improved his view, but he had naturally to remove to another house.

Miss Soulsby, writing under yesterday's date, sends me a delicious bit from Ben Jonson:

> "Fair and witty,
> Savouring more of Court than City,
> A little proud, but full of pity;"

and adds:

"Would they not be pretty lines to put under a girl's picture supposing that the girl suited them; but you might easily find one."

1901

January

We remained quietly at Lexden during the first ten days of the New Century.

The following letter, in answer to a request from the Editor of the *Essex Chronicle*, summarises what I have been thinking of late with regard to public affairs:

"(*From the* Banffshire Journal *of 8th January*, 1901).

"Sir M. E. Grant Duff, who for so many years represented the Elgin Burghs in Parliament, resides for a large part of every year on his property, Lexden Park, Colchester, Essex. At the request of the editor of an Essex journal, the right honourable gentleman wrote a short article embodying his best wishes for the County and Country on the New Century. We have permission to reprint it, and we are sure it will be received with interest and pleasure by our readers :—

"'The best I wish for the county, and the country of which it forms a part, is

"'1. A speedy cessation of the present just, necessary, and

most disastrous war, followed by the re-establishment of general peace, the greatest of English interests.

"'2. An incomparable Navy, an adequate Army, and a first-rate diplomatic service; three good things perfectly compatible with a considerable reduction of taxation.

"'3. The prevalence of a more serious spirit in those portions of the nation which, in consequence of their rank or wealth, are apt to be imitated by others.

"'4. The abatement of the passion for gambling, which seems on the increase in all classes, and of the craze for athleticism, which is the curse of the upper and middle ranks, as the rage for strong drink is of the lowest section of our people.

"'5. A recovery from the infatuation which leads so many to believe that extension of territory means necessarily extension of power.

"'6. The *re-conversion* of the British workman to the sound doctrine that a fair day's labour should be given in return for a fair day's wage.

"'7. A vast reform in our secondary education, which is in many respects still beneath contempt, in spite of the good example shown by the best of the so-called "crammers," whose methods should serve as a model to less capable, or less conscientious men.

"'8. The gradual codification of the Law.

"'9. The prevalence of a spirit of toleration in the Anglican Church, leading its various sections to bear with each other's peculiarities, until the day arrives when it shall be generally acknowledged that fellowship in good works, not agreement in speculative opinion, is the only basis on which it can continue to thrive and to extend.

"'In conclusion, let me say that I wish all these things to England in general, in the belief that they will bring a great measure of happiness to individuals in all parts of the country,

no less than in the county of Essex, towards which I feel a great attraction, both on account of its beauty and interest, which are less known and appreciated than they deserve, and on account of the very kind reception so many of its inhabitants have given to a stranger like myself.

"M. E. GRANT DUFF.

"LEXDEN PARK, COLCHESTER."

Mr. Herbert Warren, the President of Magdalen, came to us from the 5th to the 7th. We had endless talk and comparing of opinions about a great variety of persons and things. A letter from our common friend, Goldwin Smith, reached him this morning. He told me that an Aberdeen terrier belonging to his brother-in-law, had actually prayed to the sun. It was his habit every morning to go to the room in which the children slept. One day in the late autumn, when it was beginning to get cold, he had paid his usual visit. A long ray of light was falling through an opening in the shutters, but it came down but slowly towards the floor. The dog, feeling very cold, did what he was in the habit of doing when he wanted anything, and begged earnestly. He was evidently a fire-worshipper.

Captain Phipps, who dined with us on the 6th, mentioned that, just before the first engagement, the Bishop of Natal went up to Dundee, and very properly introduced into the service a long prayer for peace. That, however, by no means suited the views of his

military congregation. The choir did not respond. There was a brief silence, and instead of the usual "Amen" came the noise of the sharpening of swords outside!

On the 11th we went up to Chelsea Embankment, and on the 14th I dined with the Literary Society, whither came Walpole, Colvin, Henry James, and others. I sat between Mr. John Murray and Mr. Augustine Birrell, near enough to speak also to Lord Justice Collins and Mr. Basil Champneys. Birrell talked with great admiration of the Rylands' Library, built by the last-mentioned in Manchester. Murray told us that there was an English poet for whom no fount of type sufficed, a necessary preliminary to reprinting his works being largely to reinforce the "l's" and "v's." This was Tennyson, and the cause was the constant recurrence of the word "love" in his writings! He mentioned also that Clark, the well-known Edinburgh printer, had told him that he had paid £40,000 in wages to compositors for setting up the works of Walter Scott for the house of Adam Black alone. He also explained the reason why so much printing business had left London for Edinburgh, by saying that a particular piece of work, which he used to have done in the former place, had habitually cost him £105, as against £49 in the latter, thanks to the interference of Trades-Unions and other causes.

23. On the morning of the 19th the *Times* gave a very disquieting account of the Queen's health, and the tidings from Osborne got worse and worse, until her death was announced at a late hour last night. When I came down this morning I found the following summons on my table :—

"Let the Messenger acquaint the Lords and others of His Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, That a Council is appointed to meet at the Court at St. James's Palace on Wednesday the 23rd Day of this Instant January at Two of the Clock P.M.

"Levée Dress (Crape left arm).

"The Right Honourable,
Sir M. E. GRANT DUFF,
G.C.S.I."

Of course I obeyed, and found myself at the appointed hour with, I suppose, about one hundred other Privy Councillors, plus the Royal Dukes, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, etc., in a room at St. James's Palace, which I do not remember being in before. Among those of my colleagues to whom I talked were Campbell-Bannerman, John Morley, Sir Edward Thornton, Lecky, Lord Stalbridge, Bryce; exchanging shorter greetings with the Duke of Northumberland, George Hamilton, Lord Alverstone, Lord Rosebery, Lord Ridley, George Lefevre, Goschen, Asquith, Lord Morris, Lord Pirbright, Sir

John Kennaway, Courtney, Sir Henry Fowler, Lord Justice Collins, and Sir John Hay. Someone, I think Campbell-Bannerman, introduced me to a man I did not know by sight, Mr. Arthur Acland, who having begun by being a clergyman, developed, oddly enough, in a very few years, into a Cabinet Minister.

After we had waited a little time the Duke of Devonshire intimated that the Royal Dukes and a few others whom he named, including the Prime Minister and himself, would go to inform the King that the Privy Council was in attendance.

His Majesty then came in and took the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, but not any other oaths. One of the officers of the Privy Council next read a document stating what had occurred, and the King proceeded to make, with evidence of strong emotion in his voice, which he mastered as he went on, the following declaration :—

"At the Court of Saint James's, the 23rd day of January, 1901.

Present:
The King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

"His Majesty being this day present in Council was pleased to make the following Declaration :—

"'Your Royal Highnesses, My Lords, and Gentlemen, this is the most painful occasion on which I shall ever be called upon to address you.

"'My first and melancholy duty is to announce to you the death of my beloved mother, the Queen, and I know how deeply you, the whole Nation, and I think I may say the whole World, sympathize with me in the irreparable loss we have all sustained.

"'I need hardly say that my constant endeavour will be always to walk in Her footsteps. In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a Constitutional Sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and as long as there is breath in my body to work for the good and amelioration of my people.

"'I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of my ancestors. In doing so, I do not undervalue the name of Albert, which I inherit from my ever-to-be-lamented, great and wise father, who by universal consent is, I think, deservedly known by the name of Albert the Good, and I desire that his name should stand alone.

"'In conclusion, I trust to Parliament and the Nation to support me in the arduous duties which now devolve upon me by inheritance, and to which I am determined to devote my whole strength during the remainder of my life.'

"Whereupon the Lords of the Council made it their humble request to His Majesty that His Majesty's Most Gracious Declaration to their Lordships might be made public, which His Majesty was pleased to order accordingly.

"(Signed) A. W. FITZROY."

Shortly after this the Lord Mayor and his companions, who were pretty numerous, were directed to withdraw, and we took the same oaths, *mutatis mutandis*, as I took on 3rd May 1880; after which we signed the Proclamation, requiring all persons being in office of

Authority or Government at the decease of the late Queen to proceed in the execution of their respective offices.

Then, going up singly, we knelt on one knee and kissed hands, the King shaking hands with each of us as we rose.

During the Court a variety of orders, usual at the commencement of a reign, were given by the Council, on the initiative of the Duke of Devonshire, who as Lord President of the Council was the protagonist of the occasion. These comprised such subjects as the Great Seal, the Privy Seal, the firing of the Tower guns, the Coinage, the Proclamation of the King at the boundaries of the City, in Edinburgh, in India and elsewhere.

It was interesting to see around one not only those I have named, but a great many others with whom I had been associated in public life, but did not chance to come across in the crowd. I felt, however, as I kissed the hand of Edward VII., that the world, to which I belonged, had well-nigh passed away.

THE END.

INDEX

Abbazia, ii. 176
Abbotsford, i. 7
Abbotsworthy, i. 250
Abbott, i. 326
Abdul Hamid II., i. 222
Aberdare, Lady, i. 12
—— Lord, i. 94
Aberdeen, Lord and Lady, ii. 70, 71
Abingdon, Lord and Lady, i. 87
Abyssinia, Italian defeat in, i. 27
Abyssinian Midnight Service at Easter in Jerusalem, i. 204
Acland, Arthur, ii. 271
—— Sir Charles, ii. 88, 225
—— Sir Thomas, i. 144; ii. 220, 257
Acton, Lord, i. 20, 46, 50, 68, 170, 174-176, 184, 185, 235, 236, 252, 261, 303, 304, 310, 311, 319, 320, 331-333; ii. 2, 4, 11, 16, 88, 99, 100, 104, 122, 123, 231, 234
Adelaide, Dr. Harmer, Bishop of, i. 245, 266
—— Madame (daughter of Louis XV.), ii. 161
—— Queen, i. 231
Adye, Sir John, i. 261, 262
Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, i. 98; *Prometheus Vinctus*, i. 133, 208
Aga Khan, hereditary chief of the Assassins, ii. 4
Agnew, Lady, i. 89
—— Quentin, ii. 12
—— Sir Andrew, i. 89
—— William, ii. 140
Agricultural Rating Bill, i. 88
Aids to Reflection, S. T. Coleridge, ii. 174
Ainger, Canon, i. 81, 192
Ainslie, Mr. and Mrs. Julian, ii. 184
Akbar, Count, Noer's Life of, i. 188
Akerman, M., Swedish Minister, i. 78
Alaric the Goth, ii. 46
Alava, i. 137
Albany, Duchess of, i. 70; ii. 26
Albert, Prince, his opinion of Gladstone, i. 181
Alençon lace, ii. 149
Alexander, Dr., Archbishop of Armagh, ii. 24, 131
—— II., Czar, ii. 262
—— III., Czar, i. 93
Alexandrinus Codex, ii. 191
Alford, Lady Marian, ii. 76, 223
Alfred Millenary Celebration, i. 286
Ali Pasha, of Janina, ii. 244
Alison, Sir Archibald, i. 14, 59, 60
Allen, Cardinal, i. 257
Allison, Mr., ii. 85
Alma, battle of, i. 121, 183
Alvanley, Lord, i. 269

Alverstone, Lord (Sir Richard E. Webster), i. 91, 160; ii. 88, 194, 200, 225, 270
Amenophis, and Other Poems, Francis T. Palgrave, ii. 54
Amherst of Hackney, Lord, i. 65
Amiens, Peace of, i. 7
Ampthill, Lord, ii. 179, 253
Anatase, i. 47
Ancaster, Duke of, i. 294
—— Lord, i. 85
Ancient Monuments Bill, ii. 143
Andamans, the, ii. 21
Andersen, Hans, i. 116
Anderson, ii. 2
—— Mary (Madame Navarro), ii. 35
Andrassy, Count, ii. 104
André, Mr., and his orchids, ii. 244, 245
Andrews, Mrs., i. 7
Anemones, effect of whisky on, i. 181
Anne, Queen, ii. 64
Annesley, General, i. 89
Anson, Sir William, ii. 175
Antwerp, siege of, ii. 7
Apostolical Preaching, Sumner, i. 135
Aquila, Count of, ii. 9
Arabi Pasha, i. 61
Arabian Nights, The, ii. 170
Arbuthnot, Mr., ii. 59
Ardagh, Miss, ii. 212
—— Sir John, i. 10, 42, 61, 117, 119-122, 150, 194, 265; ii. 223; head of the Intelligence Department, i. 43; good shooting at Galveston, i. 45; the Moltke of the British Army, ii. 147; his ghost story, ii. 212
Argentan lace, ii. 149
Argyll, Duke of, i. 20, 97; ii. 10; "a solitary man," ii. 165; his death, ii. 213
Aristotle, *Politics*, i. 9, 21, 225, 304
Arkwright, Ferdinand, ii. 195
—— Mrs., i. 187, 193
Armagh, Dr. Alexander, Archbishop of, ii. 24, 131
Armenia and Russia, i. 23; massacres in, ii. 23
Armstrong, Lord, i. 261
Arnim, Harry, ii. 108
Arnold, Miss Ethel, i. 24
—— Matthew, i. 31, 253; ii. 49, 120, 133; *Letters*, i. 13; *Thyrsis*, i. 229; Watts' portrait of, ii. 179; his Mycerinus, ii. 228
—— Dr. Thomas, his bust in Westminster Abbey, i. 92; on Polybius, ii. 2
Arthur, king, ii. 164
Arundel, Earl of, ii. 140, 159
Arungzeb, ii. 100
Ashbourne, Lord, i. 145, 162, 192; ii. 93, 150, 239
Ashburnham MSS., i. 224
Ashley, Evelyn, i. 54, 91, 170, 171, 199, 200, 211, 230, 231, 233, 325; ii. 6, 7, 14, 17, 94, 96, 102, 103, 146, 147, 220, 221, 225
Asiatic Society, i. 236
Asquith, H. H., i. 51, 303, 331; ii. 133, 171, 270
Assassins, the, i. 191; ii. 4
Assault-at-Arms, Portman Rooms, ii. 101
Asshursts, the, i. 106
Assouan dam, ii. 119
Astor, W. W., i. 33; ii. 166, 167
Athenæum Club, Sir M. E. Grant Duff a trustee of, i. 14; and United Service Club, i. 27; Sir M. E. Grant Duff presides at annual meeting of, i. 57; first election for 1900 at, ii. 198; Mr. Waugh's book about, ii. 208
Attwood, of Reform celebrity, ii. 251

Auckland, Lord, i. 162
Augustus, ii. 110
Aunt Sally, ii. 84
Austen, Miss, i. 8
Austin, Alfred, Poet Laureate, ii. 240; *Madonna's Child*, ii. 246
—— Mrs., ii. 43
Autun, Bishop of, i. 48
Avatcha Bay, i. 287
Avebury, Lady, i. 128; ii. 50
—— Lord (Sir John Lubbock), i. 57, 63, 80, 128, 129, 147, 148, 188, 190, 215, 280, 285, 309; ii. 24, 50, 127, 133, 142, 174, 200, 223, 264; *The Pleasures of Life*, ii. 25; President of Council of Foreign Bondholders, ii. 214
Awdry, Mrs., i. 121, 214

Babbage ("Mr. Pepezsch"), i. 285
Baber, ii. 99
Babylonian account of the Deluge, ii. 227
Bach, ii. 186
Bacon, Lord, *Life of Henry VIII*, i. 118
Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, i. 282; ii. 19, 235
Bagehot, Walter, i. 211; his paper on Bishop Butler, ii. 83; Sir M. E. Grant Duff's address at University College on, ii. 173
—— Mrs., ii. 83, 174
Bagwell, Mr., i. 72, 308
Bailey, Alfred, i. 16; ii. 234
Baillie, Mr., ii. 10
—— of Dochfour, ii. 63
Bain, Mr., i. 11; ii. 143
Baird, Scotch iron-master, i. 270
Baker, Rev. —, ii. 34
—— Sir Henry, his last words, i. 269
Balfour, Arthur J., i. 19, 20, 28, 54, 199, 200, 211, 218, 319, 334; ii. 24, 138, 152, 175, 201, 216
Balfour, Gerald, i. 28, 218, 334; ii. 24, 102, 152, 216
—— Professor, ii. 37
—— of Burleigh, Lady, i. 89; ii. 8
—— —— Lord, i. 57, 75, 97, 180, 188, 189, 238, 243, 250, 302, 303, 316, 317, 334, 335; ii. 8, 14, 32, 100
Balkan Peninsula, i. 204
Ball, John, i. 301
—— Mr. (second son of above), i. 301
Ballantine, Sergeant, ii. 79
Balliol Scholars from 1840 *to* 1843, Shairp, ii. 49
Bampton Lectures, H. B. Wilson's, i. 251
Bandini, Prince, i. 109
Banffshire Journal, ii. 3, 258, 266
Bank of England, i. 106
Banks, Sir Joseph, i. 173; ii. 208
Bannockburn, ii. 41
Baring, Lady Emma, i. 143
—— Lord, i. 143
—— Hon. Maurice, ii. 63
—— Walter, Minister at Monte Video, i. 13
Barlbrough Hall (Miss de Rodes' place), ii. 247
Barnes, Sir J. Gorell, i. 191
Barnum & Bailey, ii. 87
Barrie, J. M., i. 191
Barrington, Mrs., i. 18; ii. 211
Bastiat, *Harmonies Economiques*, ii. 121
Battenberg, Princess Henry of, i. 174
Battersby, Major, his paper on precious stones, i. 46
Battersea, Lord and Lady, ii. 197
Bauzonnet, Trautz-, binder, ii. 143, 144
Bayard, American Ambassador, i. 154
—— Mrs., ii. 90

Beach, Sir Michael Hicks-, i. 15, 160, 224, 302, 303; ii. 6, 88
Beaconsfield, Lord, and George Smythe, i. 71; Lord Blachford on, i. 141; his reply to Roebuck, i. 147; on George Campbell, i. 152; his advice to Hicks-Beach, i. 160; and primroses, i. 220; Berlin Congress, i. 272; ii. 11; on the Crown, i. 275; "the last word was Revolution," i. 292; on Dowse, i. 305; "Tell that man never to open his mouth again," i. 308; *Coningsby*, *Endymion*, ii. 10; "You got to Satellites," ii. 11; his Cabinet, ii. 33; Beresford Hope's "Batavian grace," ii. 79; "the flavour of an old friendship," ii. 103; M.P. for Shrewsbury, ii. 134; a visit and its consequence, ii. 152; his novels, ii. 175; "A rose from Corisande's garden," ii. 223; and the Duke of Buccleuch, ii. 239; Poet Laureate on, ii. 240
Beauchamp, Mrs., ii. 89
Beaufort, Duke of, i. 293
Beaumont, Mrs., i. 29, 162, 181, 192, 236; ii. 82
—— Wentworth, i. 62, 181, 236; ii. 82
—— Sir George, i. 125
Beauregard, M. Costa de, ii. 145
Bedford, Adeline, Duchess of, i. 31, 297; *The World of Light*, i. 187
—— the binder, ii. 143
Beech trees, "American blight" on, ii. 241
Beesly, Professor, i. 246
Beleaguered City, Mrs. Oliphant, i. 239
Belgian dykes, Dutch and the, ii. 184
Bell, Miss Gertrude, ii. 30
—— Hugh, ii. 230
—— Mrs. Hugh, i. 30; ii. 230
—— Moberly, Manager of the *Times*, i. 72, 149, 308
—— Mr., i. 44
Bellew, ii. 248
Bem, ii. 81
Benedictine Hall, Oxford, ii. 257
Bénédiction, La, Coppée, i. 265
Bengough, Miss Milly, i. 316
Benjamin, i. 319
Bennett, Sterndale, his anthem, *God is a Spirit*, i. 95
Benson, Dr., Archbishop of Canterbury, i. 80, 101; ii. 226
—— Mrs., i. 80, 297
Bent, Theodore, i. 185
Bentham, i. 18; ii. 143
Beresford, Lord William, i. 19
Berlin Congress, i. 272; ii. 11
Bernard, Canon, i. 251; ii. 136
Bernhardi, i. 185; ii. 186
Berry, Miss, i. 31; *Social Life in England and France*, i. 264
Beryllonite, i. 47
Bessborough, Lord, ii. 132
Beste, a curious book by, i. 3, 11
Bethel, Mr., ii. 208
Bethell, Mr., ii. 114
Biddulph, Colonel, i. 41, 42, 129; ii. 28, 148
—— Mrs., i. 41, 43; ii. 148
Bidie, Dr., i. 88; ii. 41
Bille, M. de, Danish Minister, i. 80, 192
—— Madame de, i. 80
Billy, M. de, ii. 76, 77
Birrell, Augustine, i. 30, 191, 207; ii. 121, 146, 269
Bishop, Miss, i. 315, 318; ii. 66, 221
—— Mrs., i. 198
Bismarck, Prince, ii. 137; Dr. Busch's *Memoir* of, ii. 76; his one friend, Harry Arnim, ii. 108; and Pouyer-Quertier, ii. 130, 131

Bismarck, Herbert, ii. 99
Blacas, Bertrand de, i. 276; ii. 67
Blachford, Lord, *Letters*, i. 139-142
Black, Adam, ii. 269
Black-balling, ii. 33
Black Watch, The, A. Forbes, i. 182
Blackie, Professor, ii. 54
Blackwood, Sir Henry, i. 313
—— Hon. Terence, i. 62
Blair, Sir David Hunter, ii. 257
Blanco, Dr., ii. 246
Blennerhassett, Lady, ii. 219, 222
Blood, Colonel, and the Crown Regalia, i. 69
Bloomfield, Lady, i. 60
Blot on the Scutcheon, Browning, i. 299
Blücher, Count, ii. 46, 60, 162-164, 180, 183, 185, 193
—— Field-Marshal, ii. 185, 186, 218
—— Count Franz, ii. 218
—— Prince and Princess, i. 223; ii. 46
Blunt, Lady Anne, i. 59; ii. 34
—— Miss Judith, Byron's great-grand-daughter, i. 59; ii. 34
Boadicea, ii. 73
Bocher, Mr., agent of the Orleans family, ii. 62
Bockh, ii. 160
Boer ultimatum, the, ii. 164
Bohemian language, the, ii. 193
Boileau, i. 39; ii. 230
Bombay, plague in, i. 318
Bonham, Miss Edith Florence (Mrs. Evelyn Grant Duff), ii. 206
—— Lady, i. 147, 223; ii. 164, 206
—— Sir George, ii. 164, 206
Bonheur, Rosa, "The Lion at Home," ii. 46
Bons mots, ii. 13; not inventions, but discoveries, ii. 14
Book of Nonsense, i. 288
Booker, Mr., i. 254
Booton, St. Michael and All Angels Church at, i. 254
"Bore," ii. 52
Boscawen, Admiral, i. 309; ii. 25
Bosdari, Count, i. 89
Boswell, Dr. Alexander, i. 81
Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, i. 173; ii. 37
Botanical Magazine, ii. 53
Botanical Theatre, University College, Sir M. E. Grant Duff's address on Walter Bagehot in, ii. 173
Botticelli, Sandro, i. 46
Bourgeois, Abbé, i. 147
Bourget, M., i. 249
Bowden, Father Sebastian, ii. 19
—— Miss, ii. 55
Bowen, Charles, i. 31; ii. 222; his story of Athenæum and United Service Club, i. 27; H. Cunningham's sketch of, i. 40
—— Edward, author of the Harrow Songs, i. 261
—— Lady, i. 192
—— Sir George
Bowles, the sonnet writer, at Bowood, i. 8
Boyd, Zachary, i. 94
Boyle, George David, Dean of Salisbury, i. 5, 31, 52, 93-95, 122-124, 251, 253-255, 268-271; ii. 53, 54, 56, 120, 133, 134, 162, 163, 174, 197, 250, 251; *Recollections*, i. 113; his book on Salisbury Cathedral, i. 278
—— Mrs., i. 93, 122; ii. 53, 162, 250
—— Lord Justice General, his last words, i. 270
—— Miss Mary, i. 144
—— Sir Courtenay, i. 310
Boyne, Lord, ii. 63

Bradford, Sir Edward, i. 34, 170
Bradlaugh, ii. 171
Bradley, Dean of Westminster, i. 19, 62, 192, 207, 208, 300; ii. 147
Brahms, ii. 261; Schumann on, ii. 198
Bramston, Sir John, *Autobiography*, i. 109
Brassey, Lord and Lady, ii. 29
Braye, Lord (Wyatt Edgell), i. 13, 14
Break, Break, Break, a parody of, i. 332
Breakfast Club, i. 21, 28, 58, 65, 79, 87, 93, 167, 178, 185, 192, 198, 206, 221, 235, 304, 311, 331; ii. 4, 11, 89, 93, 99, 122, 132, 137, 146, 201, 215, 224, 228, 232, 235
Brechin, A. P. Forbes, Bishop of, i. 266
Brewster (*née* Stockhausen), Mrs. Julia, *Via Lucis*, ii. 48
Brézé, Madame de Dreux, i. 276
Bridge, Admiral Sir Cyprian, ii. 231
Bridport, Lord, i. 243
Briggs, Napoleon Lavoisier Voltaire, i. 124
Bright, Canon, *Crowned and Discrowned*, i. 271
—— John, ii. 65, 79; the first qualification for a Minister, i. 27; his quotations from Milton, i. 304; on Leighton, ii. 3
Brisson, M., i. 21, 22
Bristol, Elliot, Dean of, ii. 27
British Association, i. 1
—— Empire League, ii. 216
—— Institution Scholarship Fund, i. 102, 158
—— Museum, ii. 146, 191, 192, 227
Broadbent, Sir William, i. 246
Broadlands, i. 230
Broadway, ii. 35
Brodrick, George, i. 56, 57; *Memories and Impressions*, ii. 205
—— Marion, ii. 99
Bromilow, ii. 140
Brompton Oratory, i. 202, 203, 287
Brookfield, Rev. Charles, i. 270
Brooke of Ufford, Mr., ii. 167
Brooks's, i. 201, 209
Brougham, Lord, i. 62; Lord Lytton on, ii. 96
Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves, i. 222
—— Ulick, i. 70
Browne, Dr. Harold, Bishop of Winchester, ii. 158
—— Mrs. Harold, ii. 158
Browning, Robert, ii. 120; on Landor's conversation, i. 94; his *Sordello*, i. 125, 255; *Blot on the Scutcheon*, i. 299; his parenthetic crabbedness, i. 306; on the Muse, ii. 131; "You wrote *The Jackdaw of Rheims*, did you not?" ii. 165
Brownlow, Lord and Lady, ii. 31
Bruce, Lady Augusta (afterwards Stanley), i. 100
—— Mrs., ii. 197
Bryce, Right Hon. James, i. 28, 286; ii. 145, 270
—— Mrs., i. 286
Buccleuch, Duke of, ii. 239
Buchanan, Mrs., ii. 136
—— George, Chargé d'Affaires at Darmstadt, ii. 207
Buckingham, Duchess of, i. 70
—— Palace, i. 91
Bulgarian atrocities, ii. 255
Buller, Charles, i. 178; ii. 99
—— Sir Redvers, i. 34, 57, 180, 199, 200, 205, 319; ii. 32, 33, 88, 123
Bulwer, Sir Henry, ii. 153
Bunsen, Chevalier, i. 275; ii. 27

Bunsen, George, Minister at Rome, i. 123; his death, i. 150
Bunyan, John, his grave, ii. 72
Burdon, Mr., i. 209
Burghersh, Lady, *Letters*, i. 253
Burgundy, difficulty of moving, ii. 94
Burke, i. 123, 173
—— murdered in Phœnix Park, ii. 216
Burne, Sir Owen, ii. 223
Burney, Dr., i. 173; ii. 236
—— Miss, i. 178
Burnham Beeches, i. 47
Burns, *John Anderson, my Joe*, ii. 55
Burrell, Miss, ii. 175, 193
—— Mr., i. 85, 300; ii. 53, 193
—— Mrs., i. 85, 88, 158, 222, 300; ii. 53
—— Peter, ii. 53
Busch, Dr., *Memoirs of Bismarck*, ii. 76
Bushire, i. 119
Busk, Mr., Chairman of the London University Convocation, i. 188
Butcher, Professor, i. 133
Bute, Lord, i. 97
Butler, Bishop, ii. 83; sermons —"The Love of God," ii. 54; *Life of*, ii. 134
—— Dr., Master of Trinity, i. 124, 235
—— Mrs. (*née* Ramsay), i. 235
—— Lord James, i. 124
—— Piers, i. 33
Buxton, Edward, ii. 127
—— Sir Fowell, ii. 127
—— Francis, i. 80; ii. 149
—— Noel, ii. 60, 84
—— Sydney, i. 181; ii. 202
—— Mrs. Sydney, i. 210, 322
Byrne, J. R., ii. 2, 78, 181, 182
Byron, Lord, i. 327; *Letters*, i. 22; disparaged by Saintsbury, i. 82; his parents, i. 89; and Lady Caroline Lamb, i. 232; his waistcoat, i. 285; *Werner*, i. 305; "If sometimes in the haunts of men," ii. 54

Cabinet Committees, ii. 9
Cactus dahlias, ii. 157
Cadogan, Hon. Ethel, ii. 72
Cairns, Lord, i. 319
Calcraft, Henry, ii. 187
Calderon, i. 102, 158
Calvin, i. 9; ii. 146
Cambon, M., French Ambassador, ii. 82, 86-88
Cambridge, Duke of, ii. 86, 148
Camden Society, amalgamated with Historical Society, i. 32, 142
Cameron, Mrs., i. 2
Camolodunum, relics of, i. 112
Campbell, Lord Chief Justice, i. 257
—— Sir George, i, 70; *Autobiography*, i. 151
—— Miss Violet (afterwards Mrs. West), i. 165
—— and Abbott, *Life of Jowett*, i. 224
Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry, i. 188, 335; ii. 270, 271
Campsea Ashe (Mr. Lowther's place), ii. 165, 166
Canmore, Malcolm, ii. 37
Cannes, earthquake at, i. 198
Canning, Lord, i. 313
Canterbury, Archbishops of, Dr. Benson, i. 80, 101; ii. 226; Dr. F. Temple, ii. 49, 133, 195, 196
Capel, Lord, i. 112
Captain, loss of H.M.S., ii. 147
Caracalla, inscription on Baths of, i. 112
Cardwell, Lord, i. 139, 143; ii. 148
Carew, Lady, i. 161; ii. 82, 84, 100
Carlingford, Lord, i. 28, 58, 139, 179, 221; death, i. 305

Carlisle, Lord, i. 68, 75, 158, 164, 302, 310, 319, 327; ii. 31, 119, 123, 124, 171, 175, 231
Carlist War, ii. 6
Carlton Club, i. 201
Carlyle, Thomas, *Life of Sterling*, i. 25; ii. 258; rails at laundresses, i. 44; his death, i. 49; Pobedienostzeff's favourite English author, i. 83; his house, i. 290; *Historical Sketches*, ii. 132; on Tennyson, ii. 233
Carnarvon, Lord, i. 139
Caroline, Queen, ii. 208
Carpenter, Dr. Boyd, Bishop of Ripon, i. 218, 242; ii. 13-15
Carruthers, Mr., head of the Botanical Department, ii. 15
Carson, Sir Edward, i. 228
Cary-Elwes, Lady Winifride, i. 222, 237
Casa Valencia, Count of, i. 228
Castelar, i. 300; ii. 8
Castle Howard, ii. 231
Catena, i. 266
Cathcart, Lord, i. 243
Catholic Brotherhood of Expiation, i. 293
Catholic Magazine, i. 25
Cator, Mrs., i. 299
Causeries de Lundi, Sainte-Beuve, i. 334
Cave, Verney, i. 13, 14
Cavendish, Lord Edward, ii. 132, 216
—— Lord Frederick, ii. 103
Cavour, ii. 135
Celestine V., Pope, i. 134
Cellini, ii. 85
Century Magazine, i. 78
Ceylon, mineralogy in, ii. 260
Chamberlain, Joseph, i. 228; ii. 60, 87; his efforts for West Indies, ii. 254
Chamberlain, Captain Neville, ii. 12
Chambers, Robert, *Vestiges of Creation*, i. 1
Chambolle-Duru, binder, ii. 143
Chamfort, i. 221; ii. 184
Champneys, Basil, ii. 269
Chancel, Ausone de, ii. 2
Chapman, General, i. 43
Charles I., i. 323; ii. 53, 95; Vandyke's portrait of, i. 259
—— II., i. 333; ii. 157; Maundy Money of, ii. 179
—— king of Roumania, i. 46, 294
Charlotte, Empress of Mexico, i. 322
Charterhouse, ii. 51
Chateau de Thorenc, Lord Rendel's house at Cannes, ii. 114
Chatham, Lord, i. 305
Chaufroix, i. 187
"Chemisoff," "*née* Alloff," Countess, i. 54
Chesterfield, Lord, ii. 142
Chevreuse, Duchesse de, ii. 26
Chevrillon, M., ii. 30, 32, 198, 201
Childers, Right Hon. Hugh, ii. 148
Chiltern Hundreds, ii. 264
China, Foreign Trade of, i. 126, 127; dialects in, i. 132
Chirol, Mr., of the *Times*, i. 308; ii. 198, 199
Chitty, Mr. Justice, i. 101, 170
Choate, Hon. J. H., American Ambassador, ii. 147, 197
Chopin, *Marche Funèbre*, ii. 43
Christian IX., king of Denmark, i. 8, 235, 245
—— Victor, Prince, ii. 257
Christie, Mr., i. 279
—— Manson & Woods, ii. 140, 244
Christino, ii. 6
Christy, Miller, i. 283; ii. 44
—— Reginald, ii. 44

Church, Dean, i. 139; *Occasional Papers*, i. 196
—— Professor, ii. 260
Churchill, Lord Randolph, i. 200
Cicero, i. 136, 193, 304; Strachan Davidson's *Life of*, i. 198
Cimiez (*Civitas Cemeneliensis*), ii. 107
Cinque Maggio, Manzoni, i. 133; ii. 219
Circourt, ii. 62
City Parochial Charities, ii. 101
Clarence, Duke of, i. 95, 178
Clarendon, Edward Hyde, Lord, *Great Rebellion*, ii. 188
Clark, Mr., of Kew, i. 143
—— Mr., Registrary of Cambridge University, ii. 207
—— the Edinburgh printer, ii. 269
—— Sir Andrew, i. 309; ii. 148
—— Sir John, ii. 36, 39
Clarke, Mrs. Cowden, *My Long Life*, i. 195
Claudius, Emperor, ii. 78
Claverhouse, autograph letter of, ii. 191
Clay, Sir Arthur and Lady, i. 307
Clayton, Mr., the devotee of the Roman Wall, i. 17
Clémenceau, ii. 138
Clérissac, Père, ii. 210
Clerk, General Godfrey, ii. 122, 124
—— Mrs. Godfrey, ii. 122
Clery, General, i. 55
Cleveland, Duchess of, i. 80
Clifford, Charles, i. 79
—— Lord, i. 13, 195; ii. 153
Clinton, Lord, i. 15, 57, 97, 101, 163, 180, 212, 213, 242
Clive, Lord, ii. 68
—— Mrs. Archer, i. 242
Clontarf Meeting, the, ii. 6
Clough, Arthur, i. 208; ii. 49
Clovelly, ii. 154
Club, The, meetings at, i. 19, 27, 35, 45, 50, 68, 81, 83, 157, 164, 175, 184, 197, 214, 220, 233, 239, 303, 310, 322, 327, 330; ii. 2, 8, 21, 28, 42, 87, 89, 97, 104, 119, 124, 127, 133, 138, 147, 171, 175, 186, 202, 213, 221, 223, 231, 251; Gibbon's notice of, i. 173
Clyde, Lord, i. 261
Cobbe, Miss Frances Power, i. 105
Cobden, Richard, i. 327
Cochin, M., i. 276
Cochrane, Lady Gertrude, ii. 134
Cockburn, Mr., ii. 76, 77
—— Sir Alexander, ii. 162
Cocks, Philip Somers, ii. 196
Codex, Alexandrinus, Sinaiticus, Vaticanus, ii. 191
Cohen, A., ii. 170
Colchester museum, i. 112; ii. 48
—— Lord, i. 182, 252; ii. 13
Coldharbour, etymology of, i. 117
Coleridge, S. T., his lines to Duchess of Devonshire, i. 9; *Aids to Reflection*, ii. 174
——, Lord, i. 31, 94, 195, 308; ii. 49, 106; and Jessel, i. 27; on Selborne, i. 99; Rogers and Southey, i. 177, 178; "Rome condensed ideas into ideals," i. 297; his conversation with Newman, ii. 55
——, Rev. George May, i. 124
——, Lady, her drawing of Newman, ii. 49, 180
——, Sir John, i. 177
Collard, Royer, i. 145
Collections and Recollections, George Russell, ii. 43
Collette, Miss, i. 246
Colley, Sir George, ii. 103
Collie, a sagacious, i. 37
Collins, Lord Justice, ii. 146, 282; ii. 269, 271

Collins, Sir Robert, i. 70
Colman, i. 173
Colour-blindness, ii. 101
Colville, Lady, i. 324
Colvin, Sir Auckland, ii. 73
——, Sidney, i. 158, 207; ii. 73, 269
Combe, Nigel, ii. 263
Commination, a meaning of, i. 48
Commines, Philip de, i. 114; ii. 262
Compton, Lady Alwyne, i. 171
——, Lord Alwyne, Bishop of Ely, i. 171
Comte, i. 145
Comus, Milton's, i. 304
Confidences, Locker-Lampson, i. 77
Congham Hall, i. 36; collie at, i. 37
Congreve, i. 21
Coningsby, Disraeli, ii. 10
Conington, John, i. 12; ii. 134
Conti, Princesse de, i. 265
Convito, Dante, i. 251
Conway, Sir Martin, i. 147, 148
Conyers, Lord, i. 4
Cook, Sir Francis, i. 96
Cooke, Wake, i. 286
Coplestone, i. 135
Coppée, François, *La Bénédiction*, i. 265
Copyright Commission, i. 186
Coquelin, i. 265
Cornhill Magazine, i. 45, 108, 241; ii. 84
Cornish, F. Warre, *Sunningwell*, ii. 197
Cornwall, Duchy of, ii. 250
Corry, Montagu (afterwards Lord Rowton), i. 71, 220
Cosenza, ii. 46
Cotta, C. Aurelius, ii. 110
Couget, M., ii. 100
Courcel, M. de, French Ambassador, i. 26, 30, 306
Courtenay, Comte de, i. 196
Courtenay, Miss, i. 108
Courthope, W. J., i. 19, 35, 83, 164, 165, 207; ii. 104, 156, 168, 175, 223; *History of English Poetry*, i. 215
Courtney, L., i. 21, 58, 79, 167, 178, 185, 188, 198, 206, 221, 235, 305, 311; ii. 4, 93, 99, 122, 132, 146, 150, 215, 232, 271
—— Mrs., ii. 150
—— W. P., ii. 207
Cousin, Victor, ii. 211
Cowell, Professor, i. 236
Cowley, Lord, ii. 187
Cowper, W., *Lines on his Mother's Picture*, i. 334
Coxon, Ethel, ii. 5
Craik, Mr., official head of Scotch Education Department, i. 81
Cranbrook, Lord, i. 57
Cranworth, Lord and Lady, i. 138
Craven, Augustus, i. 33
—— Mrs., i. 5, 31, 33, 156, 252, 276; ii. 35, 47, 71, 210; *Letters*, i. 26; *Life*, i. 86; *Reminiscences*, i. 230, 233; article in *Edinburgh Review* on, i. 239
Crawford, Earl of, i. 183, 235
—— Sheriff, ii. 39
Crawshay, Mrs. (*née* Leslie), i. 2
Creed, Emily, i. 63
Creighton, Dr., Bishop of Peterborough, afterwards London, i. 50, 51, 101, 234, 247, 248, 325; ii. 16, 21, 93, 94, 97, 121, 171, 174, 198, 202-204
Cretans, the, i. 177
Crichton, General, i. 143
Crewe, Lord, i. 32, 33, 218; ii. 6, 27
Croker, J. W., i. 95; ii. 200
Cromer church, i. 256
Crompton, Miss, ii. 54
Cromwell, Oliver, i. 87, 94, 333; ii. 53, 197; a half-crown of, ii. 193

Cropper, Mr., ii. 230
Cross, Lady, i. 19
—— Lord, i. 19, 96, 101, 244; ii. 87, 150
—— Mr. ("George Eliot's" husband), i. 321
—— Mr., of Lea Wick Farm, ii. 20
Crowned and Discrowned, Canon Bright, i. 271
Cruise, Chief Justice, i. 105
Cumberland, Duke of, ii. 86
—— Richard, i. 136
Cunningham, Henry, i. 40, 147, 154; ii. 125, 144, 221
Cunobeline, city of, ii. 78
Currey, Dr., ii. 51
Currie, Bertram, i. 302
—— Mrs. Bertram, *Sidelights on the Oxford Movement*, i. 315
Curzon, George, i. 54, 170
Cuzin, ii. 143
Cyprus, ii. 154
Cyrano de Bergerac, ii. 36
Cyril, Grand Duke, ii. 111
Czacki, Cardinal, ii. 144

Dacre, Lord, ii. 235
Daily Chronicle, ii. 96
Daily Telegraph, i. 289
Dalhousie, Lord, i. 108; ii. 57
Dallas, Lady, i. 12; ii. 98, 140
—— Sir George, i. 12, 165; ii. 98
d'Alopeus, M., ii. 76
Dalrymple, Miss, i. 223
—— Sir Charles, i. 90, 223
Dangin, M. Thureau, *Newman et le Mouvement d'Oxford: Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au Dix-neuvième Siècle*, ii. 161
Dante, *Purgatorio*, i. 119, 159, 322; *Convito*, i. 251; *Divina Commedia*, i. 306; *Paradiso*, i. 322
D'Arblay, Madame, i. 7; *Journal*, ii. 236
Darnley, Lord, ii. 122
d'Artois, Comtesse, i. 265
Darwin, Charles, i. 307
—— Francis, i. 1
—— George, i. 273
Davey, Lord, i. 27, 45, 46, 65, 83, 164, 184; ii. 2, 119, 123, 124, 175
Davids, Professor Rhys, i. 236
Davidson, Dr. Randall T., Bishop of Winchester, i. 54, 146, 238, 244, 303; ii. 56, 225, 226, 257
—— Rev. —, at Tillypronie, ii. 39
—— Strachan (*Life of Cicero*), i. 193, 198, 281
Davies, Miss Llewelyn, i. 246
Davy, Lady, i. 141
d'Azeglio, Massimo, i. 199
Delhi, the great epitaph, i. 232
Deluge, Babylonian account of the, ii. 227
Demidoff, i. 278
Democracy and Liberty, Lecky, ii. 96
Dempster, Miss, ii. 42
Denbigh, Lady, i. 199
—— Lord, i. 237
d'Enghien, Duc, ii. 200
Denison, Archdeacon, i. 171
—— Evelyn, ii. 234
—— Miss, *Journal of Lord Ossington*, ii. 256
Denison Mrs. (Louisa Ker Seymer), i. 123, 124
Denman, Lord, i. 97, 99, 128
—— George, i. 127, 128, 146
Derby, Mary, Lady, i. 138
—— Lord, i. 335, 336; ii. 195, 255, 262
d'Eresby, Lord Willoughby, i. 85, 105
d'Erlanger, ii. 219, 222
Derome, book-binder, i. 114
Derry, Archdeacon of, i. 155
D'Espagne, family of, ii. 45

D'Eu or D'Ou, family of, ii. 45
Deutsche Revue, i. 275
Devonshire, Georgiana, Duchess of, i. 8, 9, 305
—— Duke of, i. 179; ii. 271, 273
—— House, garden party at, i. 242
D'Ewes, Sir H., i. 323
Dialects, i. 132, 234
Dickens, C., his dramatic power, i. 242
Dictionary of National Biography, i. 4
Digby, Kenelm, Under-Secretary Home Department, i. 284; ii. 205
—— Mrs. Kenelm, ii. 205
Dilettanti, the, i. 65, 182; ii. 27, 123
Dilke, Sir Charles, ii. 74
Diplomacy, French and English, i. 201
Diplomatic Recollections, Sir Henry Elliot, ii. 255
Dissenters, Yorkshire, ii. 42
Divina Commedia, i. 306
Dobson, Austin, i. 81; ii. 2; his poem on Omar Khayyam, i. 192
Dodgson, Sir David, ii. 18
Dohna, Count, ii. 157
Dolly Dialogues, Anthony Hope, i. 77
Dolman, Miss Catherine, i. 185
Domesday and After, Professor Maitland, ii. 73
Don Carlos, i. 287
d'Orleans, Duc, i. 210
—— Duchesse, i. 265
Dort, Synod of, ii. 146
d'Otranto, Duc, i. 243
Douai College, i. 257
"Double entendre," ii. 32
Douglas, Dr., Bishop of Salisbury, ii. 237
—— Judge (U.S.A.), i. 171
Douglas, Mr., ii. 36, 37
Downe, Lady, ii. 71
Downing College, ii. 197
—— George, ii. 197
—— Street, origin of name, ii. 197
Dowse, i. 305; ii. 186
Doyle, Sir Conan, i. 191
D'Oyly, Sir Charles, i. 86
D'Oylys, the, i. 86, 192
Drayton, *England's Heroical Epistles*, ii. 155
Drax, Erle, ii. 142
Dream of Gerontius, ii. 139
Dreams, ii. 28
Dreyfus, an epigram on, i. 314; ii. 12
Dromore, Dr. Percy, Bishop of, ii. 237
Drummond, Miss, i. 58
Dryden, Sir Henry, ii. 64
Dubois, Abbé, his book on Southern India, ii. 89
Duchy of Cornwall, ii. 250
Ducie, Lord, i. 195
Duff, Adrian Grant, i. 118; ii. 12
—— Arthur Grant, i. 48, 78, 89, 127, 129, 131, 132, 165, 204, 219, 229, 237; ii. 3, 12, 148, 244, 264
—— Clara Grant, *see* Jackson, Mrs. F. H.
—— Evelyn Grant, i. 83, 109-111, 119, 131, 151; ii. 73, 85, 151, 206
—— Mrs. Evelyn Grant (*neé* Bonham), ii. 206
—— Iseult Grant, i. 51, 228, 237, 287; ii. 27, 75, 188, 192, 213, 217, 224, 247, 257
—— Rt. Hon. Sir M. E. Grant, dines with the XV. Club, i. 13; presides at Athenæum Club meetings, i. 14, 57; declines Vice-Chancellorship of London University, i. 21; his presidential addresses at

Duff, Rt. Hon. Sir M. E. Grant (*continued*)—
Royal Historical Society, i. 21, 172, 304; ii. 89; presides at United States Debenture Corporation meeting: at annual general meeting of Literary Fund, i. 32; chairman at Historical Society meetings, i. 32, 36, 142, 217; his paper on Manning and the Catholic reaction, i. 45, 48, 92; on Renan, i. 64; at the Johnson Celebration at Oxford, i. 81; the Buckingham Palace garden party, i. 91; Royal Holloway College meeting, i. 97, 280; meeting at Imperial Institute of British Institution Scholarship Fund Trustees, i. 102, 158; article in *Cornhill* on *Ménagiana*, i. 108; at Windsor Castle, i. 173, 174; ii. 70; attends Committee of the Founders and Benefactors of Westminster School, i. 277; Director of Pelican Assurance Co., i. 280; ii. 121, 191; at the Levée, ii. 12; address to his old constituents at Elgin, ii. 40; lecture on Epitaphs at Royal Institution, ii. 85, 181; at Royal Academy dinners, ii. 117, 218; meeting of the London University Senate, ii. 145; address on Walter Bagehot at University College, ii. 173; member of the Council of Foreign Bondholders, ii. 214, 264; summary of his views on public affairs, ii. 266; attends King Edward VII.'s first Privy Council, ii. 270-273, the King's Declaration, ii. 271
Duff, Victoria Grant, i. 31, 39, 51, 55, 71, 72, 91, 109, 126, 146, 229, 236, 251, 258, 264, 291, 306; ii. 18, 23, 30, 46, 53, 84, 118, 152, 192, 237, 247, 258, 263
Duff of Drummuir, Thomas, ii. 188
Dufferin, Lady, i. 312
—— Lord, i. 50, 181, 235, 312-314, 322, 329; ii. 84, 138, 157; story about Lord Lyons, ii. 109
Dugdale, Mr., i. 323
——Mrs., i. 323; ii. 24, 81
Duka, Dr. Theodore, ii. 81
Duleep Singh, Maharajah, i. 216
Dundas, Mrs., i. 316
Dunning, i. 173
"Dunrobin House," i. 220
Duru, Chambolle - binder, ii. 143
Dutch, and the Belgian dykes, ii. 184
Dyer, Sir W. Thiselton, ii. 253, 254

Earle, Dr. Alfred, Bishop of Marlborough, ii. 97
Earthly Paradise, W. Morris, i. 83
Earthquakes, i. 153; at Cannes, i. 198
East London Water Co., i. 240
Eastern Hemisphere, a French translation of, i. 48
Eastlake, Lady, i. 31
Eaton, J. R., i. 21; ii. 105, 182
Ecole des Chartes, i. 235
Eden, Miss, i. 162
Edgeworth, Miss, *Life and Letters* of, i. 7, 8
Edinburgh Review, i. 92, 239; ii. 96
Edison, i. 49
Edward I., i. 32
—— II., ii. 45
—— III., ii. 250; a Noble of, ii. 172

Edward IV., a Rose Noble of, ii. 172
—— VII., i. 29; ii. 111; proclaimed king, ii. 271-273
Edwin the Fair, Sir Henry Taylor, i. 221
Egerton of Tatton, Lord, i. 70
Egyptian papyri, ii. 127
—— soldiery, i. 60
Eilanroc, Mr. Wyllie's place, ii. 116
Elagabalus, ii. 159
Eleanor of Castile, i. 32
Elegy, Gray's, i. 120; ii. 192
Elgin, Lord, i. 161; expedition against China, ii. 230
Elijah's ravens, ii. 105
Eliot, C. N., Chargé d'Affaires at Sofia, i. 80; ii. 23
—— Mrs., ii. 98
—— "George" (Mrs Cross), i. 290
Elizabeth, Madame, i. 265
—— Queen, i. 162, 176; ii. 122
Ellen Middleton, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, i. 8
Ellesmere, Lord, ii. 234
Elliot, Arthur, i. 207; ii. 74
—— Mrs. Arthur, ii. 74
—— Sir Henry, i. 35, 50, 51, 68, 69, 184, 214, 221, 234, 239; ii. 2, 8, 127, 133, 138, 221, 223, 251; his *Diplomatic Recollections*, ii. 255
—— Hugh, ii. 77
—— J. Lettsom, ii. 208
—— Rt. Hon. William, "the Castle Spectre," ii. 251, 252
—— Dean of Bristol, ii. 27
—— Miss, i. 180
—— Miss Margaret, i. 282; ii. 27
Elphinstone, Miss Beatrix, i. 37
——Mountstuart, *Life and Letters*, i. 141
Elveden, i. 216
Elwin, Whitwell, i. 253
Ely, Lord Alwyne Compton, Bishop of, i. 171
Emly, Lord, i. 276
Emerson, ii. 233
Emo, Count, i. 62
Endymion, Lord Beaconsfield, ii. 10
England's Heroical Epistles, Drayton, ii. 155, 175
English, Father, i. 16
Engraved Gems, King, i. 217
Episcopius, ii. 146
Epitaphs, ii. 99; Sir M. E. Grant Duff's Address on, ii. 181
Epping Forest, i. 43
Erbach, Countess of, i. 174
Errington, Sir George, i. 65
Erroll, Lady, i. 174
Erskine of Linlathen, ii. 38
Esher, Lady, i. 29
Essex, Earl of, ii. 45
Essex Chronicle, ii. 266
Etonian, ii. 191
Euchologion, i. 187
Eugene, Prince, i. 166
Eugénie, Empress, i. 177; ii. 63
Eurydice, H.M.S., ii. 152
Evans, Lady, i. 246
—— Sir John, i. 147, 148, 246
Extempore speaking, ii. 15

Faber, F., i. 16, 99; ii. 131, 184, 185, 262, 263; *The Rosary*, ii. 61
Fabiola, i. 169
Falkland, i. 284; ii. 17
—— Lady, ii. 140
—— Lord, ii. 95, 140
Falloux, M. de, *Pensées de Madame Swetchine*, i. 41
False Cross, the, ii. 169
Faraday, ii. 85
Farnham Castle, i. 146
Farrell, Canon, i. 26
Farrer, Frederick, ii. 89
—— Sir William, ii. 27

Farrer & Co., i. 210
Fashoda, ii. 67
Faure, M., i. 21
Feilding, Everard, i. 252
—— Lady Clare, i. 25, 29, 199
—— Lady Mary, i. 29, 53, 199
Fell, Dr., Bishop of Oxford, i. 56
Fenn, Dr., ii. 51
Ferdinand II., ii. 8
Fergusson, Sir James, i. 123
Ferrero, General, Italian Ambassador, i. 222
Fettes College, ii. 38
Feuillet, Octave, *Histoire de Sibylle*, i. 156
—— Madame Octave, *Souvenirs et correspondance de*, i. 156
Field, Admiral, ii. 214
XV. Club, the, i. 13
Figgis, Rev. —, i. 217, 236
Fisher, Professor, of Yale, ii. 145
Fitzgerald, Edward, i. 112; ii. 166, 233
—— Lord Edward, i. 220
—— Lady, i. 89
—— Bishop, *Life of Bishop Butler*, ii. 134
Fitzmaurice, Lady Edmond, i. 24, 33, 78; ii. 60
—— Lord Edmund, ii. 134
Fitzroy, A.W., ii. 272
Fitzwilliam, Lord, i. 193; ii. 43
Flahault, Count, i. 303, 310
Fletcher, Mr., Mineral Dept. Natural History Museum, i. 147
Flint, Professor, ii. 71
Flodden Field, battle of, ii. 246
Flora Indica, Sir Joseph Hooker, i. 235
Flora of Cheshire, De Tabley, ii. 42, 116, 131
Flower, Sir William, i. 19, 50, 68; ii. 15; his account of a visit to Tennyson, ii. 20; on the Andamans, ii. 21
Fontenelle, ii. 183
Fontenoy, battle of, i. 183
Footman, Mr., i. 124
Forbes, A., *The Black Watch*, i. 182
—— A. P., Bishop of Brechin, i. 266
——Duncan, i. 183
Ford, his description of Montserrat, ii. 126
Foreign Bondholders, Council of, ii. 78, 214, 264
Forester, Lord, ii. 134
Forfarshire, ii. 19
Forster, W. E., i. 263
Fortescue, Chichester, i. 305
——Lord, i. 34, 163, 180, 199, 200, 205, 211, 319, 334; ii. 6, 7, 32, 88, 130, 194, 220
Fortnightly Review, i. 56; ii. 74
Foster, Sir Michael, ii. 53
Fowler, Sir Henry, i. 329; ii. 197, 271
—— Sir William, i. 307; ii. 174
Fox, C. J., i. 173; ii. 236; Trevelyan's *Life* of, i. 202, 205
Fra Angelico, i. 46
France, Anatole, *Le Procurateur de Judée*, ii. 10; *Jardin d'Epicure*, ii. 95
Franco-Scottish Society, ii. 74
Franqueville, M. de, i. 84
Frascati restaurant, i. 190
Fraser's Magazine, i. 39
Frederick, Emperor, i. 245; ii. 157
——Empress, i. 4, 174, 275; ii. 70, 72, 96
—— the Great, i. 341; ii. 113
——William III., ii. 185
Free Trade and Protection, i. 160, 161
Freeman E. A., ii. 45, 105; at the field of Hastings, ii. 204
—— Miss Agnes, i. 47, 265, 336
—— Miss Violet, i. 336
—— Mrs, i. 24, 194; ii. 210

Frere, Sir Bartle, ii. 95
Fribourg, Catholic Congress at, i. 272
Froude, J. A., i. 39, 328, 135; legend of St. Neot, in *Lives of the English Saints*, i. 67; his sermon at Marychurch—*Shadows of the Clouds*, i. 124, 125; *Nemesis of Faith*, ii. 56
Fuad Pacha, i. 181; *Testament Politique*, i. 184
Fuller, Margaret, ii. 233
Fullerton, Lady Georgiana (*Ellen Middleton*), i. 8, 252
Furnivall, Dr., i. 36
Fürstenberg, epitaph on, i. 45

Gainsborough, his portrait of Peter Burrell, ii. 53
Gairdner, James, i. 32
Gaisford, Dean, i. 17
Galitzin, Princess, i. 45
Gallwey, Father, i. 38
Galton, Douglas, i. 187, 207; ii. 9
—— Mrs Douglas, ii. 9
Galveston, Texas, shooting at, i. 45
Galway, Lady, i. 123
—— Lord, i. 62
Gardiner, Professor, i. 32
Garfield, President, i. 332
Garibaldi, i. 51; ii. 9
Garrick, David, i. 173
Gaskell, Milnes, i. 258, 289
—— Lady Catherine Milnes, i. 193
—— Mrs., ii. 8
Gate of a Hundred Sorrows, ii. 63
Gatty, Mrs., *Parables from Nature*, i. 306
—— Mr. (son of above), i. 306
Gautier, Théophile, ii. 202
Gazza Ladra, Russian funeral march in, ii. 42
Geikie, Sir Archibald, ii. 81
Gell, Mrs Lyttleton, ii. 73
Geoffray, M., ii. 86, 249, 250
—— Madame, i. 161; ii. 86
Geological Museum, Jermyn Street, i. 172
George II., i. 286
—— III., ii. 86
George Eliot (Mrs Cross), ii. 227
German novelists, i. 176
Ghent, ancient fencing club in, ii. 167
Ghica, Ion, i. 62
Ghirlandajo, i. 310
Gibbon, i. 11, 173; ii. 9
Gibbs, Frederick, i. 84, 99, 100
Gibraltar, i. 206; Dr. Sandford, Bishop of, ii. 80, 116
Gibson, *Life of Lammenais*, i. 145
Giffen, Sir Robert, i. 246; ii. 174
Gilder, Mr., Editor of *Century Magazine*, i. 78
Gill, the astronomer, ii. 298
Gilmour, Sir Dugald, ii. 180
Giulio Romano, i. 249
Gladstone, Henry, ii. 95
——Sir John, i. 97
Gladstone Rev. Stephen, ii. 87
—— W. E., i. 15, 333; ii. 158; Tennyson's fear about, i. 20; and Anglican Orders, i. 64; the Opium Commission, i. 66; Blachford's letter, i. 139, "a very moot point," i. 158; his object in writing about Homer, i. 166; Prince Albert on, i. 181; "a strange and narrow view," i. 212; on Northcote, i. 260; his article in *Daily Telegraph* on Hallam, i. 289; Disraeli as prompter, i. 292; ii. 11; his funeral, ii. 14, 17; his relations with Palmerston, ii. 17; speeches at Oxford Union on death of, ii. 23; on Disraeli's cabinet, ii. 33; "Who is Baker?" ii. 34; his favourite sermons, ii. 54;

Gladstone, W.E. (*continued*)—
Charles Roundell's recollections of, ii. 57; and George Glyn, ii. 65; Morley's *Life* of, *ibid*; Lecky's estimate of, ii. 96; a tactless question, ii. 119; and Frank Palgrave, ii. 120; Parker's anecdote of, ii. 135; his estimate of the *Dream of Gerontius*, ii. 139; his first government, ii. 148; quotes Lucretius in House of Commons, ii. 171; on Pitt and Sheridan, ii. 220; and Ruskin, ii. 221; his opinions about Turkey, *ibid*; and the Ashanti Prince, ii. 224; on Manning, ii. 226; his volte-face of 1886, ii. 230, 259; and the Bulgarian atrocities, ii. 255
Glenaveril, Lord Lytton, i. 251
Glocke, Schiller's, ii. 238
Glyn, Carr, Bishop of Peterborough, ii. 63, 65
—— Lady Mary Carr, ii. 63
—— George, *see* Wolverton, Lord
Godfrey, Sir Edmondsbury, i. 320
Golden Treasury, F. T. Palgrave, ii. 120
Goldie, Sir George Taubman, ii. 117, 170, 255
Goldsmid, Sir Julian, i. 21, 102
Goldsmith, Oliver, *Retaliation*, i. 81, 136; member of The Club, i. 173
Golf, ii. 235
Goltsteins, the, ii. 84
Goodhart, Mrs., ii. 26
——, Professor of Humanity, Edinburgh, ii. 26
Gordon, General, ii. 71; and the Cabinet, ii. 74, 75; at Oliphant's house in Haïfa, ii. 199
——, Lady Hamilton, i. 249
Gordon, Hon. George Maurice, i. 250
Gordon, Mrs., i. 55
Görgei, General, ii. 81
Gorst, Sir J., ii. 270
Goschen, G. J., now Viscount, i. 84, 93, 147, 158; ii. 11, 122, 146, 270
——, Mrs., i. 190
Gosse, Edmund, President of the Omar Khayyam Club, i. 190
Gould, Mr., i. 68, 92
——, Mrs., i. 92
Gouvernayle of Health, a Caxton, i. 244
Gower, F. Leveson, i. 21, 28, 58, 65, 67, 75, 79, 87, 91, 93, 167, 178-180, 185, 188, 189, 198, 199, 221, 222, 244, 305, 311; ii. 93, 101, 121, 122, 132, 137, 146, 224
——, G. Leveson, i. 79
Gracian, Balthasar, i. 225
Graham, Sir James, i. 143
Grammont, Duke of, i. 140
Grand Old Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens, ii. 183
Grant, Sir Hope, ii. 235
——, Mrs., American President's wife, i. 194
Granville, Lord, i. 140; ii. 75, 187
Gravelotte, battle of, i. 207
Gray's churchyard, i. 47; *Elegy*, i. 120; ii. 192
Grazioli, Duchess, i. 109, 119, 122
Great Rebellion, Lord Clarendon, ii. 188
Greek, study of, i. 116
Greeks, i. 222; ii. 24
Green, J. R., on Ruskin's lectures, i. 46
——, Mrs J. R., i. 154
Greenstead, wooden church of, ii. 126
Greg, Mrs., i. 164, 229, 290; ii. 36, 174, 176
Gregory, Lady, ii. 92
Grenfell, Lady, i. 330
——, Henry, i. 137, 166; ii. 79

Grenville, Lord, ii. 130
Grey, Lady Jane, ii. 192
——, Lord, i. 334; ii. 119
——, Sir Edward, i. 34, 91, 250, 334; ii. 221
——, Sir George, i. 328
Griffith, Mrs., i. 209
Griffiths, Miss, i. 63, 177
Grillion's, i. 15, 34, 54, 57, 67, 75, 80, 91, 96, 100, 160, 163, 170, 180, 188, 189, 199, 205, 210, 218, 238, 241, 244, 250, 302, 303, 319, 325, 334; ii. 6, 13, 24, 32, 87, 93, 100, 102, 119, 121, 123, 130, 132, 146, 150, 152, 194, 200, 210, 211, 216, 220, 225, 230, 237, 238
Grosvenor, Lady, i. 306
Grove, Sir George, ii. 29
Grünne, Madame de, i. 222, 276; ii. 117
Guesses at the Riddle of Existence and other Essays, Goldwin Smith, i. 184
Guesses at Truth, Hare, ii. 152
Guildhall Gallery of French Art, ii. 46
Guillaume Tell, French man-of-war, i. 313
Guines, Alberic, Count of, i. 103
Guizot, ii. 249
Gully, Speaker, i. 190; ii. 88, 99, 122, 132, 138, 146, 201, 215, 232, 234, 235
——, Mrs., i. 190
Gutzkow, ii. 134
Gwydyr, Lady, ii. 178
——, Lord, i. 85; ii. 53, 178

Haldane, i. 28
Hales, John, ii. 145
Halford, Sir Henry, his last words, i. 269
Halifax, Lord, i. 190, 275; ii. 94, 144
Hall, Mr., Royal Historical Society, i. 32; ii. 74
Hall, Mr., of Six Mile Bottom, ii. 110
Hallam, Arthur, i. 289, 300
Haliburton, Lady, ii. 82
Halsbury, Lord, ii. 150, 194, 218, 219
Halsey, Mrs., ii. 174
Ham House, ii. 148
Hamilton, Lady George, i. 14
——, Lord George, i. 57, 59, 86, 160, 161, 280, 319, 334, 335; ii. 5, 100, 190, 216, 270
——, General Sir Ian, i. 86
——, Captain (afterwards Brigadier-General), ii. 12
—— Palace, i. 121
Hampden, i. 287
Hampton, General Wade, i. 154
Hanbury, F., i. 215, 240, 264; ii. 40, 41, 52, 97, 106-109, 112, 113, 142
Hankey, Thomson, i. 60
Hannibal, ii. 200
Hanotaux, M., i. 175
Hanover, king of, ii. 48
Harcourt, Sir W. Vernon, i. 22, 311, 329, 335; ii. 121; "Steady, Baker," ii. 34
Hare, Augustus, ii. 152, 167, 168, 247, 248; *Autobiography*, i. 144
—— Julius, ii. 152; *Sermons*, i. 182
——, Mrs. Marcus, ii. 152
Harmer, Dr., Bishop of Adelaide, i. 266
——, Mrs., i. 70, 107, 266, 289
Harmonies Economiques, Bastiat, ii. 121
Harness, Rev. W., ii. 54
Harper, Dr. Gerald, i. 7
Harris, Cecil, ii. 59
——, Lady, i. 221; ii. 95
——, Lord, i. 54, 75, 96, 100, 174, 221; ii. 32, 150, 230
Harrison, Frederic, i. 32, 142, 154, 286; ii. 89
Hartington Lord, ii. 75

Hastings, Warren, i. 228: ii. 68, 206
Hatchlands, ii. 25
Havelock, Sir Henry, i. 14, 161
——, Lady, i. 14
Hawker, Miss, ii. 74
Hawkins, Anthony Hope, i. 77
——, *Life of Johnson*, i. 173
Hawksmoor, ii. 231
Hay, Colonel John, American Ambassador, i. 238, 282, 331; ii. 8
——, Lord John, i. 189
Hayward, Abraham, ii. 163; a story of Rogers, i. 270; his death, ii. 98
Healy, Father (*Memories of*), i. 26, 161, 198, 316; ii. 22, 225; and Miss Lynch, ii. 187
Heddle, Professor, i. 128
Hedgehog, its destructiveness, ii. 242
Hedingham Castle, i. 103, 130
Heimpel, Mr., ii. 224
Heine's *Lorelei*, i. 193
Helbeck of Bannisdale, Mrs. Humphry Ward), ii. 30
Hellas, Shelley, ii. 181
Helps, i. 328
Helvoetsluys, ii. 172
Hemans, Mrs., i. 82
Hendre, a Welsh local name, i. 244
Henley, Anthony, i. 330
——, Lady, i. 196, 237; ii. 11, 63, 89
——, Lord, ii. 11, 63-65, 72, 257
Henry of Exeter, i. 11
—— II., i. 103
—— III., i. 148; ii. 172
—— VII., i. 130; an Angel of, ii. 172
—— VIII., i. 36; Bacon's *Life of*, i. 118
Herbert, Dr Alan, ii. 248
——, Lady Margaret, ii. 248
——, Sir Robert, i. 21, 22, 27, 34, 35, 45, 67-69, 91, 97, 110, 139, 140, 160, 164, 167, 184, 188, 189, 212, 221, 235, 239, 241, 242, 244, 250, 331, 334; ii. 2, 6, 9, 11, 32, 50, 88, 93, 97, 99, 119, 123, 124, 130, 150, 152, 171, 175, 201, 210, 213, 215, 224, 225, 232, 237
Herbert, Sidney, *see* Pemoroke, Earl of
——, of Lea, Lord, ii. 146
Hereford, Dr. Percival, Bishop of, ii. 84
Hermann of Cologne, *Consultatio*, i. 52
Herodotus, i. 304
Heroes of the Nation, i. 193
Herries, Lord, i. 13
Herschell, Lord, i. 21, 54, 58, 65, 87, 160, 167, 168, 175-179, 185, 186, 278, 303, 311; ii. 4, 11, 56; death, ii. 93; funeral, ii. 101
Hertford, Lord, i. 303
Hervey, Mr., Foreign Office, i. 12
Hiddenite, i. 47, 52
Higgins, Mr., ii. 82, 83
High Elms, i. 1, 147, 291
Hill Hall, i. 162
——Dr., Master of Downing Coll., Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, ii. 121
Hinchcliffe, Dr., Bishop of Peterborough, ii. 237
Hirst, Mr., i. 36
Histoire de Sibylle, Octave Feuillet, i. 156
Historical Sketches, Carlyle, ii. 132
Historical Society, Sir M. E. Grant Duff's presidential addresses at, i. 21, 172, 304; ii. 89; Camden Society amalgamated with, i. 32, 36, 142, 217, 235
History of English Poetry, W. J. Courthope, i. 215
History of the Jews, Dean Milman, i. 269

History of the War of Succession, Lord Stanhope, ii. 13
Hitrovo, i. 295
Hoare, Senator (U.S.A.), i. 63
Hobart, Lady Alba, i. 163
Hodgkin, Dr., the historian, i. 17, 261
Hodgson, Mrs Stewart, i. 310
Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, i. 208
Hogarth, David G., *A Wandering Scholar in the Levant*, i. 111
Holland, Bernard, *Letters of Mrs Holland*, ii. 5; *A Reported Change of Religion*, ii. 236
——Canon F. G., Canterbury, ii. 5
——Miss, i. 284
Holloway College, i. 97, 279
Holmby House, Whyte Melville, i. 117
Holroyd, Maria Josepha (1st Lady Stanley of Alderley), i. 173; correspondence, i. 178
Holwood, i. 138
Hooker, Sir Joseph D., i. 19, 83, 184, 217; ii. 119, 120, 223; *Flora Indica*, i. 235
Hoole, i. 255
Hooper, financial editor of *Times*, i. 149
Hope, Anthony (Hawkins) *Dolly Dialogues*, i. 77
—— A. J. Beresford, ii. 61, 79
Hornby, Dr., Provost of Eton, i. 15
Horsley, Bishop, ii. 231
Hort, Dr., *Life and Letters of*, i. 122
Hoskins, Sir Anthony, i. 189, 235
Houghton, Lord, i. 89, 252, 291; ii. 99, 190, 251; lines on Mrs Denison, i. 123; Epitaph on C. Buller in Westminister Abbey, i. 178; *See* also Crewe, Lord
Howells, the American novelist, i. 268
Hoyos, Countess (*née* Whitehead), ii. 98, 230
Hübner, Count, i. 302
Hudson, i. 140
Hügel, Frederick von, i. 272
——Madame von, i. 25
Hughes, Thomas, i. 39; ii. 84
Humbert, king of Italy, ii. 1
Humboldt, Alexander von, i. 291, 292
Hume, David, ii. 37
—— Joseph, i. 163
Humming-birds, i. 68
Hunter, Sir Paul, i. 255
—— Sir William, i. 56, 86, 87
Huntly and Palmer, ii. 59
Hutton, R. H., i. 23, 129, 267; ii. 181
Huxley, Mrs., i. 170
——Professor, i. 42, 170; a remarkable saying of, ii. 106
Hymns Ancient and Modern, i. 269

Ibrahim, Prince, ii. 255
Ickleton, i. 110
Ignatieff, i. 114
Ilbert, Sir Courtenay, i. 84
Imitations of Horace, Pope, ii. 207
Imperial Institute, i. 102
India, English missionary work in, i. 56
Indian Institute, Oxford, i. 86
Ingram, Dr. A. F. Winnington, Bishop of Stepney, afterwards London, i. 188
Intelligence Department, i. 43
Ireland, humour in, i. 199
—— Archbishop, ii. 144
Ismail Pasha, Khedive, ii. 17
Italians in Abyssinia, i. 27
Ittersum family, motto "Id ter sum," i. 119
Iveagh, Lord, i. 216, 231

Jackdaw of Rheims, ii. 165

Jackson, Frederick Huth (Fritz), i. 62, 80, 106, 193, 280, 281; ii. 35, 59, 96, 173, 195
Jackson, Mrs F. H. (Clara Grant Duff), i. 62, 80, 106, 229; ii. 35, 96, 173, 195, 196, 204
Jacobini, Cardinal, i. 272
Jade, ii. 176
"Jaguars," i. 274
James, Henry, i. 12; ii. 269; and Fanny Kemble, i. 33
——Dr H. A., Headmaster of Rugby, ii. 63
——of Hereford, Lord, i. 209, 329; ii. 34
——I., i. 214
——III., ii. 41
Jameson, Dr., i. 34, 72
Jamrach, ii. 150
Jardin d'Epicure, Anatole France, ii. 95
Jebb, Lady, ii. 34
—— Sir Richard, i. 83, 215, 221, 331; ii. 9, 28, 34, 97, 133, 221, 223, 231
Jekyll, Colonel, ii. 82
Jenkins, Henry, i. 4
Jenkyns, Canon of Durham, i. 135
—— Dr., Master of Balliol, i. 135
Jersey, Lord, i. 57; ii. 6, 7, 146, 149, 225
Jerusalem, Abyssinian Midnight Services at Easter in, i. 204
Jessel, i. 27
Jessopp, Dr, lecture on Village Life in 14th century, i. 273
Jesuits, i. 217; "a matter of a dozen Jezebels," i. 195; their redeeming merit, ii. 126; their great variety of action, ii. 194
Jeune, Sir Francis, i. 180, 309, 319, 320
Jews, i. 54
Jeyes, Mr., Assistant Editor of *Standard*, ii. 74
"Jockteleg," corruption of Jacques de Liège, i. 254
John Inglesant, J. H. Shorthouse, ii. 188
Johnson, The Club, *q.v.*
—— Society, i. 81
—— Dr Samuel, i. 81, 257; ii. 9, 37 138; Reynolds' portrait of, i. 82; Hawkins' *Life* of, i. 173; on his deathbed, i. 255; "talk but no conversation," i. 327
Johnson, Dean of Wells, ii. 105
—— Sir Allan, i. 324
—— William, *Letters and Journals of Mr Cory*, i. 271
Joly, Claude, Canon of Notre Dame, *Recueil de Maximes Veritables et Importantes pour l'Institution du Roy*, i. 114
Jones, Rev. —, of Nayland, ii. 51
—— Sir William, i. 173
Jonesco, M., Ex-Minister of Public Instruction in Roumania, i. 294-296
Jonson, Ben, ii. 265
Josephus, ii. 144
Jowett, Benjamin, i. 21, 262; ii. 133; "the less you say about it the better," i. 57; *Life*, i. 77, 224-227; *Cicero*, i. 198; Sir M. E. Grant Duff's estimate of, i. 204; Leslie Stephen's disapproval of, i. 214; introduction to the *Phædo*, *St Paul*, *Thucydides*, and *Politics of Aristotle*, i. 225; and Tennyson, i. 298; his riddle, ii. 97; *Sermons*, ii. 125; his last illness, ii. 185; and Pearson, ii. 198; his address "Remember thy Creator," ii. 223
Jowett, Mr., Conduit Street, mercer, i. 270
Jubilee of 1897, i. 236
Julius, Pope, i. 249
Julius Cæsar, i. 314, 316
Juvenal, ii. 128

Kallay, i. 234
Kalp tree, ii. 92
Kant, *Kritik der reinen Vernunft* i. 311
Kappeyne, ii. 69
Kaunitz, i. 174
Kay, Mrs., i. 58, 77, 227 ; ii. 98
Keats, i. 44
Keble, John, i. 197, 270 ; ii. 52 ; his admiration for Burns, ii. 55
Keepsake, i. 298
Kelvin, Lady, i. 90 ; ii. 9
——, Lord i. 90, 222 ; ii. 9, 124, 127, 171
Kemble, Fanny, i. 33
Kenelm Chillingley, i. 21
Kennaway, Sir John, ii. 271
Kennion, Mrs., i. 32
Keogh, Judge, i. 96
Keppel, Mrs., ii. 111
Kersaint, M. de, i. 233
Kew Gardens, i. 209, 210
Khanikoff, ii. 4
Khartoum, college for children at, ii. 75
Khelat, Khan of, i. 42
Kiao-Chau, ii. 238
Kieselguhr, ii. 39
Kimberley, Lord, i. 66, 189, 210, 212, 213, 311, 322 ; ii. 8
King, *Engraved Gems*, i. 217
——, Locke, i. 59
Kinglake, on Hayward's last illness, ii. 98
Kingsley, Miss, i. 78
Kipling, Rudyard, *The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows*, ii. 63 ; in New England, ii. 70
Knight, Professor, i. 77
Knightley, Sir Charles, ii. 237
——, Lady, ii. 64
——, Lord, ii. 63, 237
Knox, John, i. 95 ; ii. 37
Knutsford, Lady, i. 250 ; ii. 87, 95
——, Lord, i. 14, 57, 75, 139, 163, 189, 250 ; ii. 5, 24, 87, 88, 95, 119, 132
Koch, Madame, i. 336
Krasinsky, Sigismund, ii. 62
Kritik der reinen Vernunft, Kant, i. 311
Krüger, Paul, i. 186, 326
——, Mrs., ii. 224
Kulm, battle of, ii. 218
Kumasi, ii. 224

La Ferronays, Marquise de, ii. 47
La Mortola, ii. 106, 111-113
Lacaita, C., of Leucaspide, i. 261
Lacordaire, ii. 62
Lady Geraldine's Courtship, i. 255
Lady of Lyons, i. 33
Lady's Impression of Cyprus, Mrs. Lewis, i. 110
Ladysmith, relief of, ii. 201
Lake, Mr., i. 92, 260, 262
——, Philip, formerly of Indian Geographical Survey, ii. 174
Lamartine, ii. 249
Lamb, Lady Caroline, i. 232, 305
——, Mr. ii. 134
Lammenais, Gibson's *Life* of, i. 145 ; *les Morts*, ii. 247
Lampson, Frederick Locker-, *My Confidences*, i. 77
Lampson, Mrs. Locker-, i. 253, 255, 274 ; ii. 197
Lamport books, the, i. 326
Lanciani, R., ii. 199
Landor, W. S., i. 5, 94
Landseer, Sir Edwin, i. 96
Lankester, Professor Ray, i. 191
Lang, Andrew, i. 77, 94 ; *Life of John Gibson Lockhart*, i. 95
Lang, Mrs. Andrew, i. 94
——, Rev. —, i. 73
Lansdowne, Lady, i. 19 ; ii. 135
——, Lord, i. 19, 35, 87, 123, 164, 165, 199, 205, 303, 304 ; ii. 217
Laud, ii. 145
Lavenham, ii. 213
Laver, Dr., ii. 48, 50

Lavradío, Portuguese Minister, ii. 130
Lawless, Miss, i. 100
Lawrence, Lord, i. 41, 310; Watts' portrait of, ii. 179
——, Miss, i. 154; ii. 81
——, Sir Thomas, portrait of Pitt, ii. 71
Lawson, a priest, i. 4
——, Sir Wilfrid, i. 181; ii. 100
Lay Folks' Mass Book, ii. 61
Layard, Lady, ii. 98
Layer Marney, i. 252
Leach, Stephen, i. 113, 147
"Lead Kindly Light," ii. 139
Leader, B. W., ii. 198
——, Mr., i. 180
Lebœuf, i. 140
Lecky, W. E. H., i. 35, 48, 57, 68 83, 164, 204, 205, 250, 316; ii. 100, 104, 119, 138, 139, 218, 219, 237, 270; *Recollections of Tennyson*, i. 283; *Democracy and Liberty*, ii. 96; on Milman and Stanley, ii. 206
Lecky, Mrs., i. 316, 323
Lectures upon Anglican Difficulties, Newman, ii. 139
Lee, Vernon, i. 266
Leeds, Duke of, i. 28; ii. 237
Lefevre, George Shaw, i. 84, 158, 235, 250; ii. 147, 270
——, Sir John, i. 139
Legge, Mrs., i. 174
Leighton, Lady, ii. 42, 117
——, Lord, ii. 3
Lely, portrait of Sir William Temple, i. 231
Lennox, Countess of, ii. 122
Leo XIII., Pope, i. 209, 312
Leopold, king of the Belgians, ii. 149, 190
——, Prince, ii. 7
Lepanto, battle of, i. 56
Lepsius, i. 88
Lessar, M., ii. 86
Lessing, i. 176
Lettres d'un Curé de Campagne, ii. 154
Letts' Diary, ii. 146
Levett, Basil, i. 204, 248
——, Lady Margaret, i. 248; ii. 130
Lewenhaupt, Count, Swedish Minister, i. 78, 187
——, Madame, i. 78; ii. 95
Lewis, Cornewall, i. 211
——, Lady Theresa, i. 166
——, Mrs., *A Lady's Impression of Cyprus*, i. 110
Lexden, i. 206, 228; ii. 20
Li Hung Chang, i. 278
Library of Old Authors, ii. 156
Lichfield, Dr. Lonsdale, Bishop of, ii. 13
Liddell, Dean, ii. 133
Lidderdale, Sir William, ii. 214
Liddon, Canon, a saying of, ii. 145
Lieven, Princess, ii. 123
Ligne, Prince de, i. 78
Lightfoot, Bishop, i. 266
Liguria, Romans in, ii. 110
Ligurian bees, i. 213
Lincoln, President, i. 171
Lincoln's, ii. 172, 179, 193
Lindsay, Mr., ii. 23
——, Lady, ii. 23
——, Sir Coutts, ii. 23
——, Lady Charlotte, i. 211
Lindsey, Lady ii. 193
——, Robert, Earl of, i. 293
——, House, i. 293
Lines on his Mother's Picture, W. Cowper, i. 334
Lingen, Lord, i. 77, 92; ii. 9
Lisle, Life of Mr. de, ii. 205
Lister, Sir Joseph, i. 14
L'Italie est Elle la Terre des Morts, i. 39
Literary Fund, i. 32, 69; ii. 190
——, Society, i. 26, 134, 146, 207, 282; ii. 1, 81, 144, 190, 269
Litter handles, ii. 214
Little Boynton Hall, ii. 44

Little Holland House, article in *Cornhill Magazine* on, ii. 84
—— Maplestead Church, i. 110
Littledale, Mr. Justice, ii. 163
Liverpool Post, i. 64
Lives of the English Saints, i. 67
Lizards, i. 129
Llandaff, C. J. Vaughan, Dean of, ii. 90
Llangattock, Lord, i. 244
Llewelyn, Sir John, i. 243
Lobanoff, i. 93
Lobkowitz, Prince, ii. 180
Loch, Lord, i. 302, 305, 330: ii. 2, 6, 95, 97, 102, 103, 130
—— Lady, ii. 95
Lockhart, J. G., Lang's *Life* of, i. 95, 255
—— Sir William, ii. 157
Locksley Hall, ii. 152
Lockwood, Sir F., i. 34, 219
Logue, Cardinal (Ireland), i. 24
Lollard's Tower, Lambeth Palace, i. 238
London, Dr. Mandell Creighton, Bishop of, i. 50, 51, 101, 176, 234, 247, 248, 325; ii. 16, 21, 93, 94, 97, 121, 171, 174, 198, 202-204
—— University Senate, ii. 145, 254
Londonderry, Lord, i. 302; ii. 130
Long Melford House, i. 113
Longepierre, Baron de, his play *Medea*, ii. 161
Longfellow, H. W., ii. 137
Longford, Lord, ii. 149
Longman, T. Norton, i. 194
Lonsdale, Dr., Bishop of Lichfield, ii. 13
—— Lord, i. 270
Lorelei, Heine, i. 193
Lothian, Lady, ii. 31
Loti, Pierre, i. 88
Louis Buonaparte, Prince, i. 79
—— Philippe, ii. 63
—— XI., ii. 262
Louis XIV., i. 39, 205
—— XV., ii. 161
—— XVI., i. 175, 321; ii. 236
Louise, Queen of Denmark, i. 245
Lourdes, i. 198
Louvain University, ii. 232
Lovelace, Lord and Lady, i. 316
Lowe, Robert (afterwards Lord Sherbrooke), on the New Testament revisers, ii. 144; his suggested motto for Cockburn, ii. 162; his Reform Bill speeches, ii. 257
Lowell, Russell, his Jewish craze, i. 331; his epigram on Gladstone, ii. 230
Lowther, Miss, ii. 167
—— Miss Mabel, ii. 204
—— Mr. and Mrs., i. 70, 80; ii. 166, 173, 247
Loyola, ii. 126
Lubbock, Constance, i. 148
—— Harriet, ii. 243
—— Ursula, ii. 174
—— Sir John, *see* Avebury, Lord
Lucan, Lord, ii. 237
Lucas, Mr., i. 65
Lucknow, siege of, i. 41
Lucretius, quoted by Gladstone in House of Commons, ii. 171
Lucy, Lady, of Charlecote, i. 76
Luganda Bible, the, ii. 59
Lushington, Godfrey, Under-Secretary Home Department, i. 61
—— Professor, i. 182, 300
Lützow, Francis, Count, ii. 184
Luynes, Duchesse de, ii. 26
Luxemburg, Grand Duke of (formerly Duke of Nassau), ii. 111
Lyall, Sir Alfred, i. 21, 22, 50, 65, 79, 87, 93, 167, 168, 170, 185, 198, 199, 201, 215, 221, 235, 282, 286, 330, 331; ii. 5, 92, 93, 99, 100, 132, 137, 146, 175, 211, 228, 229

Lyall, Sir James, ii. 5, 129
—— Lady, i. 286
Lyddite, its effect, i. 265
Lynch, Miss, ii. 187
Lyons, Lord, cause of his death, ii. 109
Lyra Apostolica, ii. 139
Lyte, Maxwell, keeper of the Records, i. 235
Lyttelton, Hon. Alfred, i. 218, 242, 325; ii. 31, 220
—— Mrs. Alfred, ii. 31; (first) ii. 188
—— Colonel, i. 290, 291
—— Lady, i. 317
—— Miss Hester, i. 317.
—— William, ii. 251
—— Mrs. William, ii. 247
Lytteltons, the Neville, ii. 31
Lytton, Bulwer, his novels, i. 20, 21
—— Lord, i. 324; *Glenaveril*, i. 251; lines composed when asleep, ii. 28

M'Carthy, Justin, *Reminiscences*, ii. 137; Justin Martyr? ii. 219
MacCartney, Lord, ii. 148
Macaulay, Lord, his epitaph on a Jacobite, i. 19; ii. 24; on the de Vere family, i. 104; and Denman's verses, i. 127; Mrs. Kay's dining-table, i. 228; his writing-table, etc., at Wallington, i. 263; his description of Edward Seymour, ii. 153
Macdonnell, Sir Anthony, Lieut.-Governor North-West Provinces, ii. 30
Mackail, *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology*, i. 172
Maclagan, Dr., Archbishop of York, i. 244; ii. 82, 102, 198
Maclaren's fencing rooms, i. 316
Maclean, Dr., i. 12; ii. 184, 189
Macleod, Father, ii. 151
MacMillan, Mrs. Maurice, i. 246
Madonna's Child, Alfred Austin, ii. 246
Magee, Dr., Archbishop of York, i. 51, 333
Magpie, ii. 121
Mahan, *Life of Nelson*, i. 235
Mahommedans, i. 222
Maine, Sir Henry, i. 190, 270
Maioli, ii. 161
Maitland, Professor, *Domesday and After*, ii. 73
Majendies, the, i. 106
Majuba Hill, ii. 103
Malaria, i. 2
Malcolm, M.P., Assistant Private Secretary to Lord Salisbury, i. 70
Malden, Mr., i. 36
Malet, Sir Edward, ii. 16, 108, 113, 173
Malet, Lady Ermyntrude, ii. 108
Mallet, Bernard. i. 31, 71, 194; ii. 84
—— Mrs Bernard, ii. 84
—— Sir Louis, i. 13, 209
Malmesbury, Lady, i. 30; ii. 162
—— Susan, Lady (Sir John Ardagh's wife), i. 10, 19, 55, 63, 125, 150; ii. 212
Malory, Sir Thomas, ii. 164
Mann, Sir Horace, i. 202
Manners, Lady, i. 300
Manning, Cardinal, Purcell's *Life* of, i. 12, 30, 31; and Lord Herries, i. 13; Sir M. E. Grant Duff's article in *Edinburgh Review* on Catholic reaction and, i. 40, 45, 48, 92; Dean Boyle's prophecy, i. 52; and Lord Clifford, i, 195; his letter to a little girl in New York, ii. 43; a fine passage, ii. 187
Mansel, i. 311
Manzoni, *Cinque Maggio*, i. 133; ii. 219
Mar, Lord and Lady, ii. 114

Marcoartu, Señor, i. 235
Marie Antoinette, i. 174, 176, 265
Mariette, i. 74
Markham, Sir Clements, i. 163, 188
Marlay or Marley, Bishop of Waterford, ii. 237
Marlborough, Dr. Earle, Bishop of, ii. 97
—— Sarah, Duchess of, ii. 231
—— Duke of, i. 159, 166; his letter announcing battle of Ramilies, ii. 67
—— gems, the, ii. 139-142, 159
Marmalade, i. 206
Marney, Lord, i. 253
—— Sir William, i. 253
Marriott, Sir William, ii. 17
Marsh, the geologist, i. 331
—— the author, i. 332
Martin, Lady (Helen Faucit), i. 172
—— Sir Theodore, i. 172, 282
Martineau, James, i. 28, 129, 321; ii. 198
Martinitz, ii. 180
Marto, De, ii. 167
Martyr, Justin, ii. 219
Mary, Queen, i. 95
—— Stuart, Queen, i. 176; ii. 42
Maskelyne, Mr., ii. 159, 258
—— Mrs., i. 243; ii. 44
Masters, motto of the, i. 119
Mathew, Justice, ii. 86
Maurice, General Sir F. D., i. 194; ii. 12; *The National Defences*, i. 258
—— Rev. F. D., i. 122
Mausoleum at Castle Howard, ii. 231
Maximilian, Emperor, ii. 158
Maxwell, Sir Herbert, ii. 239
May, superstition about marrying in, i. 167
Mayo, Lord, i. 189
Mazarin, i. 114
Mazzini, i. 3
Meade, Sir Robert, i. 137, 181
Medea, Baron de Longepierre's play, ii. 161
Melbourne, Lord, i. 249; ii. 221
Melville, Canon, ii. 8
—— Whyte, *Holmby House*, i. 117
Memories, C. K. Paul, ii. 196
—— *and Impressions*, George Brodrick, ii. 205
—— *of Father Healy*, i. 26
Ménagiana, Sir M. E. Grant Duff's article in *Cornhill Magazine* on, i. 108
Meredith, George, i. 327
Merewether, Mr., i. 214
Merewether, Sergeant, i. 218
Merivale, Charles, *Autobiography and Letters*, ii. 56
—— Miss, her article on Princess Galitzin in *Cornhill Magazine*, i. 45
Mersea Island, i. 264
Merton, Warden of, i. 56
Metaphysical Society, ii. 65
Metaxas, M. and Madame, ii. 193
Metternich, ii. 62, 73
Mexico, Empress of, i. 322
Michael, Grand Duke, ii. 111
Michie, Mr., i. 149
Middleton, Lady, i. 243
Mill, John Stuart, i. 59; ii. 55, 233, 234; Watts' portrait of, ii. 179
Millais, Sir John E., i. 102, 134; ii. 49
Millet, Mrs., ii. 36
Mills, Arthur, i. 97; ii. 87
—— Dr., Cambridge, ii. 195
—— Sir Charles, ii. 240
Milman, Arthur, *Dean Milman's Life*, ii. 206
—— Dean, i. 204; *History of the Jews*, i. 269; *Life*, ii. 205, 206
—— Miss, i. 318
Milner, Sir Alfred (now Lord), ii. 76, 81
Milnes, R. Monckton (Lord Houghton), i. 31, 298

Milton, i. 284; *Comus*, i. 304; his walking-stick, ii. 132; *Paradise Lost*, ii. 191
Mineralogy in Ceylon, ii. 260
Mirza Ghulan Ahmad, ii. 59
Mitford, Freeman, ii. 136
Molesworth, Sir William, i. 180
Moltke, i. 332, 333
Moncrieff, Scott, i. 66
Mondragone, Duke of, i. 109
Monk, Miss, i. 62
Monk Bretton, Lord, i. 330; ii. 23, 84
Monkhouse, Cosmo, i. 191
Monkswell, Lord and Lady, ii. 8, 89, 178
Montacute inscriptions, the, ii. 207
Montalembert, i. 156, 276
Monte Carlo, ii. 80
Montefiore, Claude, i. 248
Montijo, Mademoiselle de, ii. 178
Montrose, Duke of, i. 94
Monuments de la France, i. 173
Moravian burial-ground, King's Road, i. 293
More, Margaret, i. 300
—— Sir Thomas, i. 293
Morgan, Sir George Osborne, i. 262, 329
Morier, Miss, i. 23
—— Sir Robert, i. 48, 227; ii. 83, 178
Morley, John, i. 303; ii. 146, 270; his Macchiavelli Lecture, i. 334; a compliment to Lord Balfour, i. 335; *Life of Gladstone*, ii. 65
—— Lord, i. 15, 335
Morning Chronicle, i. 263
Morning Post, ii. 183
Morocco, Emperor of, ii. 193
Morris, J. B., i. 52
—— Lord, i. 57, 247; ii. 13, 270
—— William, *Earthly Paradise*, i. 83
Morrison, Alfred, i. 59
Mort, Mr., i. 74
Morts, Les, Lammenais, ii. 247
Moschus, lines on the lot of man, ii. 92
"Mother-in-law," a glass of, ii. 203
Moulton, J. Fletcher, i. 134, 207; ii. 144
Mounsey, Mrs., ii. 242, 255
Mount Edgecumbe, Lord, ii. 237, 238
—— Stephen, Lord and Lady, ii. 26
—— Temple, Lord and Lady, i. 230
Mudaliar, a, i. 242
Müller, Max, i. 291; ii. 257
Mun, M. Albert de, i. 324; his Eloge of Jules Simon, ii. 115
Munro, i. 127
Mure, Colonel, ii. 165
Murray, head of Botanical Dept., Natural History Museum, ii. 15, 42
—— A. S., ii. 159, 160
—— Sir Charles, i. 241
—— Hallam, 164; ii. 158
—— II., John, his advice to a teetotaler, i. 102
—— III., John, his suggested title for *Review of Reviews*, ii. 158
Murray IV., John, i. 119; ii. 60; a Swift anecdote, i. 120; Byron's waistcoat, i. 285; Browning and the lady, ii. 165; the type required for Tennyson, ii. 269
—— Mrs. (wife of above), ii. 60, 165
—— Regent, i. 95
—— Scott, i. 24
Murray's *Handbook for Essex*, ii. 45
Mushrooms, i. 117
Musurus, his Greek translation of the *Divina Commedia*, i. 306
My Aunt Margaret's Mirror, ii. 37

Marcoartu, Señor, i. 235
Marie Antoinette, i. 174, 176, 265
Mariette, i. 74
Markham, Sir Clements, i. 163, 188
Marlay or Marley, Bishop of Waterford, ii. 237
Marlborough, Dr. Earle, Bishop of, ii. 97
—— Sarah, Duchess of, ii. 231
—— Duke of, i. 159, 166; his letter announcing battle of Ramilies, ii. 67
—— gems, the, ii. 139-142, 159
Marmalade, i. 206
Marney, Lord, i. 253
—— Sir William, i. 253
Marriott, Sir William, ii. 17
Marsh, the geologist, i. 331
—— the author, i. 332
Martin, Lady (Helen Faucit), i. 172
—— Sir Theodore, i. 172, 282
Martineau, James, i. 28, 129, 321; ii. 198
Martinitz, ii. 180
Marto, De, ii. 167
Martyr, Justin, ii. 219
Mary, Queen, i. 95
—— Stuart, Queen, i. 176; ii. 42
Maskelyne, Mr., ii. 159, 258
—— Mrs., i. 243; ii. 44
Masters, motto of the, i. 119
Mathew, Justice, ii. 86
Maurice, General Sir F. D., i. 194; ii. 12; *The National Defences*, i. 258
—— Rev. F. D., i. 122
Mausoleum at Castle Howard, ii. 231
Maximilian, Emperor, ii. 158
Maxwell, Sir Herbert, ii. 239
May, superstition about marrying in, i. 167
Mayo, Lord, i. 189
Mazarin, i. 114
Mazzini, i. 3
Meade, Sir Robert, i. 137, 181
Medea, Baron de Longepierre's play, ii. 161
Melbourne, Lord, i. 249; ii. 221
Melville, Canon, ii. 8
—— Whyte, *Holmby House*, i. 117
Memories, C. K. Paul, ii. 196
—— *and Impressions*, George Brodrick, ii. 205
—— *of Father Healy*, i. 26
Ménagiana, Sir M. E. Grant Duff's article in *Cornhill Magazine* on, i. 108
Meredith, George, i. 327
Merewether, Mr., i. 214
Merewether, Sergeant, i. 218
Merivale, Charles, *Autobiography and Letters*, ii. 56
—— Miss, her article on Princess Galitzin in *Cornhill Magazine*, i. 45
Mersea Island, i. 264
Merton, Warden of, i. 56
Metaphysical Society, ii. 65
Metaxas, M. and Madame, ii. 193
Metternich, ii. 62, 73
Mexico, Empress of, i. 322
Michael, Grand Duke, ii. 111
Michie, Mr., i. 149
Middleton, Lady, i. 243
Mill, John Stuart, i. 59; ii. 55, 233, 234; Watts' portrait of, ii. 179
Millais, Sir John E., i. 102, 134; ii. 49
Millet, Mrs., ii. 36
Mills, Arthur, i. 97; ii. 87
—— Dr., Cambridge, ii. 195
—— Sir Charles, ii. 240
Milman, Arthur, *Dean Milman's Life*, ii. 206
—— Dean, i. 204; *History of the Jews*, i. 269; *Life*, ii. 205, 206
—— Miss, i. 318
Milner, Sir Alfred (now Lord), ii. 76, 81
Milnes, R. Monckton (Lord Houghton), i. 31, 298

Milton, i. 284; *Comus*, i. 304; his walking-stick, ii. 132; *Paradise Lost*, ii. 191
Mineralogy in Ceylon, ii. 260
Mirza Ghulan Ahmad, ii. 59
Mitford, Freeman, ii. 136
Molesworth, Sir William, i. 180
Moltke, i. 332, 333
Moncrieff, Scott, i. 66
Mondragone, Duke of, i. 109
Monk, Miss, i. 62
Monk Bretton, Lord, i. 330; ii. 23, 84
Monkhouse, Cosmo, i. 191
Monkswell, Lord and Lady, ii. 8, 89, 178
Montacute inscriptions, the, ii. 207
Montalembert, i. 156, 276
Monte Carlo, ii. 80
Montefiore, Claude, i. 248
Montijo, Mademoiselle de, ii. 178
Montrose, Duke of, i. 94
Monuments de la France, i. 173
Moravian burial-ground, King's Road, i. 293
More, Margaret, i. 300
—— Sir Thomas, i. 293
Morgan, Sir George Osborne, i. 262, 329
Morier, Miss, i. 23
—— Sir Robert, i. 48, 227; ii. 83, 178
Morley, John, i. 303; ii. 146, 270; his Macchiavelli Lecture, i. 334; a compliment to Lord Balfour, i. 335; *Life of Gladstone*, ii. 65
—— Lord, i. 15, 335
Morning Chronicle, i. 263
Morning Post, ii. 183
Morocco, Emperor of, ii. 193
Morris, J. B., i. 52
—— Lord, i. 57, 247; ii. 13, 270
—— William, *Earthly Paradise*, i. 83
Morrison, Alfred, i. 59
Mort, Mr., i. 74
Morts, Les, Lammenais, ii. 247
Moschus, lines on the lot of man, ii. 92
"Mother-in-law," a glass of, ii. 203
Moulton, J. Fletcher, i. 134, 207; ii. 144
Mounsey, Mrs., ii. 242, 255
Mount Edgecumbe, Lord, ii. 237, 238
—— Stephen, Lord and Lady, ii. 26
—— Temple, Lord and Lady, i. 230
Mudaliar, a, i. 242
Müller, Max, i. 291; ii. 257
Mun, M. Albert de, i. 324; his Eloge of Jules Simon, ii. 115
Munro, i. 127
Mure, Colonel, ii. 165
Murray, head of Botanical Dept., Natural History Museum, ii. 15, 42
—— A. S., ii. 159, 160
—— Sir Charles, i. 241
—— Hallam, 164; ii. 158
—— II., John, his advice to a teetotaler, i. 102
—— III., John, his suggested title for *Review of Reviews*, ii. 158
Murray IV., John, i. 119; ii. 60; a Swift anecdote, i. 120; Byron's waistcoat, i. 285; Browning and the lady, ii. 165; the type required for Tennyson, ii. 269
—— Mrs. (wife of above), ii. 60, 165
—— Regent, i. 95
—— Scott, i. 24
Murray's *Handbook for Essex*, ii. 45
Mushrooms, i. 117
Musurus, his Greek translation of the *Divina Commedia*, i. 306
My Aunt Margaret's Mirror, ii. 37

My Confidences, Locker-Lampson, i. 77
My Long Life, Mrs. Cowden Clarke, i. 195
Mycerinus, M. Arnold's, ii. 228
Mystifications, i. 38

Nansen, Dr., i. 163, 188
—— Mrs., i. 163, 235, 245
—— Mr. and Mrs. Scott, i. 163
Napier, Lord, i. 26
—— and Ettrick, Lord, i. 77; ii. 140
Naples, Prince of, i. 239
Napoleon I., i. 303, 333; at Elba, i. 137; Professor Sloane's *History of*, i. 146; funeral, ii. 17
—— III., i. 22, 142; ii. 7, 137, 217, 238
Natal, Bishop of, ii. 268
National Biography, ii. 240
National Defences, General Maurice, i. 258
National Portrait Gallery, ii. 179
Natural History Museum, i. 51
Naval and Military Club, formerly Palmerston's house, ii. 224
Navarro, Madame (Mary Anderson), ii. 35
Nayland, ii. 51
Neapolitan revolution, ii. 8
Neaves, Lord, i. 208
Nelson, Lord, i. 38, 113, 313; Mahan's *Life* of, i. 235
Nemesis of Faith, Froude, ii. 56
Nephrite, ii. 176
Neville's Cross, Black Rood taken at battle of, i. 267
New Testament, ii. 144
New Zealand, the flora of, i. 24
Newbould, i. 230
Newcastle, Duke of, i. 142
Newman, Cardinal, on Manning's earlier sermons, i. 12; J. B. Morris and, i. 52; his statute unveiled, i. 92; *Autobiography*, i. 134-136; his friend, Lord Blachford, i. 139; Dean Church on, i. 197; Sir Charles Murray, i. 241; Lady Coleridge's portrait of, ii. 49, 180; his sermons "Gospel Witnesses," and "Individuality of the Soul," ii. 54; his early attachment to Miss Bowden, ii. 55; *Lectures upon Anglican Difficulties*, *Lead, Kindly Light*, etc., ii. 139; Watts' portrait of, ii. 179; at Littlemore, ii. 251
Newman et le Mouvement d'Oxford, Thureau-Dangin, ii. 161
Newman, W. L., i. 21
—— Mrs., i. 137; ii. 159
Newton, ii. 133
Ney, Marshal, i. 200
Niagara, ii. 208
Nicholas II., of Russia, i. 245; ii. 207
Nicholson, i. 326; *Dictionary*, ii. 157
Niger Company, ii. 118
Nineteenth Century, ii. 233
Nithsdale, Lady, ii. 122
Noel, Miss, ii. 38
Noels, the, ii. 100
Noer, Count of, *Life of Akbar*, i. 188
—— Countess of, i. 188
Norfolk, County of, i. 63, 64
—— Duke of, unveils Newman's statue, i. 92; £80 a year for Flodden battle, ii. 246
Norman, Sir Henry, i. 324
North, Lord, i. 211
Northbrook, Lord, i. 42, 67, 142, 143, 230, 328; ii. 74, 75, 88, 225
Northcote, Sir Stafford, i. 170, 188, 260, 325; ii. 32, 33, 119
Northumberland, Duke of, ii. 270
—— H.M.S., i. 84

Norton, Charles, i. 49, 217; ii. 127, 225, 233-234
Norton, Lord, i. 15, 34, 54, 67, 75, 91, 97, 170, 180, 189, 210, 218, 220, 241, 244, 250, 303, 325, 327; ii. 6, 32, 88, 93, 94, 102, 103, 119, 130, 146, 194, 200, 210, 216, 220, 225, 237
—— Mrs., i. 232; 157
Norwich Cathedral, i. 256
Notes and Queries, ii. 155
Notes from a Diary, i. 161, 199, 259
Notes of an Indian Journey, Sir M. E. Grant Duff, i. 232
Nothomb, M., Belgian Minister at Berlin, ii. 247
Nouvelle Heloïse, Rousseau, i. 89
Novelists, German, i. 176
Novikoff, Madame, ii. 98
Nubar Pasha, ii. 86
Nun of Arrouca, ii. 129

Oaken Holt, i. 86
Oakley, Miss, i. 195
Oates, Titus, i. 335
O'Brien, Mrs., ii. 89, 154
—— Strafford, i. 303
—— Vere, ii. 102
O'Connell, Daniel, i. 15, 292; ii. 103
O'Connor, Arthur, ii. 100
Oettinger, Joachim Ernest, Count, ii. 73
Offenbach, ii. 186
Oliphant, Laurence, i. 142, 239; ii. 71, 199
——Mrs., *Beleaguered City*, i. 239
Oliver Twist, i. 242
Ollantigh Towers, ii. 142
Ollendorff, ii. 237
Ollivier, i. 177
Omar Khayyam Club, i. 190
On the Face of the Waters, Mrs. Steel, i. 151
One Poor Scruple, Mrs Wilfrid Ward, i. 2
Ongar, its derivation, ii. 126
Onslow, Lord, i. 59; ii. 129
Opium Commission, i. 66, 127
Ormerod, Mr., i. 100
Osborne, Bernal, ii. 171
Oseney, Abbey, ii. 35
Ossington, Lord, *Journal*, ii. 256
Ossory, Lord, ii. 237
Ovid, i. 94
Owl, The, ii. 96
Oxenstierna, Axel, ii. 73
Oxford, Bishops of, Samuel Wilberforce, i. 51, 138; ii. 58, 133; Dr Fell, i. 56; Dr. Stubbs, i. 157, 303; ii. 32, 175, 195, 202
—— Observatory, ii. 105
—— Union, speeches on Gladstone's death at, ii. 23
—— de Vere, Earl of, i. 85, 103; ii. 213
—— Elizabeth, Countess of, i. 106
Oxlip and primrose, i. 283

Pacifico affair, the, ii. 7, 220
Paget, Sir James, i. 19, 35, 63, 175, 320
Pakenham, Admiral, i. 88
Pakington, Sir John, ii. 224
Palazzo Malet, at Monaco, ii. 113
——Orengo, Sir T. Hanbury's house at La Mortola, ii. 107
Palgrave, Francis Turner, i. 274; *Amenophis and Other Poems*, ii. 54; *Life*, ii. 120
Palmer, Archdeacon, ii. 219
——, Miss, i. 17, 290
Palmerston, Lady, i. 232; ii. 123
——, Lord, his statue in Westminster Abbey, i. 13; "we must arrange to reproduce the Flood," i. 14; and the Jews, i. 54; Ashley's account of Gladstone and, i. 211, 212; Sir M. E. Grant Duff's first leader, i. 230; at Lexden, i. 231; the Trent affair, i. 233; the Queen and Lord Melbourne, i. 249; and Sir

Palmerston, Lord (*continued*)—
George Grey, i. 328; the Pacifico affair, ii. 7, 220; incidents at funeral of, ii. 14; his relations with Gladstone, ii. 17; his speech on Lord Herbert's death, ii. 146, 147; his efforts for Mrs. Lowther's father, ii. 173; "take her to the Isle of Man next time," ii. 215; his house now occupied by Naval and Military Club, ii. 224; the Queen and his "nonsense," ii. 325; Lord Russell's saying, ii. 256
Paniput, battle of, i. 56
Panizzi, ii. 146
Papillon, Mrs., ii. 157
Papyri, Egyptian, ii. 127
Parables from Nature, Mrs. Gatty, i. 306
Paradise Lost, ii. 191
Paradiso, Dante, i. 322
Paris, Comte de, i. 210
Paris, Letters written between 1788-92 from, i. 320
Parker, Admiral, i. 113
——, Charles, ii. 134, 135
——, Sir William Hyde, i. 113
Parrot, and the Crown Regalia, i. 69
Parthenon, Athens, i. 66
Pas de Quatre, ii. 48
Pater, Walter, i. 52
Patteson, i. 15
Pattison, Mark, Tollemache's, *Recollections of*, i. 98; his *Autobiography*, ii. 106
Paul, C. Kegan, i. 299; *Memories*, ii. 196
Pauncefote, Sir Julian (now Lord), i. 252
Peacham, Robert, epitaph on, ii. 334
Peacock, Mr., i. 327; ii. 249, 250
——, Sir Barnes, ii. 249
Pearson, Charles, i. 115
——, Hugh, ii. 125, 197
Pease, his motion on Opium Commission, i. 66
Peek, Sir Henry, i. 96
Peel, Frederick, ii. 17
——, George, i. 291, 292
——, Sir Robert, i. 15, 255, 292, 324; ii. 134, 200, 210, 251
Peel, Viscount, i. 35
Pelham, i. 21
Pelham, Professor, President of Trinity, ii. 1, 2, 224
Pelican Life Assurance Co., i. 280, 285; ii. 121, 190
Pelouze, ii. 65
Pember, E. H., i. 48, 51, 83, 157, 164, 165, 182, 184, 197, 207, 208, 214, 282, 303, 322, 327; ii. 3, 27, 29, 104, 119, 120, 123, 138, 139, 175, 190
Pembroke, Sidney Herbert, Earl of, i. 101, 137, 160, 218, 219, 238, 241; ii. 119, 146, 147; his perplexities as Earl Marshal, ii. 14
Penrose, i. 66, 182
—— Miss, i. 246
Pepper, i. 198
Perceval, Mr., i. 27
Percival, Dr., Bishop of Hereford, ii. 84
Percy, Dr., i. 173
——, Dr., Bishop of Dromore, i. 237
Perini, i. 133, 134, 145, 159
Perponcher, Countess, i. 174
Persia, State of, ii. 85
Persian miracle, a, i. 131
Persigny, ii. 63
Perugia, i. 64.
Peterborough, Bishops of, Dr. Creighton, i. 50, 51, 83, 101, 187; Dr. Carr Glyn, ii. 63, 65; Dr. Hinchcliffe, ii. 237
Petitot, ii. 230
Peyronnet, Madame de, ii. 47
—— Mademoiselle de, ii. 148, 263

Phædo, Plato, i. 224
Philip II., ii. 13
Phipps, R. A., Captain, ii. 261, 268
Phœnix Club, ii. 160
—— Park murders, ii. 103
Physic Garden, ii. 101, 136,
Picot, M. Georges, i. 155
Picton, Sir Thomas, i. 88
Pickwick Papers, ii. 185
Pigot, Lord, ii. 244
Pilate, ii. 10
Pilgrim's Progress, ii. 72
Pindar, i. 215
Pirbright, Lord, ii. 270
Pisiobury, ii. 149
Pitsligo, Lord, ii. 38
Pitt, Governor, i. 305
——, William, i. 138, 193, 202; ii. 14, 220, 256; two curious letters of, i. 162; Lawrence's portrait of, ii. 71
Pius IX., Pope, i. 65; ii. 116
Planché, Mr., ii. 23
Plassey, battle of, i. 121
Plato, *Phædo*, i. 224
Platoff, Hetman, ii. 208
Plautus, *Trinummus*, i. 286
Playfair, Lord, ii. 18
Pleasures of Life, Lubbock, ii. 24
Plunket, D. R., now Lord Rathmore, i. 91, 330, 331; ii. 2, 3
Plunket, Lord and Lady, ii. 34
Pobedienostzeff, i. 83, 244
Pogson, Mr., ii. 169
Poitiers, Diane de, i. 173
Polignac, ii. 62
Pollock, Sir Frederick, i. 106; ii. 164
Polybius, i. 149, 304; ii. 2, 127
Polyolbion, ii. 156
Poole, R. S., ii. 172
Pope, Alexander, i. 81; *Imitations of Horace*, ii. 207
Portsmouth, Lady, ii. 74
—— Lord, i. 59; ii. 74
Pothonier, S. de, ii. 47
Pouyer-Quertier, ii. 131
Powell, Professor York, i. 81, 82, 235
Poynter, Sir Edward J., i. 50, 158, 330; ii. 10, 93, 100, 104, 118
Præterita, Ruskin, i. 319
Prehnite, ii. 176
Prestwich, i. 148
Prévost, ii. 102
Price, Dr. Bartholomew, Master of Pembroke, i. 81
—— Professor Bonamy, ii. 208
—— M.P. for Gloucester, ii. 224
Prichard, ii. 49
Pride and vanity, ii. 115
Priestley, Sir William, ii. 1
Primrose, Disraeli and the, i. 220; and oxlip, i. 283
Prince Amadis, ii. 61
—— Imperial, ii. 135
Princess Aline, R. H. Davis, i. 6
Procter, Miss Adelaide, ii. 246
Procurateur de Judée, Le, Anatole France, ii. 10
Prometheus Vinctus, Æschylus, i. 1, 33, 208
Protection and Free Trade, i. 160, 161
Prothero, Rowland E., i. 14
Provence, Comtesse de, i. 265
Psychical Society, ii. 129
Pugin, i. 169
Punch, ii. 48, 84
Purcell, E. S., *Life of Cardinal Manning*, i. 30, 31
—— ii. 189
Purgatorio, Dante, i. 119, 159, 322
Pusey, Dr., i. 94, 135; ii. 135
Pyroxene, i. 52

Quarterly Review, i. 253
Queensberry, Duke of, i. 303
Quintieri, Dr., ii. 46

Radowitz, i. 276
Radziwill, Princess, ii. 46
Raleigh, of All Souls, i. 18

Raleigh, Sir Walter, ii. 225
Ralli, P., i. 320
Ramilies, battle of, ii. 67
Rampolla, Cardinal, i. 316; ii. 145
Ramsay, Mr., his work in Asia Minor, ii. 2
—— Miss (afterwards Mrs. Butler), i. 235
—— Lady, ii. 19
—— Sir James, i. 235
Ranjitsinhji, K. S., i. 75
Raper, Mr., ii. 84
Raphael, i. 18, 249
Rapson, Mr., ii. 173
Rathbone, Miss, ii. 84
Rathmore, Lord (D. R. Plunket), i. 91, 330, 331; ii. 2, 3
Ratisbon, a remarkable inscription in the old *Rathhaus* at, ii. 241, 242
Ratisbonne, Alphonse, i. 169
Ravignan, ii. 241
Reay, Lady, i. 63, 121, 161, 189, 194, 207, 316; ii. 15, 69, 70, 100, 145
—— Lord, i. 21, 79, 161, 194, 221, 236, 290, 294, 311, 316; ii. 4, 11, 69, 93, 100, 122, 224, 232, 235
Rebow, Gurdon, i. 257
Récamier, Madame, i. 39
Récit d'une Sœur, Renan, i. 197, 226, 324
Recollections of George Boyle, i. 113
—— *of Pattison*, Tollemache, i. 98
—— *of Tennyson*, Lecky, i. 283
—— *of Aubrey de Vere*, i. 297
—— *of Sir Algernon West*, ii. 186
Record Office, an "Ægean Stable," ii. 70
Recueil de Maximes Veritables et Importantes pour l'Institution du Roy, Canon Claude Joly, i. 114
Red Hussars, i. 151
Rees, ii. 149
Reeve, Henry, i. 239; *Memoirs*, ii. 61, 62
—— Mrs., i. 194
Rembrandts, in London and Amsterdam, ii. 93
Reminiscences, Mrs. Craven, i. 230
—— Justin M'Carthy, ii. 137
Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au Dix-neuvième Siècle, Thureau-Dangin, ii. 161
Renan, i. 197; ii. 137, 139; *Life of Christ*, i, 225; *Récit d'une Sœur*, i. 197, 226, 324
Rendel, Lady, i. 62; ii. 114
—— Lord, i. 62, 154; ii. 25, 26, 114
Rendel, Miss, ii. 81, 115
Reported Change of Religion, A, Bernard Holland, ii. 236
Retaliation, Goldsmith, i. 136
Revelstoke, Lord, ii. 63
Review of Reviews, ii. 158
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, picture of Dr. Johnson, i. 82; portrait of himself, i. 158; member of The Club, i. 173; his "Infant Academy," i. 231
Rhodes, Cecil, i. 185, 186, 196; ii. 190
—— Island, i. 196
Rhododendron, introduced into England, ii. 130
Richard II., his signature, i. 32
—— III., his writing, i. 32
"Richelieu, Testament de," i. 175
Richemont, Comte de, ii. 66
Richter, ii. 261
Riddell, i. 262; ii. 49
Ridding, Dr., Bishop of Southwell, ii. 204
Ridley, Mrs., *Story of Aline*, i. 194
—— Sir M. White (afterwards Lord), i. 34, 160, 302, 303; ii. 6, 24, 88, 94, 270

Rigby, Lord Justice, ii. 136
Rimini, i. 99
Ring and the Book, i. 70
Ripon, Lord, i. 92; ii. 201
—— Dr. W. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of, i. 218, 242; ii. 13-15
Ritchie, Mrs. Richmond, i. 170
Ritchies, the Thackeray, i. 317
Riviera Nature Notes, ii. 97, 109
Rivière, Briton, i. 14
Roberts, Dr. i. 279, 281
Robertson, Forbes, i. 154; as "Hamlet," i. 280
—— of Chitral, Sir George, i. 191
—— Joseph, i. 176
Robinson, Canon, ii. 101
—— Crabbe, i. 321
—— Sir Hercules, ii. 58
Robinson Crusoe, ii. 147
Rochester, Dr. Talbot, Bishop of, i. 132; ii. 144
Rodd, Rennell, ii. 31
Rodes, Miss de, ii. 247
—— Sir Francis de, ii. 247
Rodings, the, ii. 45
Rodolph, Archduke, i. 237
Roebuck, i. 147
Rogers, Rev.—, of Bishopsgate, i. 73
—— Samuel, i. 178, 269, 270
Rogerson, Mr., Catholic priest, i. 266
Roggenbach, i. 150
Romanes, Mrs., i. 297
Romans in Liguria, ii. 110
Romilly, Sir Samuel, ii. 63
Romsey Abbey, i. 232
Rosary, The, Faber, ii. 61
Rose, Sir Hugh, ii. 151
Rosebery, Lord, i. 97; ii. 8, 37, 270
Rosenberg, Countess, ii. 213
Ross of Bladensburg, Major, i. 30, 77; ii. 144
Rosse, Lord, ii. 16
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, i. 290
—— Miss Christina, i. 82
Rothley lake, Wallington, i. 263
Rothschild, Baron Ferdinand, ii. 214
Roty, his medal "Marriage," ii. 151
Roumania, and the Roumans, i. 294-296
Round, Miss Eleanor, ii. 242
Roundell, Charles, ii. 57
Rousof, his sketches of Venice and Egypt, i. 286
Routh, Dr., i. 82
Rowton, Lord, i. 71, 220
Royal Academy dinner, ii. 117, 218
Royal Institution, Sir M. E. Grant Duff's lecture on Epitaphs at, ii. 85, 181
Rubens, i. 38
Rupert, Prince, ii. 184
Ruskin, John, i. 44; ii. 220, 221; his lectures at Oxford, i. 46; *Præterita*, i. 319; *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, ii. 7
Russell, Lady Arthur, i. 30, 31, 60, 137, 278; ii. 87, 253
—— Lord Arthur, i. 31, 165; ii. 65, 130, 150, 263
—— Sir Edward, i. 64
—— Flora, i. 215, 216; ii. 222
—— George, *Collections and Recollections*, ii. 43
—— Harold, ii. 20
—— Hastings, i. 79
—— Lord Chief Justice, ii. 56
—— Lord John, i. 3, 137, 158, 328; ii. 256
—— Lord Odo, i. 30, 272
—— Lady Victoria, i. 251; ii. 20
Russells of Aden, the, i. 70; ii. 10
Russia, and Armenia, i. 23
Russian funeral march in the *Gazza Ladra*, ii. 42
Rutland, Duke of, ii. 66, 109; the "Henry Sidney" of *Coningsby*, ii. 10
Rye river, Ayrshire, ii. 26
Rylands' Library, ii. 269

St. Agnes, Tennyson, i. 298
St. Augustine, ii. 174
St. Cuthbert, i. 266
St. Dominic, i. 9
St. Edmund, ii. 126
St. Ethelburga Church, Bishopsgate Street, ii. 67
St. Evremond, i. 265, 305
St. Germans, Lord, "Civil Eliot," ii. 6
St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate, i. 76; Edinburgh. ii. 36
St. Hilaire, Barthélemy, i. 9, 21
St. James's Club, i. 237
St. Jerome, and Leisure, i. 266
St. John the Baptist, i. 286
St. Louis, i. 107
St. Michael's, Cornhill, ii. 67
St. Osyth, ii. 20
St. Paul, i. 214, 225
St. Paul's, Dean of, i. 94
St. Saviour's, Southwark, i. 171, 214
St. Vincent, Lord, i. 235
Sainte-Beuve, i. 39, 146, 253; ii. 138; *Causeries de Lundi*, i. 334
Saintsbury, Professor, i. 81, 82
Salisbury, Dr. Douglas, Bishop of, ii. 237
—— Dean of, *see* Boyle, George
—— Lord, i. 175, 177; ii. 29; a happy saying about Imperial Federation, i. 219; a memorable apology, i. 220; his speech at Royal Academy dinner, ii. 118; Offenbach and the Eastern Question, ii. 186; Poet Laureate on, ii. 240
Salterio Popolare, i. 306
Sampson, Abbot, i. 113
Sanderson, Sir Thomas, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, i. 34, 67, 91, 160, 170, 199, 201, 250, 325, 334; ii. 130, 152
Sandford, Dr., Bishop of Gibraltar, ii. 80, 116
Sandhurst, Lord, ii. 32
Sassanians, the word, i. 218
Satara, Rajah of, ii. 259
Saturday Review, i. 197
"Saul," Dead March in, ii. 43
Saunderson, Colonel, i. 57, 326
Saurin, Miss, ii. 109
Savarin, Brillat, ii. 126
Sawbridgeworth Church, ii. 150
Say, Léon, i. 21.
Scaliger, i. 176
Scarth, Rev. H. M., his book on Roman Britain, ii. 78
Schapman, ii. 69
Schiller's *Glocke*, ii. 238
Schimmelpenninck, Baron, i. 78, 118, 306
—— Madame, i. 78, 306
School for Saints, i. 307
Schubert, Madame von, ii. 221
Schumann, and Brahms, ii. 198
Sclawata, ii. 180
Scotland, congested districts of, i. 318
Scott, Dr., Master of Balliol, i. 262
—— Hope, i. 52
—— Mrs. Maxwell, i. 95
—— Sir Charles, ii. 166, 178
—— Lady, ii. 178
—— Sir Walter, ii. 37; *Waverley*, ii. 163; the cost of setting up his works, ii. 269
Seccombe, Sir Thomas, i. 59
Selborne, Lady, i. 90
—— Lord (*Autobiography*), i. 98; ii. 60, 65, 194
Selden, ii. 17
Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology, Mackail, i. 172
Sellar, Professor, i. 33, 318; ii. 26
—— Miss Rosalind Craig, ii. 261
Selwyn, George, Clerk of the Hanaper, i. 269, 302
Seneca, i. 49
Serguiew, 1st Secretary Russian Embassy, ii. 99
Sermoneta, Dowager Duchess of, i. 121

Seven Lamps of Architecture, Ruskin, ii. 7
Seven Years' War, i. 201
Severn, Mrs. Arthur, the "Joanna" of Ruskin's *Præterita*, i. 319
Seward, i. 91, 233
Sewell, Dr., Warden of New, ii. 50
Seymour, Edward, ii. 49, 153
Shaftesbury, Lord, i. 248; ii. 3, 130, 221
Shairp, *The Balliol Scholars from* 1840 *to* 1843, ii. 49
Shakespeare, i. 327; as an historian, i. 36; and Bacon, i. 283; ii. 19, 235; *Julius Cæsar*, i. 314, 316
Shand, Lord, i. 235; ii. 104
Sharp, "Conversation," ii. 98
Shaw, Miss, i. 43, 48, 72, 80, 147, 154, 193, 209, 330
Sheil, ii. 104
Shelley, P. B., *Letters*, i. 22, 45; *Hellas*, ii. 181; J. Lettsom Elliot on, ii. 208
Shenstone, i. 182, 185, 164, 274; ii. 44, 51
Sherbrooke, Lord, *see* Lowe, Robert
Shere Ali, i. 42
Sheridan, R. B., i. 173; ii. 220
—— General (America), i. 207
Shore, Canon Teignmouth, ii. 22
Shorthouse, J. H., *John Inglesant*, ii. 188
Sibylle, Octave Feuillet, i. 156
Sidelights on the Oxford Movement, Mrs Currie, i. 315
Sidgwick, Henry, i. 35
Simon, Jules, i. 155, 324; A. de Mun's Eloge of, ii. 115
—— Thomas, ii. 179, 193
Simpson, Mrs., ii. 43
Sinaiticus Codex, ii. 191
Sleeman, Colonel, i. 231
Sligo, Lady, i. 172; ii. 47, 223, 249
—— Lord, ii. 47
Sloane, Sir Hans, i. 293
—— Professor, *History of Napoleon*, i. 146
Smijth, Sir William Bowyer, i. 162
Smith, Mr., of Chicago, ii. 194
—— the father of English geology, his last words, i. 269
—— Adam, 173; ii. 120
—— Francis, ii. 50, 178, 209
—— George, i. 228
—— Goldwin, i. 82; ii. 134, 268; *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence and other Essays*, i. 184
——Henry, i. 115, 300; ii. 50, 105, 125, 135
—— Horace, ii. 125
—— Michie, ii. 169
—— Sydney, i. 96; Mrs Kay's recollections of, i. 228; on the use of the electric telegraph, i. 299
Smithills, i. 259
Smythe, George, i. 71; ii. 7, 10, 79; the "Waldershare" of *Endymion*, ii. 10; his epigram against Disraeli, ii. 103
Snagge, Judge, i. 159; ii. 22, 69
——Mrs., ii. 22
Sobrero, inventor of nitroglycerine, ii. 65
Social Life in England and France, Miss Berry, i. 264
Social and Political Education League, Sir M. E. Grant Duff, President, ii. 174
Solvyns, i. 93
Somers Cocks, Philip, ii. 196
Somerset, Duchess of, "Queen of Beauty," ii. 152, 157
—— Duke of, ii. 152
—— Lady Henry, i. 247; ii. 123
Sophie, Madame, daughter of Louis XV., ii. 161
—— Queen of Holland, ii. 140
Sophocles, ii. 128
Sorabji, Miss, ii. 259, 261

Sordello, Browning, i. 255
Sorley, Manager of Pelican Assurance Co., ii. 121
Soulsby, Miss, i. 334; ii. 162, 184, 265
South Africa, i. 186
South, sermon on "Plainness of Speech," i. 18
Southey, i. 177-178
Southwell, Dr. Ridding, Bishop of, ii. 204
Spain, use of proverbs and quaint expressions in, ii. 175
Sparrow, Mr. i. 259
Spectator, i. 39, 267; ii. 56, 61, 76, 117, 219
Spedding, James, i. 298
Spencer, Herbert, i. 186; ii. 263
—— Lord, i. 157, 325; ii. 14, 32, 33, 119, 132, 216, 217
Spens, Sir Patrick, ii. 183
Spion Kop, ii. 215
Spital Square, site of the cemetery, of Roman London ii. 67
Spitzbergen, i. 148
Spooner, ii. 104
Stael, Madame de, i. 7
Stagos, Bishop of, ii. 199
Stalbridge, Lord, ii. 270
Stanhope, Lord, i. 91, 138, 170, 232; ii. 95, 119; *History of the War of the Succession*, ii. 13.
—— Lady, ii. 95
Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn, Dean of Westminster, i. 7, 100, 204; ii. 206, 248; *Letters*, i. 5, 17, 22, 29; his *Life of Arnold*, i. 25; an Erastian of Erastians, i. 57; and Sterndale Bennett, i. 95; Clough, i. 208; a happy saying of, i. 278; a good word for Pilate, ii. 10; his motto on the Wesleys' monument in Westminster Abbey, ii. 72; his friend Pearson, ii. 198
Stanley, Lady Augusta, i. 282
—— Lord, i. 138
—— Lyulph, now Lord Stanley of Alderley, i. 192, 193; ii. 30, 31, 231
—— Mrs Lyulph, i. 30
—— Sir H. M., i. 260
—— Miss Mary, i. 29; ii. 248
—— Miss Maud, ii. 101
—— of Alderley, Maria Josepha Holroyd, i. 173, 178
—— of Alderley, Lady (*née* Dillon), i. 123
Stanmore, Lady, i. 249
—— Lord, i. 235, 242 249
Stanton Court, ii. 36
Staples, Mr., member of the Irish Privy Council, i. 159
—— Mrs. (*née* Molesworth), i. 158
—— Sir Thomas, i. 158
Steel, Mrs., *On the Face of the Waters*, i. 151, 246, 248
Steen, M. van, i. 93
Stella, Swift's, i. 231
Stephen, King, i. 130
——, Fitzjames, i. 63, 122; ii. 222
—— Sir Herbert, i. 16; ii. 21, 82
—— J. K., ii. 209
—— Leslie, i. 214
—— Mrs., i. 170
Stephenson, Mr., his library sold, ii. 143
Sterlet, fish, i. 34
Stevens, i. 173
Stevenson, R. L., ii. 124
Stewart, F. M., Sir Donald, i. 154; ii. 3, 21, 82, 138, 214
——Mr., Sir M. E. Grant Duff's former agent at Elgin, ii. 40
Stillman, Mr., i. 273
Stirling, Carlyle's *Life of*, ii. 258

Stoke Church, i. 47
—— Park, ii. 53, 178
Story of Aline, Mrs. Ridley, i. 194
Stowell, Lord, *Life*, ii. 240
Strachey, Sir John, i. 318
—— St. Loe, i. 30, 108, 118
—— Mrs. St. Loe, i. 18, 30; her gardener, i. 117
Strafford, Lord, i. 27
Strangford, Lord, i. 71
Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord, i. 313
Stray Thoughts on Character, Miss Soulsby, ii. 263
Strickland, Father, ii. 151
Strong, Dr., librarian of House of Lords, i. 179; ii. 101
Strossmayer, ii. 39
Stubbs, Dr., Bishop of Oxford, i. 157, 303; ii. 133, 175, 218
Suez, Isthmus of, i. 62
Sullivan, Sir Arthur, ii. 189
Sumner, Lily, i. 75, 110, 118, 121, 122, 126, 132, 142, 209, 229, 237, 264, 267, 290, 323, 324, 328; ii. 16, 30, 35-38, 40, 44, 49, 51, 63, 106, 126, 133, 160, 174, 191, 198, 210, 227, 242
—— *Apostolical Preaching*, i. 135
Sumners, the, ii. 26
Sunningwell, F. Warre Cornish, ii. 197
Superstition, recrudescence of, i. 168
Surrey, Henry Howard, Earl of, ii. 155
Sutherland, Duke of, i. 80
Swanwick, Miss, translator of Æschylus and Goethe, i. 321, 322, 334; ii. 27, 129
Sweden, king of, ii. 218
Swift, Dean, i. 120, 231, 322
Swinburne, A. C., i. 255
—— Miss, i. 288
Sydney, Lord, ii. 135
Synthetic Society, i. 28
Szászsebes, battle of, ii. 81

Tabley, de, i. 15, 230, 264; *Flora of Cheshire*, ii. 42, 116, 131; *Memoirs*, ii. 120
Tacitus, i. 304; ii. 128
Tadema, Sir L. Alma, i. 158, 314; ii. 117, 227, 231
Tait, Archbishop, ii. 126
Talbot, Miss, ii. 134
—— Dr., Bishop of Rochester, i. 132; ii. 144
Talleyrand, autograph of, ii. 73
Talikot, battle of, i. 56
Taormina, ii. 211
Tarde, M., ii. 77
Taylor, Canon, *Words and Places*, i. 117
—— Colonel, i. 303
—— Dr., i. 82
—— Sir Henry, on Southey, i. 177; *Edwin the Fair*, i. 221
—— Mrs., and J. S. Mill, ii. 234
Tcherévine, General, i. 114
Teck, Duchess of, ii. 22
Tedstone Delamere, ii. 203
Tel-el-Amarna tablets, the, ii. 228
Tel-el-Kebir, i. 60
Temple, Dr., Archbishop of Canterbury, ii. 49, 133
—— Sir William, Lely's portrait of, i. 231
Ten Thousand a Year, Samuel Warren, ii. 79
Tennyson, Lady, i. 317
—— Lord, i. 282, 308, 317; ii. 120; a face for Lancelot, i. 2; *Death of the Duke of Wellington*, i. 20; on Manzoni's *Cinque Maggio*, i. 313; his son's first dinner with the Literary Society, i. 207; the two lines of Browning, i. 255; Lecky's *Recollections of*, i. 283; *Life of*, i. 297; and Jowett, i. 298; *St Agnes, ibid*; *Break, Break, Break* parodied, i. 332; Cowper's *Lines on his Mother's Picture*, i. 334; *Locksley Hall*, ii. 152;

Tennyson, Lady (*continued*)—
Carlyle on, ii. 233; amount of type required for his works, ii. 269
Tennyson, Frederick, i. 299
Tenterden, Lord, ii. 163
Testament Politique, Fuad's, i. 184
Teste river, i. 230, 233
Tewfik, Khedive, i. 61
Thackeray, W. M., i. 170; ii. 51; *Vanity Fair*, i. 179
Thetford, i. 217
They are at Rest, ii. 139
Thiers, M., i. 91; ii. 62
Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, i. 17; ii. 195
Thirty Years' War, ii. 180
Thomas, Mr., ii. 178
Thompson, Sir E. Maunde, i. 35, 68, 239; ii. 2, 127, 203, 213, 214, 227
—— Sir Ralph, i. 66
—— Sir William, ii. 124
—— Yates, i. 84, 154, 223, 286, 290; ii. 86
—— of Trinity, ii. 207
Thorenc, Château de, ii. 114
Thornton, Mr., i., 144
—— Sir Edward, i. 286; ii. 17, 270
—— Lady, i. 286
Thorpe, Dr., i. 292
Thrale, Mrs., ii. 98
Thucydides, Jowett's, i. 225
—— i. 304; ii. 128
Thyrsis, M. Arnold, i. 229
Tillypronie, ii. 36, 38
Times, i. 64, 167, 197, 237, 239, 324; ii. 18, 77, 98, 198, 205, 254, 270
Tintoret, "Marriage of St. Catherine," i. 231
Tippoo Sahib, i. 221
Tocqueville, M. de, ii. 43
Tollemache, *Recollections of Pattison*, i. 98
Toovey, ii. 61
Torby, Comtesse de, ii. 111
Torlonia, ii. 167
Toulon, *Telo Martius*, ii. 107
Tour to the Hebrides, Boswell, i. 173
"Tout ensemble," ii. 32
Tower, Queen's House, ii. 122
Trafalgar, i. 32
Transvaal, i. 186; Government, "Old Testament Tammany," ii. 258
Trautz-Bauzonnet, binder, ii. 143, 144
Travellers' Club, i. 165
Travertine, at Tedstone Delamere, ii. 203
Tree, Beerbohm, as "Antony," i. 314
Trelawny, Edward J., ii. 181
—— Sir John, ii. 64
Trent, Council of, i. 83
Trentham, Elizabeth (Countess of Oxford), i. 106
Trenthams, the, i. 106
Trevelyan, Eleonora, Lady, i. 262, 316
—— Sir George, i. 21, 22, 58, 79, 87, 178, 181, 185, 192, 194, 198, 199, 205, 206, 260, 261, 273, 304, 310, 312, 316; ii. 4, 11, 93, 97, 99, 100, 132, 201, 210, 215; *Life of Charles Fox*, i. 202
Trinummus, Plautus, i. 286
"Trivet," "Right as a," French translation of, ii. 146
Trueba, i. 300
Tryon, Admiral, i. 84
Tscherbatof, Prince, i. 149
Turbutt (formerly Errington), Mr. and Mrs., ii. 58, 260
Turckheim, Madame de, i. 7
Turgot, i. 335
Turks, ii. 23
Turner, Sir Charles, i. 290
—— Lady, i. 318
Tussaud, Madame, i. 331
Tuyll, De, i. 118

Twig, the slang word, i. 6
Twist, Rev. —, of Hedingham, i. 131
Tyler, Sir Henry, ii. 78
Tyrrell, Father, ii. 194
—— Mr., i. 23, 24, 30, 71, 153, 193, 272; ii. 60, 87, 157
—— Mrs., i. 305; ii. 57, 60

United Service Club, i. 27
United States Debenture Corporation, i. 32
Unwin, Mrs. i. 234
Upton, a learned Unitarian writer, ii. 251
Utrecht, peace of, ii. 13

Vachell, H. A., i. 89
Valescure, *Vallis Curans*, ii. 107
Vallauris, *Vallis Aurea*, ii. 107
Van der Oye, Baron Schimmelpenninck, i. 78, 118, 306
Vanderbilt, Cornelius, ii. 167
—— George, ii. 229
Vanderbilts, the, i. 54
Van de Weyer, i. 114; ii. 247
Vandyke, his portrait of Charles I., i. 259
Van Loo, Charles André, ii. 47
Van Zandt, Mrs. (*née* Lubbock), ii. 52
Vanity Fair, i. 179
Vaticanus Codex, ii. 191
Vaughan, Cardinal, i. 2, 275, 316
—— Dr. C. J., Dean of Llandaff, ii. 90
—— Halford, i. 46
—— Miss, i. 16
Vauvenargues, i. 146
Venables, i. 197, 298; ii. 190
Venezuela, i. 1, 63; ii. 244, 264
Vere, Aubrey de, *Recollections*, i. 297; *Reminiscences*, ii. 102
—— Robert de, i. 105
Veres, the family of de, i. 103-105
Verney, i. 70
Vescova of Adelaide, i. 32, 53
Via Aurelia, ii. 110
Via Lucis, Mrs Julia Brewster, ii. 48
Victoire, Madame (Louis XV.'s daughter), ii. 161
Victoria, Queen, i. 96, 174; ii. 70; her Jubilee, i. 85, 244; "first of all remember that she is a woman," i. 160; her first ball, i. 242; her Coronation, i. 237; and Lord Melbourne, i. 248; ii. 221; "Sind sie ein Baier?" i. 310; her first Privy Council, ii. 71; as an infant of four, ii. 208; Palmerston's nonsense, ii. 235; her death, ii. 270
—— of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess, i. 174
Victory, log of H.M.S., i. 32
Vienna Conference, i. 328
Vieri dei Cerchi, i. 134
Villiers, Charles, ii. 185
Virgin Islands, ii. 225
Vishnu, the god, ii. 137
Vittoria, battle of, i. 137
Voltaire, i. 11; ii. 147

Waddy, and Peter's Pence, i. 209, 219
Waldeck, Princess Margaret of, i. 70
Waldegrave, Lady, i. 22, 166, 179, 252
Wallace, Sir D. Mackenzie, i. 10, 21, 27, 28, 45, 90, 93 149, 185-187, 287, 294, 297, 308; ii. 97, 99, 104, 137, 146, 175, 232; *Russia*, ii. 124
—— Sir Richard, i. 302
Waller, ii. 191
Wallington, the Rothley lake at, i. 263
Wallon, M., i. 107
Walpole, Horace, i. 202, 205; *Letters*, i. 22

Walpole, Sir Spencer, i. 26, 27, 50, 65, 66, 126, 127, 164, 239; ii. 15, 97, 144, 190, 201, 223, 224, 269
Walrond, i. 262
Wandering Scholar in the Levant, David G. Hogarth, i. 111
Wantage, Lord and Lady, i. 222
Warbledon Priory, the two skulls at, ii. 168
Ward, Humphry, ii. 30, 82, 231
—— Mrs. Humphry, i. 24, 237; ii. 82, 231; *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, ii. 30
—— Mrs. (*née* Dormer), ii. 102
—— Richard, ii. 19
—— Wilfrid i. 13, 71, 145, 213, 257, 272, 275, 306; ii. 60, 61, 144, 184, 185, 246; recollections of Tennyson, i. 2; *Life of Cardinal Wiseman*, i. 3, 169
—— Mrs. Wilfrid, i. 28; ii. 61, 198, 246; *One Poor Scruple*, i. 2
—— W. G., i. 16
Warren, Herbert, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, i. 72; ii. 268
—— Mrs., i. 72, 74
—— Samuel, *Ten Thousand a Year*, ii. 79
Warton, Thomas, i. 173
——, Dr., i. 173
Washington, George, ii. 68, 100
Waterford, Lady, ii. 8
——Dr. Marlay or Marley, Bishop of, ii. 237
Water-fowl at Lexden, i. 277
Watson, Albert, i. 121
—— Hewett, i. 18, 230
—— Lord, i. 320
—— William, i. 44
Watts, G. F., i. 243; exhibition at New Gallery, i. 172; his portraits of Mill, Lord Lawrence and M. Arnold, ii. 179
Waugh, Mr., his book about the Athenæum Club, ii. 208
Waverley, ii. 163
Webb, Mrs. Sidney, i. 248; ii. 5
Webster, E. Forster, i. 58; ii. 157, 184, 241
—— Sir Richard, *see* Alverstone, Lord
Wedgwoods, the, ii. 36; portraits of eminent persons, ii. 120
Weep not for Me, ii. 139
Welby, George, ii. 98
—— Lord, i. 12, 57, 65, 143, 181, 241, 242, 244, 246; ii. 32, 127, 130, 133, 150, 171, 172, 195, 213
Wellesley, Admiral, i. 85
Wellington, Duchess of, i. 7
—— Duke of, i. 27, 28, 137, 165, 178, 237; ii. 117, 131, 200, his funeral, i. 218
Wenlock Abbey, i. 258
—— Lady, i. 59
—— Lord, i. 259; ii. 223
Werner, Byron, i. 305
Wesley's house and chapel, Bunhill Fields, ii. 72
West, Sir Algernon, *Recollections*, ii. 186
—— Benjamin, i. 158
—— Sir Raymond, i. 236
—— "Zephyr," i. 165
—— Indies, ii. 254
Westbury, Lord, ii. 114
Westminster, Dr. Bradley, Dean of, i. 19, 62, 69, 192, 207, 208, 300; ii. 147
—— Abbey, i. 13
—— School, Commemoration of the Founders and Benefactors of, i. 277
Wharncliffe, Lord, ii. 96
Whately, Archbishop, i. 205
Wheatear, origin of "showing the white feather," ii. 41
Wheatley, Colonel, i. 184

Wheatley, Mrs., ii. 31
Whetnall, Baron, Belgian Minister, ii. 193
"Whip," definition of a good, i. 55
Whitbread, Samuel, ii. 235
White, Blanco, i. 135
—— Sir George, ii. 12, 218
Whitefield's *Sermons*, ii. 82
Whitney, Constance, i. 76
Whitridge, Mr., i. 252; ii. 68, 70
—— Mrs., ii. 68
Whittier, *At Last*, ii. 90
Wiart, M. Carton de, *Great English Chartered Companies of the 19th Century*, ii. 117
Wilberforce, Bishop Henry, i. 23
—— Samuel, Bishop of Oxford, i. 1, 23, 51, 138; ii. 27, 58
—— William, i. 138
Will and a Way, A, ii. 121
Willes, Justice, i. 319
William the Conqueror, i. 103
—— I. of Germany, i. 207, 275, 291
—— II. of Germany, i. 29; ii. 207
—— III., ii. 64
Williams, Colonel Hanbury, ii. 76
—— Lady, ii. 130
—— Sir Watkin, i. 263
Willinghale Dou, ii. 45
—— Spain, ii. 45
Willoughby, Lord, i. 105; ii. 178
—— the house of, i. 85
Wilson, Chamberlain's private secretary, i. 14
—— Admiral, Comptroller of the Navy, i. 284
—— H. B., Bampton Lectures, i. 251
Winchester, Bishops of, Dr. Harold Browne, ii. 158; Dr. Randall T. Davidson, i. 54, 146, 238, 244, 303; ii. 56, 225, 226, 257
Windham, ii. 236
Windsor, i. 173
Wingate, Colonel, ii. 183
Winthrop, John, ii. 197
Wiseman, Cardinal, Ward's *Life* of, i. 3, 169; and the Jansenist priest, i. 5; "Your Immense," i. 195
Witte, M. de, i. 93
Wodehouse, Mrs., anecdote of a cat, i. 30
Wodehouses, the Armine, i. 223, 310
Wolseley, Lady, i. 19
—— Lord, i. 20, 21, 28, 58, 65, 87, 93, 122, 189, 190, 192, 198, 199, 206, 331-333; ii. 7, 89, 99, 100, 146, 224, 225, 230, 235, 238; *Life of Marlborough*, i. 134
Wolverton, Lord, ii. 64, 65
Women's Dinner, i. 246
Wood, Sir Charles, i. 144; ii. 77
—— Sir Evelyn, ii. 147
—— Sir Mark, ii. 208
—— Dean, "Consule Planco," i. 208
Woods, Mr., of Christie's, i. 231
Words and Places, Canon Taylor, i. 117
Wordsworth, Bishop, his epitaph on his wife, ii. 29
—— William, ii. 191; Stanzas on *The Picture of Peel Castle in a Storm*, i. 125; the kind of country he loved, i. 297; and De Vere, ii. 102; and Faber, ii. 131
Working Ladies' Guild, i, 53
World of Light, The, i. 187
Wortley, Mr., ii. 96
Wren, Sir Christopher, i. 293
Würtzburg, Prince Bishop of, i. 175
Wycliffe, ii. 125
Wyld's Great Globe, in Leicester Square, ii. 224
Wyllie, Mr., ii. 116

Wyndham, George, i. 306

Yakoob Khan, i. 42
Yamagata, Count, i. 131
York, Archbishops of, Dr. Maclagan, i. 244; ii. 82, 198; Dr. Magee, i. 333
—— Duke of, i. 245
—— James, Duke of, i. 109
Yorke, Alec, ii. 26
Yorkshire Dissenters, ii. 43
Young, Arthur, i. 262
Young, Lord Advocate, ii. 65
—— Sir Charles, i. 315

Zetland, Lord, i. 316
Zichy, Count, Austrian Minister at Munich, ii. 222
Zimbâbwe ruins, i. 185
Zimmerman, Miss Agnes, i. 248
Zoological Congress at Cambridge, ii. 50
Zumalacarregui, ii. 6

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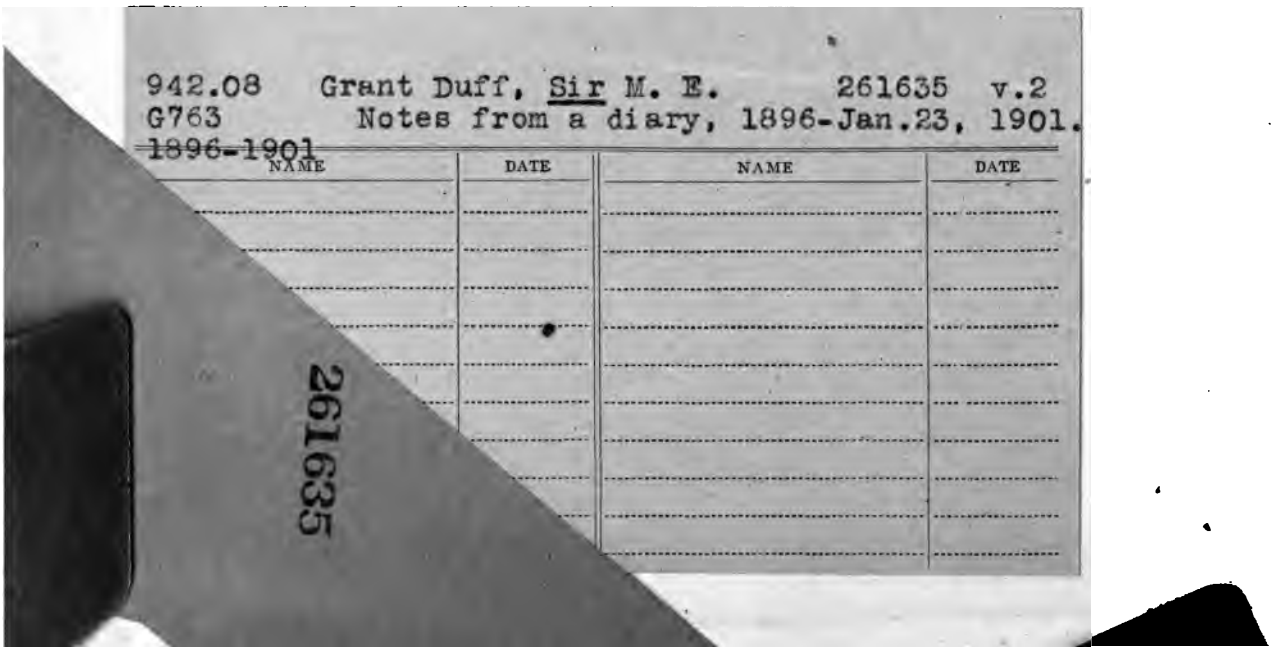
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